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LETTERS  
FROM  
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in Secondary Schools.  
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Dream.  
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for Scandal.  
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Poems.  
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Executive Mansion  
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LETTER  
TO MRS. BIXBY

# LETTERS FROM MANY PENS

## A COLLECTION OF LETTERS

CHOSEN AND EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES

BY

MARGARET COULT

HEAD OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT IN THE BARRINGER  
HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

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Set up and electrotyped. Published March, 1917.

\$0.95

MAR -8 1917

Norwood Press  
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.  
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

©CLA 155854

no. 1.



Mar. 12.17.

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION :	
SOME PREFATORY WORDS TO THE READER . . . . .	xvii
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES . . . . .	xxix
MECHANICAL FORM OF A LETTER . . . . .	li
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	lv

### LETTERS :

#### I

### THE DAILY COURSE OF LIFE. — CHAT ABOUT HOME MATTERS

(1) HAWTHORNE TO HIS SISTER . . . . .	1
Life at Brook Farm.	
(2) LOUISA ALCOTT TO HER SISTER NAN . . . . .	3
Early struggles in Boston.	
(3) MRS. BROWNING TO MISS MITFORD . . . . .	5
Life at Casa Guidi.	
(4) MRS. CARLYLE TO MRS. AITKIN . . . . .	8
Life at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.	
(5) CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	13
Life at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Book-making.	
(6) MATTHEW ARNOLD TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	17
Lucy and the cat.	
(7) LAMB TO WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH . . . . .	19
Mary and tobacco.	
(8) LAMB TO ROBERT LLOYD . . . . .	22
Celibacy <i>versus</i> marriage.	

	PAGE
(9) CARLYLE'S FATHER AND MOTHER TO HIM . . . . .	24
Affectionate letters from unpracticed hands.	
(10) GRAY TO WALPOLE . . . . .	25
Life in Buckinghamshire.	
(11) WASHINGTON IRVING TO MRS. KENNEDY . . . . .	27
Life at Sunnyside.	
(12) ROSSETTI TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	30
Life at Kelmscot — "Dizzy" in disgrace.	
(13) THOMAS HUGHES TO ALEXANDER MACMILLAN . . . . .	32
Between old fellows.	

## II

## YOUNG PEOPLE TO THEIR ELDERS

(14) LOUISA ALCOTT TO HER FATHER . . . . .	35
Birthday of father and daughter.	
(15) LONGFELLOW TO HIS FATHER . . . . .	37
Ambitions at seventeen.	
(16) HELEN KELLER TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER . . . . .	38
Love of his poems.	
(17) HELEN KELLER TO PHILLIPS BROOKS . . . . .	40
Very serious thoughts.	
(18) ROSSETTI TO AUNT CHARLOTTE . . . . .	42
Youthful poet to sympathetic aunt.	
(19) YOUNG CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	43
With a little gift and much appreciation.	
(20) YOUNG CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	45
With a bonnet of his selection!	

## III

## GROWN PEOPLE TO CHILDREN

(21) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO GERTIE . . . . .	48
About Berlin.	

	PAGE
(22) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO AGNES . . . . .	49
About Wittenberg.	
(23) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO GERTIE . . . . .	51
About Christmas presents.	
(24) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO GERTIE . . . . .	53
From India, about nose-rings, etc.	
(25) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO TOOD . . . . .	56
From London.	
(26) TENNYSON TO HIS SON, HALLAM . . . . .	57
Be a good boy.	
(27) CARLYLE TO HIS LITTLE NIECE, JANE . . . . .	58
Not the least of his friends at Mainhill.	
(28) LEWIS CARROLL TO GERTRUDE . . . . .	59
On the drinking of healths.	
(29) LEWIS CARROLL TO GERTRUDE . . . . .	60
The complaining postman.	
(30) LEWIS CARROLL TO ADA . . . . .	62
Apropos of a name.	

IV

TO STRANGERS

(31) MRS. STOWE TO MRS. FOLLEN . . . . .	64
Who she is, how she lives, how she writes.	
(32) GEORGE MEREDITH TO TENNYSON . . . . .	71
Thanking him for "generous appreciation."	
(33) HUXLEY TO G. S. . . . .	72
To a stranger, who, as an ignoramus, apologizes for asking advice.	
(34) CARLYLE TO W. LATTIMER, A LABORING MAN . . . . .	73
Books and reading.	

## V

## STIRRING EVENTS

	PAGE
(35) MRS. CARLYLE TO HER AUNT, MRS. WELSH . . . A stagecoach trip.	75
(36) MRS. CARLYLE TO HER UNCLE, MR. WELSH . . . House-cleaning and the tent in the yard.	79
(37) MRS. CARLYLE TO HER HUSBAND . . . . . A domestic cataclysm.	82
(38) MRS. CARLYLE TO HER HUSBAND . . . . . Very thrilling.	86
(39) THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS BROTHER . . . . . The burnt manuscript.	90
(40) WILLIAM PRESCOTT TO HIS WIFE . . . . . Presentation to Queen Victoria.	95
(41) WALPOLE TO HORACE MANN . . . . . Lord North's Conciliatory Proposals.	96
(42) WALPOLE TO HORACE MANN . . . . . Danger from France — Europe seething.	99
(43) WALPOLE TO HORACE MANN . . . . . Peace with America.	101

## VI

## SKETCHES FROM MANY LANDS

(44) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO HIS BROTHER . . . . . The Rhine.	103
(45) PHILLIPS BROOKS TO HIS BROTHER . . . . . Rome — Florence.	108
(46) MRS. BROWNING TO MISS MITFORD . . . . . The Baths of Lucca.	111
(47) LADY DUFF GORDON TO HER HUSBAND . . . . . Embarking on the Nile.	116

	PAGE
(48) LADY DUFF GORDON TO MRS. AUSTIN . . .	118
The crew — An Egyptian village.	
(49) LADY DUFF GORDON TO HER HUSBAND . . .	124
Thebes — Arab manners — Nubian women.	
(50) LADY DUFF GORDON TO MRS. AUSTIN . . .	129
Philæ.	
(51) LADY DUFF GORDON TO HER HUSBAND . . .	135
A little black slave.	
(52) LADY DUFF GORDON TO HER HUSBAND . . .	138
An opinion on the English Hareem.	
(53) HUXLEY TO TYNDALL . . . . .	142
The Nile — Vesuvius.	
(54) HUXLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER . . . . .	145
Art galleries and mustard.	
(55) HUXLEY TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER . . .	147
Italian spring weather and trains.	
(56) J. R. GREEN TO MR. AND MRS. HUMPHRY WARD .	149
Capri and Spring — Love and the Madonna.	
(57) J. R. GREEN TO FREEMAN . . . . .	152
Through Italy — Rome.	
(58) J. R. GREEN TO MRS. À COURT . . . . .	156
Rome — the Campagna.	
(59) J. R. GREEN TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD . . .	159
Great things.	
(60) THOMAS GRAY TO RICHARD WEST . . . . .	161
With Mr. Walpole in Paris.	
(61) GRAY TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	165
With Mr. Walpole in Florence.	
(62) GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS . . . . .	167
June in Kent — Mothers.	
(63) LAMB TO MANNING . . . . .	169
The English Lake Country.	

## VII

## INVITATIONS — REPLIES — REQUESTS, ETC.

	PAGE
(64) ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MR. KENYON . . . . .	173
A slip from Wordsworth's garden.	
(65) ROSSETTI TO AUNT CHARLOTTE . . . . .	174
An earnest appeal to kind Aunt C.	
(66) LAMB TO COLERIDGE . . . . .	177
To visit Coleridge at Stowey.	
(67) LAMB TO COLERIDGE . . . . .	178
Upon returning home.	
(68) LAMB TO MANNING . . . . .	180
To eat oysters.	
(69) LAMB TO WM. GODWIN . . . . .	180
To say that Mary cannot come.	
(70) MATTHEW ARNOLD TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD . . . . .	181
Accepting an invitation for the boys.	
(71) HUXLEY TO TYNDALL . . . . .	182
Returning borrowed money.	
(72) CARLYLE TO G. REMINGTON . . . . .	183
The objectionable cock.	
(73) CARLYLE TO R. BROWNING . . . . .	184
Tea at six or half past.	
(74) COWPER TO HIS COUSIN, LADY HESKETH . . . . .	185
Oh, come to see me!	

## VIII

## "QUIPS AND CRANKS"

(75) LAMB TO MANNING . . . . .	187
Adjuring him not to go to Tartary.	
(76) LAMB TO MANNING . . . . .	189
Praising brawn and a giver of brawn	

	PAGE
(77) LAMB TO MANNING . . . . .	191
Incredibly sober and regular.	
(78) HUXLEY TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER . . . . .	192
Barometers and thermometers.	
(79) HUXLEY TO MR. KITTON . . . . .	193
The Cat Oliver.	
(80) HUXLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER . . . . .	194
More about Oliver.	
(81) HUXLEY TO BABS . . . . .	195
The fountain pen.	

## IX

## ABOUT PEOPLE AND BOOKS

(82) MRS. CARLYLE TO HELEN WELSH . . . . .	197
Tennyson.	
(83) W. W. STORY TO C. E. NORTON . . . . .	198
Mrs. Browning.	
(84) THACKERAY TO TENNYSON . . . . .	204
"The Idylls of the King."	
(85) TENNYSON TO THACKERAY . . . . .	207
Appreciation and friendship.	
(86) HUXLEY TO TYNDALL . . . . .	208
Tennyson.	
(87) S. O. JEWETT TO MRS. WHITMAN . . . . .	209
Tennyson.	
(88) FITZGERALD TO TENNYSON . . . . .	213
The discovery of Omar.	
(89) FITZGERALD TO MRS. TENNYSON . . . . .	214
The "paltry poet"—Omar.	
(90) WASHINGTON IRVING TO HIS BROTHER . . . . .	216
Enthusiasm for Scott.	



	PAGE
(91) WASHINGTON IRVING TO HIS BROTHER . . . . . Scott and his family.	219
(92) IRVING TO PAULDING . . . . . More praise of Scott.	221
(93) WALPOLE TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY . . . . . Two paragons.	225
(94) WALPOLE TO THE MISSES BERRY . . . . . An appreciation.	229
(95) LAMB TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH . . . . . Appreciation of a sister.	230
(96) LOWELL TO LAWRENCE GODKIN . . . . . An appreciation of "The Nation."	233
(97) LOWELL TO MRS. GODKIN . . . . . Every inch a man!	234

## X

## DE GUSTIBUS

(98) LAMB TO WM. WORDSWORTH . . . . . Love of London.	237
(99) LAMB TO COLERIDGE . . . . . A modification.	239
(100) CELIA THAXTER TO WHITTIER . . . . . Love of her island.	240
(101) JOHN RUSKIN TO C. . . . . Letters long and short.	241
(102) J. R. GREEN TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD . . . . . Sunshine — A wife — The Caprese.	245
(103) WALPOLE TO WM. MASON . . . . . Strawberry Hill — English literary taste.	250



	PAGE
(104) WALPOLE TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY . . . . .	252
Letter-writing.	
(105) WALPOLE TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY . . . . .	254
More about letter-writing.	
(106) LOWELL TO LAWRENCE GODKIN . . . . .	258
The "ball and chain" of professorship and editor- ship.	
(107) LOWELL TO LAWRENCE GODKIN . . . . .	259
The joy of a grandson.	

## XI

## COUNSEL AND ADVICE

(108) CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE . . . . .	261
Letter-writing.	
(109) CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON . . . . .	262
More about letter-writing.	
(110) CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON . . . . .	264
Manners at dinner.	
(111) CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON . . . . .	266
Polish of manners.	
(112) GEORGE HUGHES TO HIS SON . . . . .	269
Advice to a Rugby boy.	
(113) HUXLEY TO HIS SON . . . . .	271
Eighteenth birthday thoughts.	
(114) THEODORE PARKER TO A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE . . . . .	271
How to make up for lack of opportunity in educa- tion.	
(115) MRS. TENNYSON TO HER SON . . . . .	273
God first.	
(116) MATTHEW ARNOLD TO MRS. FORSTER . . . . .	274
The education of a girl to cultivate perception.	

	PAGE
(117) JOHN RUSKIN TO C. . . . .	276
Advice about drawing.	
(118) LINCOLN TO JOHN D. JOHNSTON . . . . .	279
Get to work!	

## XII

## FROM A FULL HEART

(119) LOUISA ALCOTT TO HER AUNT, MRS. BOND . . . . .	282
Resignation to inaction.	
(120) CHARLES LAMB TO COLERIDGE . . . . .	283
The death of his mother.	
(121) ELIZABETH BROWNING TO MRS. MARTIN . . . . .	284
Her marriage.	
(122) ROSSETTI TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	292
Flowers and love.	
(123) MATTHEW ARNOLD TO HIS SISTER, MRS. FORSTER . . . . .	293
The death of his son.	
(124) MATTHEW ARNOLD TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	294
The settlement of his thought.	
(125) BROOKE LAMBERT TO ALEXANDER MACMILLAN . . . . .	295
Thanks for last kindness to J. R. Green.	
(126) MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. JOHNSON . . . . .	297
About her marriage.	
(127) DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. PIOZZI . . . . .	298
His reply.	
(128) DR. JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD . . . . .	299
The true meaning of "patron."	
(129) THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER . . . . .	301
On the death of his father.	
(130) LINCOLN TO MRS. BIXBY . . . . .	307
The thanks of the Republic.	

## XIII

## OTHER TIMES: OTHER MANNERS

PAGE

*A Greek letter (fictitious).*

- (131) ASPASIA TO CLEONE . . . . . 309  
       As Landor fancied that she might have described  
       the playing of "Prometheus."

*Roman letters.*

- (132) PLINY TO HISPULLA . . . . . 311  
       Praising his wife Calpurnia.
- (133) PLINY TO CORNELIUS TACITUS . . . . . 312  
       The eruption of Vesuvius.
- (134) PLINY TO FUSCUS . . . . . 317  
       Life at his villa at Tuscum.
- (135) CICERO TO CAIUS CASSIUS . . . . . 320  
       Sympathy with him and Marcus Brutus.

*A mediæval letter (translated from the Latin).*

- (136) STEPHEN OF BLOIS TO HIS WIFE, ADELE . . . . 322  
       Battles of the Cross—Care for his home.

*A fifteenth-century letter.*

- (137) MARGARET PASTON TO JOHN PASTON . . . . . 324  
       Concern for her husband, sick at London.

*Seventeenth-century letters (spelling modernized).*

- (138) MARGARET WINTHROP TO HER HUSBAND . . . . 326  
       From *sad* Boston, but looking upward.
- (139) DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE . . 327  
       Cromwell's great affairs.
- (140) DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE . . 329  
       Life in an English country house.

*Eighteenth-century letters.*

- (141) RICHARD STEELE TO PRUE, HIS WIFE . . . . . 332  
       To take a ride.

	PAGE
(142) RICHARD STEELE TO "MADAM" . . . . .	332
Reproaches.	
(143) RICHARD STEELE TO PRUE . . . . .	333
Hardly a compliment.	
(144) RICHARD STEELE TO DEAR PRUE . . . . .	333
Very affectionate.	
NOTES . . . . .	335

## INTRODUCTION

### SOME PREFATORY WORDS TO THE READER

THE average person is called upon, in the course of his life, to write letters more frequently than to execute any other sort of literary composition. Very few write books; not many write articles for magazines and newspapers; every one, comparatively speaking, writes letters. And upon the character of these letters many important interests in life may depend. Clearness, good sense, and courtesy, or the lack of these qualities, in a business letter may have an important bearing upon the material concerns of life; the faculty by your pen to convey to a friend your impressions of novel scenes, of the interesting aspects of life around you; to beguile the langour of a distant sick room with lively narrative or amusing small-talk, conveyed thither by the post, — in a word, to make the friend who is separated from you feel your presence as if you were near — all this certainly adds to the pleasantness of life. The skill to communicate thus by letter is an art worth gaining. While knowledge of the principles

of rhetoric and ability in general essay-writing will minister to success in letter-writing, the letter is a rather distinct literary form, with virtues of its own. I have known pupils of more than ordinary skill in formal composition to express themselves most unfortunately when attempting to write a familiar letter. Frequently young writers are discourteous, not from any lack of good-will, but because they are unfamiliar with the fashion of letter-writing. Obviously, the best way to remove this hindrance is to read good letters. To bring before those that wish to gain skill and ease in letter-writing a collection of helpful letters is the first aim of this little book.

The letters herein contained are divided, rather roughly, into groups. No attempt has been made at an exact classification. Letters appearing in one section may contain matter that might list them under another head. The prevailing character has decided the grouping. The groups present the common themes of correspondence. Naturally, theme modifies style. Let us, for a moment, consider the groups into which these letters fall.

The first section is made up of letters, written by people of a good many different sorts, telling about what they are doing from day to day. They know that what interests them will interest the friends to whom they write, and so they talk, simply and unaffectedly, about home matters. Simply and unaffectedly — those words



mean much. Carlyle says that the bane of literature is affectation, — assuming an interest in what does not really interest you, — certainly it is the bane of letter-writing. Lord Chesterfield wrote to the son of whose education he took so much care, “To write well, we must write easily and naturally. For instance, if you want to write a letter to me, you should only consider what you would say if you were with me, and then write it in plain terms”; and again, “most persons who write ill, do so because they aim at writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style.” In a letter to Miss Susie Thrale, Dr. Johnson advises the little lady not to search laboriously for material in writing to him, but to write, for instance, about the book that she has been reading, or about the people that have lately visited their home. Now, if the advice about simplicity of style ever applies, it applies certainly to chat about home matters. An easy style, however, does not mean slang, and it does not mean incorrect English. It does mean idiomatic English, the sort that one would speak, talking freely.

The second group is of letters of young people to friends much older than they. This is a sort of letter often somewhat difficult to write. The respect felt by the young writer for his correspondent often stiffens his style; but perfect confidence in the goodness of heart of the older friend “casts out fear.” Helen Keller’s peculiar position (see biographical note) took

away entirely the troubling self-consciousness that is so great a bar to genuine simplicity. Her letters to the two great men that were so far beyond her in age and experience are absolutely trustful.

The letters of grown people to children, if they are right, are particularly charming. It takes great grace for the grown man or woman to meet the mind of a child, and nothing less than this completeness of sympathy is a true letter to a child. In reading the letters of Phillips Brooks and of "Lewis Carroll" to children, no one can question that they were at one with their correspondents. How delightfully companionable they must have been to children ! how excitingly unexpected ! how stimulating !

If it requires sympathetic understanding to write well to a child, it requires faith in human nature to write well to a stranger. You must believe in your correspondent, and take for granted the friendliness that is the habitual attitude of mind of really fine people. Even though you may, in your supposition, have overestimated the person whom you do not know, you have done him a compliment and have kept your own poise correctly. Note the genuine simplicity of heart of Mrs. Stowe's letter to Mrs. Follen ; it is a fine lesson. Note, too, the true brotherly kindness of the letters of Huxley and of Carlyle, the respect, mingled with quiet dignity, of George Meredith's letter to Tennyson, — significant revelations of the character of the writers.



Often, in our letters, we wish to tell "how it all happened." The little thread of story many a time is a slight one; but of such threads is made up the texture of most of our days; and it is the life of our days that we want to catch in our letters. No one is better at this narration than Mrs. Carlyle. She said herself that she had a "talent for the narration of stirring events," laughing at the way in which she made a thrilling story of the taking down or the putting up of her "red bed," or meeting or missing a friend at an appointed place. Whatever she tells has a "go" to it. A talent for such narrative is worth acquiring.

As surely as you will want in your letters to tell how things happened, you will want, on occasions, to tell how things look; that is, to sketch in words your surroundings. The letters in section six are from many lands, but whether you write of what you are seeing in Egypt or in Italy or from your back door, if you can make people see what you see, and feel what you feel at the seeing, you will please. Let us stop a moment over that second condition, if you can make people "feel what you feel at the seeing." If the thing that you are attempting to describe has not made you feel, give over the attempt at description. Letters of travel can be deadly dull. It is the personal touch that gives them their life. If Lady Duff Gordon can take you in her Nile-boat with her up the wonderful river, and make you see the strange life of Arab and Turk and Copt,

and arouse in you the quick sympathies that touched her heart, then she has written genuine letters of travel.

In section seven, we turn from our wanderings to a set of letters that seem to me valuable examples. They are the little notes of invitation, reply, request, and the like that we all wish to write gracefully, but are not always able to make graceful. In fact, such notes are often unwittingly discourteous. For instance, a pupil ended a note of request, written to the principal of his school, thus: "I hope that you will give this matter immediate attention." If the young man had caught his style of letter-writing from something more reliable than bad types of business letters, he would probably have been less peremptory.

Sections eight, nine, and ten offer some interesting kinds of letters. Section eight shows how the pen of the letter-writer may caper. Minds "with a diverting twist," to use Lamb's phrase, express themselves thus. We can read and enjoy, but probably we cannot do likewise. Dr. Johnson told Susie Thrale to write about the books that she was reading. Expressions of opinion upon books and people should be based upon careful thinking, clearly and tolerantly expressed. We may well read with care the estimates of men and women and of literary work given in section nine. And there will appear in our letters the filmier stuff of our likings and dislikings, sometimes vagrant enough, but belong-

ing to the very texture of our personalities. The letters in section ten bring us very close to the writers.

Under "counsel and advice" we shall find matter for thought. Compare the counsel that the worldly-minded Lord Chesterfield gives to his son with the few earnest words of Huxley to his son or the tender admonitions of the great poet Tennyson's mother to him. As a counsellor for the great issues of life, Lord Chesterfield is superficial, but his words of kindly advice to young Philip Stanhope upon manners, taste, and study show his good sense and graceful tact. The ease of his style demonstrates that he drew his precepts to his son on that score from his own practice.

The letters in group twelve are very different in character from Chesterfield's well-bred, lightly touched essays upon conduct. These are the earnest words of writers whose hearts have been deeply stirred: — the outpourings of Elizabeth Browning's heart, shaken by a great experience, to her trusted friend; the broken words of Charles Lamb — words that bleed — to the person to whom he instinctively turned in the dark hour that had fallen upon him; the simple, tender words of Matthew Arnold upon the death of his son — "even so great men great losses should endure"; Thomas Carlyle's words of consolation to his mother, words touched with an apostolic fervor, now and again swept into poetic beauty of style; and Lincoln's majestic "thanks of the Republic" to the mother who had

“laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.” All of these examples show how real feeling ennobles speech.

The last group is interesting as showing some sample letters of distant times. They come down to the eighteenth-century letter, exemplified in Richard Steele’s letters to his wife. When we reach Walpole, Gray, and Cowper, letter-writing is essentially modern. Indeed, when we read the older epistles, while we find peculiarities of form, we are struck rather by the kinship than by the differences that times and seasons bring.

Now, as we leave this view of the contents of our little volume, here is just a practical word about the reading of these letters to improve one’s own style of letter-writing. Note the ways in which these writers begin and end their letters. They do not waste much time upon introductory, explanatory, or apologetic matter at the beginning. They have something to say, and they set about that something at once. Pupils are sometimes troubled by curious old rules, of obscure origin, but often deeply ingrained in the youthful mind. One of these is: Do not begin a letter with *I*. Such letters as we have in this book make style in letter-writing. Are the writers of these letters afraid to begin with *I*, if *I* most directly begins what they have to say? Beginnings and endings are always significant parts of any composition. Note the variety of beginnings in these letters, and avoid a monotonous form in your



own use. Note, also, the endings. I have read many letters ending with a participial expression like, "Trusting that we shall meet again next summer, I am, etc." Examine the closing phrases of the letters in this book to see whether this form once occurs. If not, it will be safe to avoid it in your own practice. There is a still more objectionable close sometimes found in a letter making a request. "Thanking you in advance for granting the favor that I ask of you, I am etc." It is hardly good taste to presuppose that a request will be granted. In general, we may say avoid trite, wordy, meaningless phrases; so we return to the point at which we began: be simple, direct, and natural.

Passing from the consideration of these letters as aids in acquiring a good style, we find that they have a second interest. They make us acquainted with men and women worth knowing. The importance of intimate knowledge of the lives and the characters of the good and the great can hardly be overestimated. All who have read Ruskin's "Sesame" have, I am sure, been impressed by what he says upon this subject. Now, nothing brings a person so near to you, next to hearing him speak, as reading his letters. Sarah Orne Jewett, speaking of one of George Sand's letters, said, "Nothing ever made me feel that I knew Madame Sand as that letter did." In the "biographical notes" will be found short sketches of the persons whose letters appear in this volume, with cross references to the letters them-

selves. For this study of personality and character, take the letters of each author, arrange them chronologically, and read them thoughtfully. You will find, too, that as in the dramatic monologues of Browning you always have in mind not only the speaker but the person addressed, so here you will get impressions not only of the writer but of the person written to. Lamb's letters to Coleridge, for instance, are eloquent of Coleridge. If you should happen to sit in a railway train just behind two famous persons who were carrying on a conversation, would you not listen "with ears pricked up"? Well, these letters give you much the same opportunity, perhaps a better one, for they do not present chance conversation. Take the three letters of Louisa Alcott; the first two showing her in her years of gallant struggle in Boston, buying with her stories and her plays shoes and stockings for the family and carpets for the house, — in truth, the "hub of the family wheel"; then the last letter in her "shut-in" days, when she was learning "to be still, to give up, and to wait patiently." How graphically these three letters present the life of that noble woman! The interest that these letters awaken ought to lead readers to the more detailed accounts of the lives of the writers and the more complete collections of their letters. This dwelling in imagination with the good and the great has an ennobling effect upon life.

I must speak briefly of another value of these letters,

— their use as material for the study of history and manners. Our slim collection can only suggest their value along this line. The letters of Walpole concerning the American War of Independence are illustrative. His published letters form eight or nine bulky volumes, but a detailed table of contents, arranged chronologically, makes it easy to find what one wants. Dorothy Osborn's letters should be read in full. They are entertaining for the story they tell, and interesting for their revelation of life and manners in the time of Cromwell.

Finally, these letters repay study as literature. The "Essays of Elia" are not better samples of the English of Lamb than are his best letters. For arousing thought, sharpening the wits, giving facility of phrase and resources of vocabulary no reading could be much better than carefully selected letters. Such reading comes very near in value to intimate conversation with clever people, this last a privilege from which many people are shut out. Literary style is modified by three forces: the author, the persons addressed, and the theme. The more clearly the personality of the writer shows in the theme written, the more vividly he has in his consciousness the persons addressed, the more at one he is with his subject, the better will be his style. Perhaps these facts account for the superior style of good letters. The writer lets his personality show from the very nature of a letter. He

knows the mind that he is addressing, as the writer for the public cannot know his audience; his subject-matter is a part of himself. These three forces in happy combination produce happy results in style. So, in our reading of letters, we read not only to improve our own letter-writing, or to gain information concerning people and things, but also to train and to delight our literary taste.



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

(The lists of numbers of letters are arranged chronologically.)

*Alcott*, Louisa May. Born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, 1832; died at Boston, 1888. Louisa Alcott's father, A. Bronson Alcott, was a philosopher, who found it very difficult, by his teaching and his lecturing, to support his family. His more practical daughter early took the burden upon her own shoulders. She taught, she wrote stories and plays. In 1862 and 1863 she was a hospital nurse in Washington. All of her experiences she turned into material for her stories, one of her most popular books, "Little Women," being a transcript of her own family life. Recognition came to her as her career developed, and, with the recognition, money that it was her delight to use for the good of those that she held so dear. Her last years were saddened by the loss of many that she loved, and by physical infirmities that made it necessary for her to sit with folded hands when she longed to be up and doing. Her courageous spirit, however, burned bright to the last. The story of her life should be read in full, for its lesson and its inspiration. Letters 14, 2, 119.

*Arnold*, Matthew. Born at Laleham, Middlesex, England, 1822; died at Liverpool, 1888. Critic and poet, the son of Thomas Arnold, the head master of Rugby, so enthusiastically described in Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown at Rugby." Matthew Arnold, as inspector of schools, labored earnestly for the welfare of the public school system of England, regularly

visiting schools, marking papers at the rate of twenty-five a day, "Sundays and holidays not excepted," and making an exhaustive study of the school systems of the more important countries of the continent. All this he did, although his natural bent was towards criticism and poetry. "Sohrab and Rustum," "The Scholar-Gypsy," and "Thyrsis" are some of his best-known poems. His "Essays in Criticism" contains significant studies of great writers. His affectionate nature and genuine simplicity of heart are shown in his letters. Letters 70, 116, 6, 123, 124.

*Aspasia.* Born at Miletus, Ionia. This celebrated woman, renowned both for her beauty and her genius, is inseparably connected with the fame of Pericles, sharing both his counsels and his intellectual interests. Aspasia came to Athens in her youth. Walter Savage Landor has made her live again for us in his "Pericles and Aspasia," composed of letters purporting to have passed between this man and woman of the Golden Age of Athens. Letter 131.

*Brooks, Phillips.* Born at Boston, 1835; died there, 1893. A bishop of the Episcopalian Church, and for many years the much loved rector of Trinity Church, Boston. He was a man of deep spirituality and of great power as a preacher. As a writer he is remarkably direct and unaffected. His winning personality and love of fun are evident to any one who reads his letters. Letters 44, 45, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

*Browning, Mrs. (Elizabeth Barrett).* Born at Durham, England, 1806; died at Florence, Italy, 1861. Elizabeth Barrett was a confirmed invalid during the greater part of her youth and early womanhood. Her marriage with Robert Browning was a secret one, on account of the stubborn deter-

mination of her tyrannical father that none of his children should marry. Mrs. Browning tells the romantic story of her marriage in her letter to her friend, Mrs. Martin, p. 121. The greater part of Mrs. Browning's beautiful married life was spent in Florence. There her one child, Oscar, — Pennini, his mother called him, — was born. There Mrs. Browning entered, heart and soul, into the Italian struggle for independence. The Browning home, Casa Guidi, is made famous by Mrs. Browning's poem, "Casa Guidi Windows," in which the poet follows the fortunes of the Italian cause. Mrs. Browning is buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Florence. See W. W. Story's letter to C. E. Norton, p. 198. Letters 64, 121, 3, 46.

*Carlyle, James.* The father of Thomas Carlyle. James Carlyle was first a stone-mason, later a small farmer. Of his education, his son says, "I believe he was never more than three months in any school." He was, nevertheless, a man of much intelligence, of vigorous and pithy speech. "I call my father," Thomas Carlyle says again, "a brave man. Man's face he did not fear; God he always feared. . . . Religion was the pole-star for my father. Rude and uncultivated as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him 'in all points a man.'" James Carlyle married, as his second wife, Margaret Aitken. Of her, her famous son says, "She was a faithful helpmate to him (her husband), toiling unweariedly at his side; to us the best of all mothers; to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude." Letter 9.

*Carlyle, Mrs. (Jane Welsh).* Born at Haddington, England, 1801; died at London, 1866. Mrs. Carlyle was a woman of great wit, clever both with tongue and pen. The charm of her conversation seems to have drawn people to 5 Cheyne Row,

Chelsea, with as strong an attraction as the fame of her great husband. How bright her conversation was we may gather from her letters. Letters 4, 35, 82, 36, 37, 38.

*Carlyle, Thomas.* Born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, 1795; died at Chelsea, London, 1881. Carlyle's father was a stonemason. The humble character of the early home of the great writer may be gathered from the letters of his father and mother to him (p. 9), and from Carlyle's early letters to his mother (pp. 19, 20), written shortly after he left Edinburgh University, during a period of struggle, before his marriage with Jane Welsh. Thomas Carlyle and his wife spent some of the first years of their married life on a barren little farm belonging to Mrs. Carlyle, called Craigenputtock. Here Emerson visited them. In 1834, they established their modest home at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a section of London. Carlyle's fame as a writer was assured by the publication of his "French Revolution," the accidental burning of a part of which, in the manuscript, is the subject of Carlyle's letter to his brother, p. 90. Many of Carlyle's letters have been published, his long correspondence with our Emerson, his letters to his home people, particularly his mother and his wife, besides letters to his famous contemporaries, among whom were several close friends. Letters 19, 27 20, 129, 5, 39, 73, 72, 34.

"*Carroll, Lewis*" (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson). Born in 1832; died, 1898. An English clergyman, mathematician, and writer. A treatise upon Plane and Algebraical Geometry and "Alice in Wonderland" seem contradictory productions of one and the same mind; but Charles Dodgson, the mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, was also "Lewis Carroll," the devoted friend of Adelaide, Gertrude, and the



rest. The pseudonym is better known than the rightful name, and "The Hunting of the Snark" and the "Adventures" than the books on Euclid and the sermons. Lewis Carroll must have been a friend to delight any child's heart. Letters 28, 29, 30.

*Cicero*, Marcus Tullius. Born 106 B.C.; assassinated, 43 B.C. Orator, statesman, and philosopher. Cicero was devoted to the old Roman republican ideals; but was unable to make himself permanently effective in the troublous times in which his lot was cast. His kindly and tolerant temper led him to compromise and to seek the politic rather than the heroic course. He attained his clearest success when he checked the conspiracy of Catiline against the state, and was acclaimed "Father of his Country" (63 B.C.). In the gathering contest between Cæsar, the head of the popular party, and Pompey, the head of the senatorial party, Cicero attached himself to Pompey, as conservative of the older order of things; but neither Pompey nor Cæsar gave Cicero any cordial support. When Pompey fell, and Cæsar had established his power in Rome, the clemency that the new ruler showed won Cicero, so that he declared warmly for him. Cicero was not concerned in the assassination of Cæsar; but, when the deed was done, his political principles naturally inclined him to the cause of Brutus and Cassius, with whom he joined heartily (see his letter on p. 320), pronouncing a series of orations, to which he gave the name of Philippics, against Antony. Young Octavius put himself apparently under the direction of Cicero. The coalition of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, as the Second Triumvirate, was the undoing of Cicero. When the bloody proscriptions were drawn up, upon the arrival of the triumvirs in Rome, Antony demanded the head of Cicero, and Octavius gave him up. Cicero fled

from Rome, and some weeks later was slain by a hired assassin. Octavius, when he was the Emperor Augustus, said of the man whom he had betrayed, "He was a good citizen, who really loved his country." Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son (p. 261), calls Cicero's letters, of which many have been preserved, "the most perfect models of good writing." Letter 135.

*Cowper, William.* Born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertford, 1731; died at East Dereham, Norfolk, 1800. Cowper's life was overshadowed by melancholia, passing at times into fits of temporary insanity. Throughout his life he deeply regretted the loss of his mother, who died when he was a mere child, as his poem, "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," tells us. He derived his greatest pleasure from country life, from his garden, his flowers, his poetry, and, above all, from the society of a good and kind woman, Mrs. Unwin, the wife of the Reverend Morley Unwin, of whose family Cowper was long a member. Cowper's mind was in its healthiest state when he was busy at his poetry; he translated the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" into blank verse, and wrote a long poem, "The Task," besides many short poems. It is pleasant to think of him as the author of the rollicking ballad, "John Gilpin." Cowper was a copious letter-writer. Much of his correspondence has been preserved. None of his letters are more charming than those to his favorite cousin, Lady Hesketh. Letter 74.

*Fitzgerald, Edward.* Born near Woodbridge, Suffolk, 1809; died at Merton, Norfolk, 1883. A scholarly man, of rather peculiar temperament, devoted to literature, and to a few choice friends. His letters to the various members of the Tennyson family show the warmth of his friendship. He defends with generous zeal the fame of Alfred Tennyson,



against all competitors, holding lightly his own claims to poetic honors as the translator of Omar Khayyám, although his "Rubaiyat" is so free a rendering of the old Persian poet that it is more an original poem than a translation. Fitzgerald's letter telling of the "discovery" of Omar is interesting. Letters 88, 89.

*Gordon, Lady Duff.* Born at Westminster, 1821; died at Cairo, Egypt, 1869. A woman of remarkable energy and force of character, a fine example of the best type of high-bred Englishwoman. Lady Duff Gordon was a writer of some prominence, chiefly a translator. A weakness of the lungs compelled her to spend most of her time out of England. Her daughter, Janet, married a gentleman whose business took him to Alexandria, Egypt. Lady Gordon determined to try the climate of Egypt. Her residence in Egypt no doubt prolonged her life, but failed to check her disease. She could make only short visits to her family in England. The letters that she wrote to her husband and her mother give vivid accounts of her experiences in Egypt. She grew very fond of the Arabs, championed their cause with the English government, and did them signal service. She died in Egypt, no member of her family with her at the last. Letters 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52.

*Gray, Thomas.* Born at London, 1716; died at Cambridge, 1771. A scholar, poet, and famous letter-writer. He early formed a close friendship with the brilliant Horace Walpole, with whom he made a tour through the principal countries of Europe. By some chance, the two young men were estranged. On his return to England, Gray settled at Cambridge, where he became professor of modern history. At Cambridge, he lived in scholarly retirement, spending a part of each summer

with his mother at Stoke-Pogis, a little country place near to Windsor. It was the churchyard of the Stoke-Pogis church that inspired his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." In that churchyard he was buried. Letters 10, 60, 61, 62.

*Green, John Richard.* Born at Oxford, 1837; died at Mentone, in the southern part of France, 1883. An historian, best known, perhaps, as the author of "A Short History of the English People." Infirm health compelled him to spend much of his time in a kindlier climate than that of England. His letters tell of his delight in the island of Capri, just off the bay of Naples. He married late in life, 1877, living but a short time after his marriage. His letters reveal a delightful personality. Letters 102, 56, 57, 58, 59.

*Hawthorne, Nathaniel.* Born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 1864. Hawthorne joined the Brook Farm Association when he was about thirty-seven years old. This famous socialistic colony, established on a farm near West Roxbury, Massachusetts, drew together many interesting people. George Ripley, Hawthorne, and Charles Dana were inmates. Emerson made occasional visits. The life of the colony is amusingly described by Hawthorne in the letter to his sister given on page 1. Later Hawthorne turned his Brook Farm experiences into a story, "Blithedale Romance." Letter 1.

*Hughes, George.* Brother of Thomas Hughes. Like his brother, he was devoted to Rugby. Letter 112.

*Hughes, Thomas.* Born in Berkshire, England, 1823; died, 1896. He was educated at Rugby under Thomas Arnold, the father of Matthew Arnold, and later at Oxford; but it was Rugby school that made the greatest impression

upon Thomas Hughes. Later he became associated with Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice in the movement for the improvement of the condition of the poor, known as "Christian Socialism." He lectured in the United States in 1870, and in 1880 founded the "Rugby Colony" in Tennessee. "Tom Brown at Rugby" is his best-known book. Letter 13.

*Huxley*, Thomas Henry. Born at Ealing, near London, 1825; died at Eastbourne, 1895. A biologist, one of the foremost scientists of his day. His letters are charming — easy, enthusiastic, often whimsical. Those to the various members of his family endear him to the reader. They show us that the great scientist wore his "weight of learning lightly as a flower." Letters 53, 113, 78, 54, 55, 81, 86, 80, 79, 33.

*Irving*, Washington. Born at New York, 1783; died at Sunnyside, Tarrytown, 1859. When Irving, a young man with his literary reputation still to make, was traveling in England and Scotland, Walter Scott received him with great kindness, giving him much practical assistance in regard to the publication of his "Sketch Book." After his long residence abroad, Irving returned to America, full of honors, spending his last years at his country home, "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, on the Hudson. Letters 90, 91, 92, 11.

*Jewett*, Sarah Orne. Born at South Berwick, Maine, 1849; died, 1909. As the daughter of a well-known country physician she had much opportunity to observe types of character, and she was early stimulated to express what she observed. When she was but twenty years old, a story of hers was accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly*. From that time on, Miss Jewett wrote many short stories and novels, concerned mainly with New England life and character. Many of her

stories are for young people, as the old files of *St. Nicholas* will show. The richness of her personality, the warmth and meaning of her friendships, the ease and charm of her style, are revealed in her letters. Their value deserves fuller representation than has been possible in this little book. Letter 87.

*Johnson, Samuel.* Born at Lichfield, 1709; died at London, 1784. Samuel Johnson's fame was established by the publication, in 1755, of his dictionary, the first adequate dictionary of the English language. The immense labor involved in this task Johnson accomplished almost single-handed. He had looked to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield for patronage, but had, he thought, been coldly neglected. Upon the publication of the dictionary, Johnson wrote to Chesterfield a letter, which, with great dignity, set forth the history of his relations with that nobleman. Though Johnson grew in honor as his years went by, he was weighed down, in his last days, with many griefs, not the least of them being that his old friend and favorite, Mrs. Thrale, three years after the death of the esteemed Mr. Thrale, took a second husband, Mr. Piozzi, an Italian musician. Dr. Johnson remonstrated with the lady; Mrs. Piozzi defended her course with firmness and spirit. The letters that passed between the one-time friends are full of interest. Letters 128, 127.

*Keller, Helen.* Born at Tuscumbia, in northern Alabama, 1880. The story of Helen Keller's life is a wonderful revelation of what can be accomplished in the development of the mind and soul, by persistent effort, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. When she was a baby, less than two years old, Helen Keller was attacked by a terrible illness, which the doctors called congestion of the stomach and brain.



Through this disease she lost her sight and hearing. Consequently she grew up dumb as well as deaf and blind. Her parents appealed to the Perkins Institute in Boston, for the education of the blind and deaf, for a trained teacher who might awaken the afflicted child's mind. When the little girl was seven years old, Miss Anna Sullivan took charge of her development. Through the patient and skillful teaching of this lady, little Helen was made to realize what language is, and taught to spell words upon the hand by the finger alphabet. Later, Miss Sullivan took the child to the Perkins Institute, where her development progressed. When she was ten years old, she was taught to produce articulate sounds. Guided by the movements of the lips and throat of a person speaking, movements which she detected through her finger tips, she produced with her own lips and throat the movements of speaking. This speech, understandable at first only to those that were familiar with it, Miss Keller has so developed by persistent effort that to-day she speaks in public to large audiences that understand her with perfect ease, though the sound of her voice is still unnatural. Miss Keller learned to use the typewriter with rapidity, to read the books of raised print written for the blind, and to read and write in the Braille system for the blind. Thus equipped, and aided by her tireless friend, Miss Sullivan, she prepared herself for Radcliffe College, passed her examinations, and completed the Radcliffe course, 1904, doing particularly fine work in English and in German. Though, from the difficulty of apprehending symbols and carrying problems in her mind, mathematics gave her more difficulty, she accomplished the required work. Many distinguished people have been Miss Keller's friends, won by her affection and by the nobility and the sweetness of her nature. Among her friends, none was dearer to her than Phillips Brooks. The peculiar circumstances under which

Miss Keller's inner life has unfolded have made her a sort of Miranda growing up in Prospero's enchanted island. Letters 16, 17.

*Lamb, Charles.* Born in Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, 1775; died at Edmonton, near London, 1834. The whole course of Charles Lamb's life was affected by the fits of temporary insanity to which his well-beloved sister, Mary, was subject. In one of these seizures, Mary Lamb killed her mother. To save her from being committed to an asylum, Charles Lamb made himself responsible for his sister's future conduct. Mary Lamb, much of the time, was entirely normal; then she was the dearest friend, the consoler, and adviser of her brother. At uncertain intervals Mary's malady came upon her. There was always premonition. The brother then took his afflicted sister to an asylum, where she remained until her mind was sound again. The tragedy of these experiences is revealed in the letter of Charles Lamb on page 230. Though his sister was closest to him, Lamb had much delight in other friends. His letters show his warm friendship for Wordsworth and Coleridge, the stimulus that he gained from interchange of thought with them, his love of the people and the places connected with them. Letters 120, 66, 67, 69, 98, 99, 63, 75, 8, 76, 95, 77, 7, 68.

*Lambert, Brooke.* A clergyman, a particular friend of John Richard Green. Letter 125.

*Lincoln, Abraham.* Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, 1809; assassinated at Washington, 1865. Although Lincoln's school education was lamentably slight, he read industriously and carefully. He was called upon during his eventful life to write much. His speeches, addresses, and letters are



marked by shrewd good sense, directness, and vigor. In those cases in which, as he wrote, his whole nature was fused by intense feeling, his style is high and fine, controlled by a measured eloquence. The Gettysburg speech and the letter to Mrs. Bixby have an almost classic beauty. Letters 118, 130.

*Longfellow*, Henry Wadsworth. Born at Portland, Maine, 1807; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1882. The letter printed on page 37 shows that Longfellow, at seventeen, had set his heart upon a literary career. Boyishly, yet with a simple dignity, he wrote to his father of his ambitions. It is pleasant to think that his high hopes for the future were not vain. Letter 15.

*Lowell*, James Russell. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1819; died there, 1891. Lowell, during his whole life, threw himself with energy into public causes. He was never afraid to stand in what he considered "the right, with two or three." His high ideal of the mission of the journalist is shown in his letters to Lawrence Godkin, for many years the editor of *The Nation*. These letters show us, too, Lowell's fresh, vigorous style as a letter-writer. Letters 96, 97, 106, 107.

*Meredith*, George. Born in Hampshire, England, 1828; died, 1909. Meredith is better known as a novelist than as a poet, although it was as a young poet that he wrote to Tennyson the letter printed on page 71 — very modest words, very gracefully set down. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Egoist," and "Diana of the Crossways" are as well known, perhaps, as any of Meredith's novels. Letter 32.

*Osborne*, Dorothy. Became, probably about 1654, the wife of the famous Sir William Temple, for whom Dean Swift, in his

youth, was secretary. The marriage of Dorothy Osborne and Sir William Temple was preceded by six years of troubled courtship. Many adverse circumstances disturbed the course of true love, — political differences of the two fathers, dissatisfaction of said parents over marriage portions, hostility of relatives to the match, and, finally, rival suitors of the fair lady, the most considerable of whom was Henry Cromwell, the younger son of the Lord Protector. Dorothy Osborne's choice remained firmly fixed upon Sir William, with whom she corresponded industriously. Sir William's letters have been lost; Dorothy's fortunately have been preserved. These letters of hers form a most interesting record of the life of a country family in seventeenth-century England. We learn from them how far the minds of the young ladies "were cultivated, what were their favorite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favored suitors." Dorothy Osborne is no Belinda. If you will compare her with Pope's typical eighteenth-century lady in "The Rape of the Lock," you will find her almost modern in her common sense, energy, intelligence, and quick wit. The spelling of her letters is modernized. The whole series of her letters deserves to be read. Letters 139, 140.

*Parker, Theodore.* Born at Lexington, Massachusetts, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, 1860. A noted clergyman, lecturer, reformer, and author. As he could not afford to go to college, Theodore Parker taught school, studied by himself, following the courses at Harvard, and took his examinations each semester with what would have been his class if he had been able to attend college. He accomplished the work in the given time, passing all of his examinations, but by the

rules of the college was not given a degree. In the same way he accomplished his theological training, and was afterwards given by Harvard an honorary A.B. and A.M. He was a powerful preacher and a vigorous advocate of the abolition of slavery. His kind helpfulness to all who needed help made him much beloved. He is buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Florence. Letter 114.

*Paston*, Margaret. A member of a family of Norfolk county, England, whose letters, written between 1424 and 1509, have been preserved. These letters are a valuable record of English life in a far-off time. They go back almost to the time of Chaucer, and cover the time of the Wars of the Roses. They are a storehouse of authentic information. Margaret Paston seems to have been a dutiful wife. Letter 137.

*Piozzi*, Hester Lynch (Mrs. Thrale). Born, 1741; died, 1821. A clever English lady, said to have been well educated in Latin, Greek, and the modern languages. In 1763, she married Henry Thrale, a rich brewer of Southwark, as London south of the Thames was called. As Mrs. Thrale, she became the devoted friend of Samuel Johnson, who spent much time at her home. Mr. Thrale died in 1781. Three years later Mrs. Thrale married an Italian musician, named Piozzi. This marriage deeply grieved Dr. Johnson. The letters of reproach and of defense that passed between the philosopher and the lady are full of interest. Letter 126.

*Pliny*, "The Younger." Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus was born at Como, Italy, 62 A.D., and died 113. He was a student and author, a nephew of the elder Pliny, who was killed by the great eruption of Vesuvius, in 79 A.D. The

younger Pliny was a graceful and vigorous letter-writer. Many phases of Roman life appear in his letters. Letters 132, 133, 134.

*Prescott*, William Hickling. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1796; died at Boston, 1859. American historian, his principal works being "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru." On a visit to England, he was received with distinguished honor. His presentation to Queen Victoria he describes in a letter to his wife. Letter 40.

*Rossetti*, Dante Gabriel. Born at London, 1828; died at Birchington, England, 1882. Rossetti is about equally renowned as poet and as painter. His father was an Italian, who fled from Italy on account of political troubles, and established himself in England, there marrying Frances Polidore, English on her mother's side. Lack of money made it difficult, in the beginning, for young Rossetti to obtain adequate artistic training. With the help of his sympathetic aunt Charlotte Polidore, however, he put himself under the instruction of Ford Madox Brown, a painter whose work had strongly impressed the young artist. Rossetti had a long period of struggle, both as poet and as painter, but when recognition came, it was emphatic. Ruskin was a great help to Rossetti during the years when he was striving to make his way. With John Everett Millais and Holman Hunt, Rossetti established the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. This little group of painters looked for inspiration to the Italian painters before the time of Raphael, such painters as Botticelli. Rossetti was a friend of William Morris, with whom he lived for a time at Kelmscott. Letters 18, 65, 12, 122.



*Ruskin, John.* Born at London, 1819; died at Coniston, 1900. Ruskin's first interest was painting. Later he devoted himself to architecture, to geology, and to sociology. His letters to C. were written while he was still working for his degree at Oxford. He took his degree in 1842. That he had already studied deeply and thought much upon the subject of art is proved by the fact that he published the first volume of "Modern Painters" the year after he graduated from Oxford. Letters 101, 117.

*Stanhope, Philip.* (Fourth Earl of Chesterfield.) Born at London, 1694; died, 1773. An English politician, orator, and writer, famous as a man of fashion. He took infinite pains with the education of his son, Philip Stanhope, writing to him letters of instruction, counsel, and advice. The ambitious father was doomed to disappointment, for the son married abroad without the father's knowledge, and, a few years after, died. Two little boys were left to their grandfather's care. With admirable spirit, Lord Chesterfield began once more, writing to his grandsons in much the same strain that he had written to his idolized son. Letters 108, 109, 110, 111.

*Steele, Richard.* Born at Dublin, 1672; died, 1729. The friend of Addison, founder and editor of *The Tatler* and, next to Addison, the chief contributor to *The Spectator*. He was warm-hearted and generous, but lacking in judgment and stability. His letters to "Mrs." Scurlock, afterwards his wife, his "dearest Prue," show him as an ardent lover, but a rather ill-regulated husband, not altogether a domestic joy, one fancies. Letters 141, 142, 143, 144.

*Stephen, Count of Blois and of Chartres.* One of the leaders of the first crusade. His letter to his wife, Adela, or Adele,

the daughter of William the Conqueror, is considered "one of the most important documents for the history of the first crusade." From this letter, the Count of Blois appears to have been not only a zealous crusader but a courteous gentleman. Letter 136.

*Story*, William Wetmore. Born at Salem, 1819: died, 1895. A sculptor and poet. Story spent much of his time in Rome, where he was a member of a most interesting group of literary and artistic Englishmen and Americans. For Story's little daughter, who at the time was sick in Rome, Thackeray wrote his delightful "The Rose and the Ring." The Storys and the Brownings frequently spent their summers together. Perhaps the best-known pieces of sculpture by Story are his "Cleopatra" and his "Semiramis." Letter 83.

*Stowe*, Harriet Beecher. Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1812; died at Hartford, 1896. Mrs. Stowe's arduous life is vividly described in her letters. Though it was often a life of exhausting toil, it was full of satisfaction. Mrs. Stowe's toil was ungrudging; her spirit ardent and buoyant. Her famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published first in serial form in the *Washington National Era*, in book form in 1852. Her "Oldtown Folks" and "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories" are records of New England life a generation ago. Letter 31.

*Tennyson*, Alfred. Born at Somersby, 1809; died at Aldworth House, Surrey, 1892. "The Life of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by his son, Hallam, gives a most interesting account of the poet's life and work, of his friends and his surroundings. The person and bearing of Tennyson must have been worthy of a poet. He was distinguished without being in the least



ostentatious. He held himself a little remote from the casual acquaintance, but inspired devotion in his intimate friends. His letters give a pleasing impression of his personality. Letters 85, 26.

*Tennyson*, Elizabeth Fytche. The lovely nature of Alfred Tennyson's mother shows in the letter to her poet son, printed on page 273. Letter 115.

*Thackeray*, William Makepeace. Born at Calcutta, 1811; died at London, 1863. Though born in India, Thackeray was brought to England in his fifth year, so that his connection with the land of begums must have been little more than sentiment. Unlike Tennyson, Thackeray was fond of society, of chit-chat, and of dining out. The author of "Vanity Fair" and of "Pendennis" must, of necessity, have been interested in oddities of character, in revelations of motive — in a word, in all that goes to make human experience. James T. Field, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," gives us a delightful impression of Thackeray's effervescent humor and his warmth of heart. Letter 84.

*Thaxter*, Celia Leighton. Born at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 1835; died at the Isles of Shoals, 1894. Mrs. Thaxter holds a high rank among the lesser American poets; but an even higher rank as a noble type of womanhood. Mr. Leighton, her father, for some reason out of accord with the world of men, settled his family upon the otherwise uninhabited island of Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. Celia Thaxter loved the Isles with an intense devotion; a biographer says, "If it were ever intended that a desolate island in the deep sea should be inhabited by one solitary family, then indeed Celia Thaxter

was the fitting daughter of that family." Mrs. Thaxter's collected letters should be read in full. They are admirable in style and most interesting as a record of an unusual life. Letter 100.

*Walpole*, Horace. Born at London, 1717; died there, 1797. He was the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Prime Minister of England. He early formed a friendship with the poet Gray, with whom he traveled through France and Italy, visiting in Florence Horace Mann, for forty-six years the British envoy to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Through the distinguished position of Walpole's father, the two young men had exceptional opportunities to enjoy their "grand tour." Amicably as the experience began, the two friends, while in Italy, had a serious difference, which caused them to separate. Walpole later took all the blame of the unfortunate occurrence upon himself. Though a nominal reconciliation was effected in 1744, and Walpole always expressed the greatest admiration for Gray and his poetry, the old relations were never resumed. Shortly after his return to England, Walpole purchased an estate called Strawberry Hill, on the Thames, near Twickenham. This place he made famous, turning the modest cottage into a Gothic villa, in the questionable taste then prevalent among the fashionable literary circle of London, of which he was a leader. At Strawberry Hill he surrounded himself with works of art in the style which he approved. Here he studied and wrote, printed his books on a private press that he had set up at his house, and here he entertained his chosen friends. He was a great figure, too, in London life. His long Parliamentary career, 1741 to 1768, covering the troubled times of the American Revolution, put him in close touch with the political life of England. All these varied phases of the life of his times

are shown in his voluminous correspondence, making the nine bulky volumes a rich mine for the student of history and of life and manners. His letters, written with admirable ease and spirit, are as amusing as they are instructive. Letters 104, 103, 105, 41, 42, 43, 93, 94.

*Winthrop, Margaret.* The wife of John Winthrop, a governor of Massachusetts colony. John Winthrop came to New England in 1630. Margaret Winthrop joined him in 1631. The letter of Margaret Winthrop to her husband was written in 1637, when John Winthrop was chosen for the fifth time governor of the colony. He was then in Newtown, where the election was held, instead of Boston, on account of the party strife at that time stirring Boston. Henry Vane, the former governor, had supported Anne Hutchinson, whose religious beliefs had aroused much opposition. John Winthrop opposed Anne Hutchinson and Henry Vane. Winthrop was chosen governor, and Anne Hutchinson was banished from the colony. Margaret Winthrop, at the time that she wrote the letter to her husband in Newtown, was much distressed by the agitations in the colony, and much exercised over the part that her husband was playing in them. Letter 138.



## THE MECHANICAL FORM OF A LETTER

THE mechanical form of a letter is important. Ignorance or carelessness in regard to the position of place and date, margins, and so forth produces a very unfavorable impression. Let us draw up some specifications in regard to the form of a letter.

Choose white, unlined note paper, without ornamentation, and envelopes with no eccentricity of shape. The address, plainly engraved at the head of the note paper, is in good taste; but **Paper** perfectly plain note paper, of good quality, is in just as correct taste.

Make your penmanship legible and regular. Legibility depends upon four requirements: to form each letter truly, to unite all the letters of a word, **Penman-** to leave a distinct space between words, not **ship** to let the loop-letters of one line interlace with the letters of the line above or below. If you obey these four rules and keep your writing regular, your penmanship will be both clear and comely. Learn to keep your lines



straight on unlined paper. If you cannot do this surely, place a heavily lined paper under the paper upon which you are writing. Use black ink.

Note the following :

Placing and  
Phrasing

560 Broad Street

May 30, 1916

My dear Mrs. Reynolds,

May I keep, for another week, the copy of Chesterton's "All Things Considered" that you lent me? I want etc.

Sincerely yours,

Francis Halliday.

Do not begin too near the top of the page. If the note is to take up a whole page or more, begin on the second line space. If the note is to take up only the middle of the page, begin lower. In writing the place and the date, do not abbreviate, unless the complete words would make the lines awkwardly long. In general, avoid abbreviations, except the regulation Mr., Mrs., Dr., etc. No punctuation is needed at the end of the place or the date. A comma, of course, is placed between the month and the year. Write May 30, not May 30th. Keep two equal and even margins, the width depending upon the size of your paper, usually about half an inch. The end of the date establishes the right-hand margin; the beginning of the salutation,



the left-hand margin. Write the salutation in the line-space next below the date. It is awkward to leave a space between the date and the salutation. This is a common fault. The salutation should be followed by a comma or a colon, comma preferred. "My dear" is more formal than "Dear." If you write "My dear," be sure not to capitalize *dear*. The first line of the body of the letter may begin directly under the comma at the end of the salutation, or about halfway back. Other paragraphs should be indented twice the margin. End your letter with a complete sentence. For the complimentary close, as it is called, there are several phrases that are in good taste: *Sincerely yours, Truly yours, Sincerely your friend, I am, sincerely yours, etc.* The first is as good as any. It is better not to attempt to be in any wise unusual in this little phrase. Convention decides the form for us, except with our most intimate friends. If you use the form *I remain*, be sure to use it sensibly. You *remain* sincerely, etc., if you have been a friend for some time. To a comparative stranger, the form would be *I am, sincerely, etc.* It is nonsense to write *I remain, your son, or your daughter*. Place a comma after the complimentary close.

In going from page to page of your note paper, follow the order regularly, first, second, third, fourth, unless you are writing a note of only two pages, then write on the first and the third.

Observe the following address of an envelope :

Mrs. George Reynolds  
65 Franklin Street  
Arlington  
Massachusetts

The address of an envelope is a problem in spacing. If the spacing is not good, the effect is very unpleasant.

**The Address of the Envelope** A person should take pride in addressing an envelope well. The name should be placed a little above the middle of the envelope, remembering that the stamp and the postmark will fill the upper space. The space to the left of *Mrs.* should be about the same as the space to the right of *Massachusetts*. The address should not be cramped, nor placed too high nor too low on the envelope. It should be kept *straight*. No end punctuation is needed. Do not abbreviate, except titles.

The forms and the phrases that we have discussed admit of considerable variety. The directions herein given set forth one correct style for the form of a letter. Others are allowable, but this one is safe.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editor acknowledges gratefully her indebtedness to Mr. John S. P. Alcott and to Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company for permission to reprint three letters from "Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals," edited by Ednah D. Cheney; to Miss Helen Keller and to Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Company for two letters from "The Story of My Life"; to Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company for four letters from "Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Family Letters," edited by William Rossetti; to Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Company for extracts from Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt"; to Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Company for two letters from "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," edited by Edward Abbott Parry; to the Century Company for three letters from "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," and for two letters from "The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," edited by John S. Nicolay and John Hay; to the John Lane Company for two letters from "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley, and for three letters from "New Letters of Thomas

Carlyle," edited by Alexander Carlyle; to Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Company for six letters from "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," edited by J. A. Froude; to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for one letter from "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," by Julian Hawthorne, one letter from "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe," edited by Annie Field, one letter from "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited by Annie Field, one letter from "Letters of Celia Thaxter," edited by A. F. and R. L., one letter from "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," edited by Samuel Longfellow, one letter from "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," by Henry James; to G. H. Putnam's Sons for four letters from "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," by Pierre Irving; to G. H. Putnam's Sons and The American Unitarian Association for one letter from "Theodore Parker," by O. B. Frothingham; to Messrs. Appleton and Company for four letters from "Richard Steele," by Austin Dobson, copyrighted by Appleton and Company; to Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company for seven letters from Phillips Brooks's "Letters of Travel," copyrighted by E. P. Dutton; and to the Macmillan Company for extracts from "Life and Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," from "Letters of Matthew Arnold," collected by W. E. Russell, from "Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by Alfred Ainger, from "Letters of John Richard Green," edited by

Leslie Stephen, from "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by Leonard Huxley; for a letter by Thomas Hughes and a letter by Brooke Lambert from "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," by Charles Graves; for a letter by George Hughes from "Memoir of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes; for one letter from "William Hickling Prescott," by Harry Thurston Peck; for four letters of Lowell from "Life and Letters of Lawrence Godkin," by Rollo Godkin; for one letter of Thackeray, two of Tennyson, and one of Mrs. Tennyson, from "Alfred Lord Tennyson," by Hallam Tennyson; for two letters of Fitzgerald and one of Meredith from "Tennyson and His Friends," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson; for two letters of Ruskin from "Letters to a College Friend."

The letter of Stephen, Count of Blois, is from "Translations and Reprints" of the Department of History of the University of Pennsylvania, Vol. I, No. 4; the letters of Walpole from "Letters of Horace Walpole," edited by P. Cunningham; the letter of Margaret Paston from "The Paston Letters," edited by James Gairdner; the letter of Margaret Winthrop from "Life and Letters of John Winthrop."

Thanks are due to the staff of the Newark Public Library for kind assistance in the preparation of this little book.





# COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM MANY PENS

## I. THE DAILY COURSE OF LIFE — CHAT ABOUT HOME MATTERS

(1) *Hawthorne to His Sister Louisa*

Brook Farm, ° West Roxbury, May 3, 1841.

As the weather precludes all possibility of ploughing, hoeing, sowing, and other such operations, I bethink me that you may have no objections to hear something of my whereabouts and whatabout. You are to 5 know, then, that I took up my abode here on the 12th ultimo, in the midst of a snow-storm, which kept us all idle for a day or two. At the first glimpse of fair weather, Mr. Ripley ° summoned us into the cow-yard, and introduced me to an instrument with four prongs, 10 commonly entitled a dung-fork. With this tool I have already assisted to load twenty or thirty carts of manure, and shall take part in loading nearly three hundred more. Besides, I have planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done 15 various other mighty works. This very morning I milked three cows, and I milk two or three every night and morning. The weather has been so unfavorable

that we have worked comparatively little in the fields; but, nevertheless, I have gained strength wonderfully, — grown quite a giant, in fact, — and can do a day's work without the slightest inconvenience. In short, 5 I am transformed into a complete farmer.

This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods, in which we can ramble all day without meeting anybody or 10 scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road, so that we are not troubled even with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental<sup>o</sup> visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a 15 single face, save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past four, breakfast at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go 20 to bed at nine.

The thin frock which you made for me is considered a most splendid article, and I should not wonder if it were to become the summer uniform of the Community. I have a thick frock, likewise; but it is 25 rather deficient in grace, though extremely warm and comfortable. I wear a tremendous pair of cowhide boots, with soles two inches thick, — of course, when I come to see you I shall wear my farmer's dress.

We shall be very much occupied during most of this month, ploughing and planting; so that I doubt whether you will see me for two or three weeks. You have the portrait by this time, I suppose; so you can very well dispense with the original. When you write to me (which I beg you will do soon), direct your letter to West Roxbury, as there are two post-offices in the town. I would write more, but William Allen is going to the village, and must have this letter. So good-by.

10

NATH. HAWTHORNE, *Ploughman*.

(2) *Louisa May Alcott to Her Sister*

Boston Bulletin, — Ninth Issue

Sunday Eve, November, 1858.

MY BLESSED NAN, — Having finished my story, I can refresh my soul by a scribble to you, though I have nothing to tell of much interest.

Mrs. L. is to pay me my “celery” each month, as she likes to settle all bills in that way; so yesterday she put \$20.85 into my willing hands, and gave me Saturday P.M. for a holiday. This unexpected \$20, with the \$10 for my story (if I get it) and \$5 for sewing, will give me the immense sum of \$35. I shall get a second-hand carpet for the little parlor, a bonnet for you, and some shoes and stockings for myself, as three times round the Common in cold weather conduces

to chilblains, owing to stockings with a profusion of toe, but no heel, and shoes with plenty of heel, but a paucity of toe. The prejudices of society demand that my feet be covered in the houses of the rich and great ;  
5 so I shall hose and shoe myself, and if any of my fortune is left, will invest it in the Alcott Sinking Fund, the Micawber ° R. R., and the Skimpole ° three per cents.

Tell me how much carpet you need, and T. S. will find me a good one. In December I shall have another  
10 \$20 ; so let me know what is wanting, and don't live on "five pounds of rice and a couple of quarts of split pease" all winter, I beg.

How did you like "Mark Field's Mistake"? I don't know whether it is good or bad ; but it will keep  
15 the pot boiling, and I ask no more. I wanted to go and see if "Hope's Treasures" was accepted, but was afeared. M. and H. both appeared ; but one fell asleep, and the other forgot to remember ; so I still wait like Patience on a hard chair, smiling at an inkstand. Miss  
20 K. asked me to go to see Booth for the last time on Saturday. Upon this ravishing thought I brooded all the week very merrily, and I danced, sang, and clashed my cymbals daily. Saturday A.M. Miss K. sent word she couldn't go, and from my pinnacle of joy I was  
25 precipitated into an abyss of woe. While in said abyss Mrs. L. put the \$20 into my hands. That was a moment of awful trial. Every one of those dollars cried aloud, "What, ho ! Come hither, and be happy !"



But eight cold feet on a straw carpet marched to and fro so pathetically that I locked up the tempting fiend, and fell to sewing, as a Saturday treat!

But, lo! virtue was rewarded. Mrs. H. came flying in, and took me to the Museum to see "Gold" and 5 "Lend Me Five Shillings." Warren, in an orange tie, red coat, white satin vest, and scarlet ribbons on his ankles, was the funniest creature you ever saw; and I laughed till I cried, — which was better for me than the melancholy Dane, I dare say. 10

I'm disgusted with this letter; for I always begin trying to be proper and neat; but my pen will not keep in order, and ink has a tendency to splash when used copiously and with rapidity. I have to be so moral and so dignified nowadays that the jocosity of my nature will 15 gush out when it gets a chance, and the consequences are, as you see, rubbish. But you like it; so let's be merry while we may, for to-morrow is Monday, and the weekly grind begins again.

(3) *Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Mitford*

May 28, 1848. 20

. . . And now I must tell you what we have done since I wrote last, little thinking of doing so. You see our problem was to get to England as much in our summers as possible, the expense of the intermediate journeys making it difficult of solution. On examina- 25

tion of the whole case, it appeared manifest that we were throwing money into the Arno<sup>o</sup> by our way of taking furnished rooms, while to take an apartment and furnish it would leave us a clear return of the  
5 *furniture* at the end of the first year in exchange for our outlay, and of all but a free residence afterwards, with the privilege of making it productive by under-letting at our good pleasure. For instance, rooms we paid four guineas a month for, we could have the whole year  
10 unfurnished at ten or twelve — the cheapness of the furniture being besides something quite fabulous, especially at the present crisis.<sup>o</sup> Laying which facts together, and seeing besides the all but necessity for us to reside abroad the colder part of every year, we leapt  
15 on our feet to the obvious conclusion you have before you, and though the temptation was too strong for us to adopt quite the cheapest ways of the cheap scheme, by the dense economy of preferring small rooms, &c. — though, in fact, we have really done it magnificently,  
20 and planted ourselves in the Guidi Palace, in the favorite suite of the last count (his arms are in scagliola<sup>o</sup> on the floor of my bedroom); though we have six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms and opening on a terrace; and though  
25 such furniture as comes by slow degrees into them is antique and worthy of the place — we yet shall have saved money by the close of this year; while for next year, see! we shall let our apartment to go to England,

drawing from it the product of 'furnished rooms.' Now I tell you all this lest you hear dreadful rumors of our having forsaken our native land, venerable institutions and all — whereas we remember it so well (it's a dear land in many senses) that we have done this <sup>5</sup> thing chiefly in order to make sure of being able to get back comfortably. My friends the Martins used to have a home in Normandy, and carry the key of it in their pocket, going there just every year at fishing time. A corner in Florence may pass for a still better <sup>10</sup> thing, even without the terrace, and the orange trees and camellias we mean to throng it with. A stone's throw, too, it is from the Pitti<sup>o</sup>; and really, in my present mind, I would scarcely exchange with the Grand Duke himself. Our rooms are delightful, and Flush<sup>o</sup> <sup>15</sup> agrees to praise them, all but the terrace, which he considers full of risks. There he will go only by himself or with me. To walk there three at a time may involve a pushing off into the street, of which he has a lively sense in his imagination. By the bye, as to street <sup>20</sup> we have no spectators at windows — just the gray wall of a church, called San Felice<sup>o</sup> for good omen. Now have you heard enough of us? What I claimed first, in way of privilege, was a spring sofa to loll upon, and a supply of rain water to wash in; and you should see <sup>25</sup> what a picturesque oil jar they have given us for the latter purpose. It would just hold the captain of the forty thieves.<sup>o</sup> As to the chairs and tables, I yield the

more especial interest in them to Robert. Only, you would laugh to hear us correct one another sometimes. 'Dear, you get too many drawers and not enough washing stands. Pray, don't let us have any more  
5 drawers, when we've nothing more to put into them.' There was no division on the necessity of having six spoons — some questions pass themselves. Now do write to me, and be as egotistical. . . . May God bless you, my beloved friend. Write soon, and of yourself,  
10 to your ever affectionate

BA.°

My husband's regards go to you, of course.

(4) *Jane Carlyle to Mrs. Aitken*°

Chelsea: Aug. 1835.

MY DEAR JANE, — Even the doubt expressed in  
15 your last letter about the durability of my affection was more agreeable to me than the brief notice which you usually put me off with, 'remember us to Mrs. Carlyle,' or still worse, 'remember us to your lady.' I have told you often that it afflicts me to be always, in the  
20 matter of correspondence with you, obliged, like the Annandale man, to thank God 'for the blessings made to pass over my head.'° It ought not, perhaps, to make any difference whether your letters be addressed to him or me, but it does. You never in your life  
25 answered a letter of mine (and I have written you



several), except little business notes from Dumfries, which could not be considered any voluntary expression of kind remembrance. Had you even expressed a wish to hear from me since I came here, I would nevertheless have written, being of a disposition to receive thankfully 5 the smallest mercies when greater are denied; but, as I said, you have always put me off with a bare recognition of my existence, which was small 'encouragement.' The fact is, we are both of us, I believe, too proud. We go upon the notion of 'keeping up our dignity, Mr. 10 Arnot.' You have it by inheritance from your mother, who (as I have often told herself) with a great profession of humility is swallowed up in this sin; and I have possibly been seduced into it by her example, which I was simple enough to consider a safe one to 15 imitate in all respects.

For my part, however, I am quite willing to enter into a compact with you henceforth to resist the devil, in so far as he interferes with our mutual good understanding; for few things were more pleasant for me 20 than to 'tell you sundry news of every kind,' nay, rather 'every thought which enters in within this shallow mind,' had I but the least scrap of assurance of your contentment therewith.

Now that my mother is actually coming, I am more 25 reconciled to my disappointment about Scotland. Next year, God willing, I shall see you all again. Meanwhile, I am wonderfully well hefted here; the people are



extravagantly kind to me, and in most respects my situation is out of sight more suitable than it was at Craigenputtock.<sup>o</sup> Of late weeks Carlyle has also been getting on better with his writing, which has been  
5 uphill work since the burning of the first manuscript.<sup>o</sup> I do not think that the second version is on the whole inferior to the first; it is a little less vivacious, perhaps, but better thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second 'first volume,'  
10 and then we shall sing a *Te Deum* and get drunk — for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend (Mr. Wilson) having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine. These Wilsons are  
15 about the best people we know here; the lady, verging on old maidenism, is distinctly the cleverest woman I know.

Then there are Sterlings, who, from the master of the house down to the footman, are devoted to me  
20 body and soul; it is between us as between 'Beauty and the Beast': —

Speak your wishes, speak your will,  
Swift obedience meets you still.

I have only to say 'I should like to see such a thing,'  
25 or 'to be at such a place,' and next day a carriage is at the door, or a boat is on the river to take me if I please to the ends of the earth. Through them we have

plumped into as pretty an Irish connection as one would wish. Among the rest is a Mr. Dunn, an Irish clergyman, who would be the delight of your mother's heart — a perfect personification of the spirit of Christianity. You may take this fact to judge him by, that he has <sup>5</sup> refused two bishoprics in the course of his life, for conscience sake. We have also some Italian acquaintances. An Italian Countess Clementina Degli Antoni is the woman to make my husband faithless, if such a one exist, so beautiful, so graceful, so melodious, so <sup>10</sup> witty, so everything that is fascinating for the heart of man. I am learning from her to speak Italian, and she finds, she says, that I have a divine talent (*divino talento*). She is coming to tea this evening, and another Italian exile, Count De Pepoli, and a Danish <sup>15</sup> young lady, 'Singeress to the King of Denmark,' and Mr. Sterling and my old lover George Rennie. 'The victualling' of so many people is here a trifle, or rather a mere affair of the imagination: tea is put down, and tiny biscuits; they sip a few drops of tea, and one or two <sup>20</sup> sugar biscuits 'victuals' a dozen ordinary eaters. So that the thing goes off with small damage to even a long-necked purse. The expenditure is not of one's money, but of one's wits and spirits; and that is sometimes so considerable as to leave one too exhausted for sleeping <sup>25</sup> after.

I have been fidgeted with another change of servants. The woman recommended to me by Mrs. Austin turned

out the best servant I had ever had, though a rather unamiable person in temper, etc. We got on, however, quite harmoniously, and the affairs of the house were conducted to my entire satisfaction, when suddenly  
5 she was sent for home to attend a sick mother; and, after three weeks' absence, during which time I had to find a charwoman to supply her place, she sent me word, the other day, that, in the state of uncertainty she was kept in she could not expect her place to remain  
10 longer vacant for her. The next day I lighted on an active, tidy-looking Irish Roman Catholic in a way so singular that I could not help considering her as intended for me by Providence, and boding well of our connection. She is not come yet, but will be here on  
15 Wednesday; and in the meanwhile my charwoman, who has her family in the workhouse, does quite tolerably.

One comfort is, that I have not to puddle about myself here, as I used to have with the 'soot drops' at  
20 Craigenputtock; the people actually do their own work, better or worse. . . . For all which, and much more, we have reason to be thankful.

I must not finish without begging your sympathy in a disaster befallen me since I commenced this letter —  
25 the cat has eaten one of my canaries! Not Chico, poor dear; but a young one which I hatched myself. I have sent the abominable monster out of my sight for ever — transferred her to Mrs. Hunt.°

With kindest regards to every one of you, prattlers included,

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

(5) *Thomas Carlyle to His Mother*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, 5

5th August, 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER — . . . Life here in Cheyne Row ° goes on in the steadiest manner ; nothing to glory in ; much to be glad of, and humbly thankful for. Our House is all settled and swept long ago, and proceeding 10 at a fixed rate, our accounts all paid off ; so we know in some measure what we have to look for. Living is really not *very* much dearer than at Puttock ° ; one has a less plenteous supply in some things ; but on the whole what it amounts to “ultimately” is no such grand 15 matter, “after all.” We calculated that we could live here, everything included, for £200, and seem as if we could for less. At all events there will be no more “fifteen pounds for fodder” or other provoking items of that sort to pay ; but for one’s money there will be real *ware* 20 of some kind. In all other respects, as you at once judge, I am much better off, and feel habitually that here or nowhere is the place for me. Old Annandale itself seems lovelier than it ever did : often in the still sunset, when I am alone, it comes before me with its green 25



*knowes* and clear-rushing *burns*, and all the loved ones that I have there, above the ground and below it; and I feel a sweet unsullied affection for it all, and a holy faith that God is there as here, and in His merciful hand is  
5 the life and lot of every one of us for Eternity as for Time. Unspeakably wearisome, in such seasons, were the light cackle of the worldly-minded: but indeed I am not much troubled with that. Once for all one should  
10 “set his face like a flint” against the idolatries of men, and determine that *his* little section of Existence shall not be a mad empty Dream, but as far as possible a Reality.

I have not written anything whatever for Reviews or Magazines since we came hither; and am not likely  
15 to write. In fact, it is rather my feeling that I should abandon that whole despicable business, and seek diligently out for some freer field to labor in. Nothing can exceed the hollow frothiness and even dishonest blackguardism of literature generally at present: but  
20 what then? This is even the very thing thou art sent to *amend*! Mill’s<sup>o</sup> Review is to go on, about New-year’s day next; there, it is possible, I may contribute something: but there too I wait till I see further before taking any very *fixed* hold. My former Book,<sup>o</sup>  
25 that came out through *Fraser*, is happily at last all printed within these last days: I hope to send you, and some others of them, a full copy of it about the beginning of next month by the Dumfries Bookseller. You



will have leisure to peruse and consider it ; and finding it very *queer*, may not find it altogether empty and false. It has met with next to no recognition that I hear of in these parts ; a circumstance not to be surprised at, not to be wept over. On the other hand, my American 5 Friend<sup>o</sup> (you remember hearing of him at Puttock) sends me a week ago the most cheering Letter of thanks for it (with two *braw* American Books, as a present), and bids me go on in God's name, for in remotest nooks, in distant ends of the Earth, men *are* listening 10 to me and loving me. This Letter, which did me a real benefit, and will give you (the Philosopher's Mother) great pleasure, shall be sent to you : I would send it to-day, but that I fear the frank will be already too heavy. The vain clatter of fools, either for or 15 against, is worth *nothing*, for indeed it *is* simply nothing : but the hearty response of earnest men, of one earnest man, is very precious. Meanwhile I employ all my days in getting ready for the new Book (on the French Revolution), and think, if I am spared with health, 20 there is likelihood that it will be in print, with my name to it, early in spring. I will do my very best and truest ; give me your prayers and hopes ! This task of mine takes labor enough : I am up once or twice weekly at the British Museum for Books about it ; 25 these are almost my only occasions of visiting that fiercely tumultuous region of the city, which is at least four miles from me. I walk slowly up the shady

side of the streets ; and come slowly down again, about four o'clock, often smoking a cigar, and feeling more or less independent of all men.

Several of our friends (the Bullers for instance) are gone out of town. We have made, at least Jane has made, a most promising new acquaintance, of a Mrs. Taylor ; a young beautiful reader of mine and "dearest friend" of Mill's, who for the present seems "all that is noble" and what not. We shall see how that wears.

10 We are to dine there on Tuesday. . . . Hunt, nor the Hunts,<sup>o</sup> does not trouble us more than we wish : he comes in when we send for him ; talks, listens to a little music, even sings and plays a little, *eats* (without *kitchen*<sup>o</sup> of any kind, or only with a little sugar) his

15 allotted plate of porridge, and then goes his ways. His way of thought and mine are utterly at variance ; a thing which grieves him much, not me. He accounts for it by my "Presbyterian upbringing," which I tell him always I am everlastingly grateful for. He talks

20 forever about "happiness," and seems to me the very miserablest man I ever sat and talked with. . . .

Coleridge, a very noted literary man here, of whom you may have heard me speak, died about a week ago, at the age of sixty-two. An apothecary had sup-

25 ported him for many years : his wife and children shifted elsewhere as they could. He could earn no money, could set himself steadfastly to no painful task ; took to opium and poetic and philosophic

dreaming. A better faculty has not been often worse wasted. Yet withal he was a devout man, and did something, both by writing and speech. Among the London Literaries he has not left his like or second. Peace be with him.

5

Here then is the end, dear Mother! My kindest brotherly love to *all*, including Jenny<sup>o</sup>; Jane is not here at the moment to add hers, but would grieve much if it were not habitually understood. All good be with you all!

10

Ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

(6) *Matthew Arnold to His Mother*

West Humble, June 30, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — Your long double letter and anecdotes deserved a speedier answer. Every-<sup>15</sup> thing about Wordsworth and Coleridge is interesting. Papa's letter was curious. Certainly if one of our boys now wrote such a letter we should call it prim, if not priggish. Much is due, no doubt, to the greater formality of sixty years ago, but I imagine that it really<sup>20</sup> was not till after he had grown up that papa got that freedom of nature and humor which we all associate with him, and which were so charming. In return for your anecdotes I must tell you one about Lucy.<sup>o</sup> She was on the lawn with Flu<sup>o</sup> and Mrs. Slade when the<sup>25</sup>

cat jumped out of the bushes with a bird in her mouth. Mrs. Slade called out, "Oh, that horrid cat has got a bird"; but, as she herself says, for a thousand birds she should not have ventured to interfere. Lucy sprang on the cat, seized it by the throat, made it drop the bird, pushed it away, and stroked and smoothed the bird for a minute or two till it flew off quite happy. The charming thing is, she had not a notion of doing anything remarkable, and is troubled about having given the cat a violent push from her, and says, "I couldn't help giving the cat a slap, but I hope I didn't hurt it, because you know, mamma, it was its nature to kill birds."

Dicky<sup>o</sup> came home yesterday, looking splendidly well. To-day he goes with me to Wotton, to fish and bathe in the bathing-house. We had a beautiful drive yesterday between slopes red with the wild strawberry; and the wild flowers are so abundant and so curious, this confluence of the chalk and the greensand being extraordinarily favorable for them, that I often wish for Fan<sup>o</sup> to see them with me. We have got Miss Pratt's<sup>o</sup> book, and verify unceasingly; but a third volume is much wanted, as so many flowers are absent from the two published; for instance, there is not a single saxifrage in them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dicky has just come in *in trousers*. It breaks one's heart to think of his changing the dress that one knows



him so by. Budge does not come for a fortnight. My Report plagues me dreadfully.

Your ever affectionate

M. A.

(7) *Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth*

September 28, 1805. 5

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH (or Dorothy rather, for to you appertains the biggest part of this answer by right) — I will not again deserve reproach by so long a silence. I have kept deluding myself with the idea that Mary would write to you, but she is so lazy (or, which I <sup>10</sup> believe is the true state of the case, so diffident), that it must revert to me as usual. Though she writes a pretty good style, and has some notion of the force of words, she is not always so certain of the true orthography of them; and that, and a poor handwriting <sup>15</sup> (in this age of female calligraphy), often deters her, where no other reason does.

We have neither of us been very well for some weeks past. I am very nervous, and she most so at those times when I am; so that a merry friend, adverting to <sup>20</sup> the noble consolation we were able to afford each other, denominated us, not unaptly, Gumboil and Tooth-Ache, for they used to say that a gumboil is a great relief to a tooth-ache.

We have been two tiny excursions this Summer, for <sup>25</sup>



three or four days each, to a place near Harrow, and to Egham, where Cooper's Hill is: and that is the total history of our rustications this year. Alas! how poor a round to Skiddaw<sup>o</sup> and Helvellyn,<sup>o</sup> and Borrowdale,  
5 and the magnificent sesquipedalia<sup>o</sup> of the year 1802! Poor old Molly! to have lost her pride, that "last infirmity of noble minds,"<sup>o</sup> and her cow. Fate need not have set her wits to such an old Molly. I am heartily sorry for her. Remember us lovingly to her; and in  
10 particular remember us to Mrs. Clarkson<sup>o</sup> in the most kind manner.

I hope, by "southwards," you mean that she will be at or near London, for she is a great favorite of both of us, and we feel for her health as much as possible  
15 for any one to do. She is one of the friendliest, comfortablest women we know, and made our little stay at your cottage one of the pleasantest times we ever past. We were quite strangers to her. Mr. C. is with you too; our kindest separate remembrances to him.  
20 As to our special affairs, I am looking about me. I have done nothing since the beginning of last year, when I lost my newspaper job; and having had a long idleness, I must do something, or we shall get very poor. Sometimes I think of a farce, but hitherto all schemes  
25 have gone off; an idle brag or two of an evening, vapor-ing out of a pipe, and going off in the morning; but now I have bid farewell to my "sweet enemy," Tobacco, I shall perhaps set nobly to work. Hang work!

I wish that all the year were holiday ; I am sure that indolence — indefeasible indolence — is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teazer, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were 5 the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of “Commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good,” etc. etc.

I wish you may think this a handsome farewell to 10 my “Friendly Traitress.” ° Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years ; and you know how difficult it is from refraining to pick one’s lips even, when it has become a habit. This poem is the only one which I have finished since 15 so long as when I wrote “Hester Savory.” I have had it in my head to do it these two years, but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises. Now you have got it, you have got all my store, for I have absolutely 20 not another line. No more has Mary. We have nobody about us that cares for poetry ; and who will rear grapes when he shall be the sole eater ? Perhaps if you encourage us to show you what we may write, we may do something now and then before we ab- 25 solutely forget the quantity of an English line for want of practice. The “Tobacco,” being a little in the way of Wither ° (whom Southey ° so much likes), perhaps

you will somehow convey it to him with my kind remembrances. Then, everybody will have seen it that I wish to see it, I having sent it to Malta,°

I remain, dear W. and D., yours truly.

5

C. LAMB.

(8) *Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd*

September 13, 1804.

DEAR ROBERT,° — I was startled in a very pleasant manner by the contents of your letter. It was like your good self to take so handsome an opportunity of  
10 renewing an old friendship. I thank you kindly for your offers to bring me acquainted with Mrs. Ll. I cannot come now, but assuredly I will some time or other, to see how this new relation sits upon you. I am naturally shy of new faces; but the Lady who has  
15 chosen my old friend Robert cannot have a repelling one. Assure her of my sincere congratulations and friendly feelings. Mary joins in both with me, and considers herself as only left out of your kind invitation by some LAPSUS STYLI.° We have already had all the  
20 holydays we can have this year. We have been spending our usual summer month at Richmond, from which place we traced the banks of the old Thames for ten and twenty miles, in daily walks or rides, and found beauties which may compare with Ulswater and  
25 Windermere.° We visited Windsor, Hampton, etc. etc.

— but this is a deviation from the subject with which I began my letter.

Some day I certainly shall come and see you in your new light; no longer the restless (but good) (? single) Robert; but now the staid, sober (and not less good) <sup>5</sup> married Robert. And how does Plumstead, the impetuous, take your getting the start of him? When will he subside into matrimony? Priscilla has taken a long time indeed to think about it. I will suppose that her first choice is now her final; though you do not <sup>10</sup> expressly say that she is to be a Wordsworth. I wish her, and dare promise her, all happiness.

All these new nuptials do not make me unquiet in the perpetual prospect of celibacy. There is a quiet dignity in old bachelorhood, a leisure from cares, noise, <sup>15</sup> etc., an enthronisation upon the armed-chair of a man's feeling that he may sit, walk, read, unmolested, to none accountable — but hush! or I shall be torn in pieces like a churlish Orpheus<sup>o</sup> by young married women and bridesmaids of Birmingham. The close is this, <sup>20</sup> to every man that way of life, which in his election is best. Be as happy in yours as I am determined to be in mine, and we shall strive lovingly who shall sing best the praises of matrimony, and the praises of singleness. <sup>25</sup>

Adieu, my old friend in a new character, and believe me that no “wounds” have pierced our friendship; only a long want of seeing each other has disfurnished



us of topics on which to talk. Is not your new fortunes a topic which may hold us for some months (the honey months at least)?

C. LAMB.

(9) *To Thomas Carlyle from His Father and Mother*

5

Mainehill, 28th December, 1823.

DEAR SON — I have taken the pen in my hand to write a few lines to you to tell you how I come on, but indeed I, for some years, have written so little that I have almost forgotten it altogether, so I think you will  
10 scarce can read it, but some says that anything can be read at Edinburgh, so I will try you with a few lines as is, and if it is not readable I will try to do better next time.

I begin then with telling you the state of my own  
15 health, which I am glad to say is just as good as I could wish for at my time of life, though frailty and weakness which goeth along with old age<sup>o</sup> is clearly felt to increase; but what can I say? that is natural for all mankind. But I must not leave this subject  
20 that way, but tell you that I have not as yet taken the cold that I was troubled with in some former winters; and that I can sleep sound at night and eat my meat and go about the town, and go to the meeting house on the Sabbath Day, so that I have no reason for com-  
25 plaint. I go on next to tell you about our Crop, which



doth not turn well out, but our Cattle is doing very well as yet, and we do not fear to meet the Landlord against the rent day. I was down at Ecclefechan<sup>o</sup> this day, and was very glad to find a letter in the office from you, as we were beginning to look for one, and <sup>5</sup> Sandy was preparing a letter for you, and we thought best to join our scrawls together. If there is any news, I leave that for Sandy to tell you all these things, and I will say no more at this time, but tell you that I remain, dear son, your loving Father,

10

JAS. CARLYLE.

DEAR TOM — I need not tell you how glad I was to receive your kind letter, for I began to be uneasy. . . . O my dear Son, I have many mercies to be thankful for, and not the least of these is your affection. We <sup>15</sup> are all longing for February, when we hope to see you here, if God will. Do spare us as much time as possible when you come down; in the meantime let us be hearing from you often.

Your affectionate Mother,

20

MARGARET CARLYLE.

(10) *Thomas Gray to Horace Walpole*

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured,

it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing. . . .  
5 He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own,<sup>o</sup> at least as good as so,  
10 for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as  
15 well as I do may venture to climb, and craggs that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dream-  
20 ing out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow, their hoary tops relate,  
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;  
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,  
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

25 At the foot of one of these squats ME I (*il penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around

me like Adam in paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace,<sup>o</sup> aloud too, that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg 5 pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. . . . I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September 1737.

(11) *Washington Irving to Mrs. Kennedy*

Sunnyside, March 11, 1853. 10

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY<sup>o</sup>: — I was really sad at heart at parting with you and Mary Kennedy at Washington. Indeed, had not your establishment fallen to pieces around me, I hardly know when I should have gotten away. I could almost have clung 15 to the wreck so long as there was a three-legged stool and a horn spoon to make shift with. You see what danger there is in domesticating me. I am sadly prone to take root where I find myself happy. It was some consolation to me, in parting, that I had Mrs. 20 H— and the gentle Horseshoe<sup>o</sup> for fellow-travellers. Without their company, I should have been completely downhearted. The former was bright, intelligent, and amiable as usual; and as to “John,” you know he is a

sympathizing soul. He saw I needed soothing, so he cracked some of his best jokes, and I was comforted.

I arrived in New York too late for the Hudson River Railroad cars, so I had to remain in the city until  
5 morning. Yesterday I alighted at the station, within ten minutes' walk of home. The walk was along the railroad, in full sight of the house. I saw female forms in the porch, and I knew the spy-glass was in hand. In a moment there was a waving of handker-  
10 chiefs, and a hurrying hither and thither. Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed womankind. In fact, I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome. My friend Horseshoe, and one or two others of my acquaint-  
15 ance, may; but there are not many as well off in domestic life as I. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vain-glory.

. . . I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed home by my prime minister, Robert, and my  
20 master of the horse, Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry yard, William. Everything was in good order; all had been faithful in the discharge of their duties. My fields had been manured, my trees trimmed, the fences repaired and painted. I really believe more  
25 had been done in my absence than would have been done had I been home. My horses were in good condition. Dandy and Billy, the coach-horses, were as sleek as seals. Gentleman Dick, my saddle-horse,



showed manifest pleasure at seeing me; put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and would have nibbled at my ear had I permitted it. One of my Chinese geese was sitting on eggs; the rest were sailing like frigates in the pond, with a whole fleet of 5 white topknot ducks. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, kept more for show than use, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility; while my little 10 terrier slut Ginger bounded about me almost crazy with delight, having five little Gingers toddling at her heels, with which she had enriched me during my absence.

I forbear to say anything about my cows, my durham 15 heifer, or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Suffice it to say, everything was just as heart could wish; so, having visited every part of my empire, I settled down for the evening, in my elbow-chair, and entertained the 20 family circle with all the wonders I had seen at Washington.

To-day I have dropped back into all my old habits. . . . I have resumed my seat at the table in the study, where I am scribbling this letter, while an un- 25 seasonable snow-storm is prevailing out of doors.

This letter will no doubt find you once more at your happy home in Baltimore, all fussing and bustling at



an end, with time to nurse yourself, and get rid of that cold which has been hanging about you for so many days.

And now let me express how much I feel obliged to  
5 you and Kennedy for drawing me forth out of my little country nest, and setting me once more in circulation. This has grown out of our fortunate meeting and sojourn together at Saratoga last summer, and I count  
10 these occurrences as among the most pleasant events of my life. They have brought me into domestic communion with yourselves, your family connections and dearest intimacies, and have opened to me a little world of friendship and kindness, in which I have enjoyed myself with a full heart.

15 God bless you all, and make you as happy as you delight to make others.

Ever yours, most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(12) *Rossetti to His Mother*

Kelmscott, ° Lechlade, 27 March, 1873.

20 MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I hear with great anxiety from Maria that you have been suffering from an attack of influenza, and that you are still in bed. I hope Maria ° will continue to let me know regularly how you are. I trust, however, that the next news may be de-  
25 cidedly favorable.

The weather is very much finer here within some days past, and I suppose the same is probably the case in London, so I heartily trust that this may have a beneficial effect upon a complaint like influenza.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am meaning to dedicate to you the new edition of my Italian Poets. The first was dedicated to poor Lizzy,<sup>o</sup> and I had some thought of retaining the dedication with date; but this seeming perhaps rather forced, I shall substitute your dear name in the second edition.

10

Hoping to hear a better account soon,

I am ever

Your most loving Son,

D. GABRIEL R.

P. S. — I must really tell you about Dizzy, George's <sup>o</sup> 15 dog. Some evenings back he was lying by the fire in my studio, when George, who was going to bed, roused him to accompany him, as he generally does. Dizzy however, was unwilling to quit the fire, and at last got so nasty and wicked that he bit George in the thumb. He was 20 then locked up in the coldest place that could be found.

In the morning he trotted into the breakfast room as usual, but was received with shouts of obloquy, upon which he turned tail at once and fled. At dinner the same day he reappeared; whereupon we tied him to the 25 leg of the piano and had in another dog who is here, called Turvy. We set a plate just out of Dizzy's reach

and fed Turvy with three successive helpings of beef and macaroni, between each of which Dizzy's feelings found vent in "voci alte e fioche." After this Turvy was much caressed, and every now and then left us, 5 to walk round Dizzy and survey him as an accessory deserving of passing notice. Dizzy has been a convict ever since, and knows it. This morning, on entering the breakfast-room I found him rolled up on the mat before the fire, and, being occupied with other things, 10 for the moment forgot his position. On my appearance he raised his head in doubt, but, when I sat down and said nothing, he let his head drop again on the mat with an air of luxurious relief. This served as a reminder, and I shrieked, "What, not Dizzy!" in such 15 tones that he arose and fled to the shades with an expression of anguish which cannot be described. I think the ban will soon have to be taken off him now. At present the only relaxation is that he is allowed to accompany us in our walks, but without recognition from 20 us. One only has to show one's thumb to him, and his sins fall back on his head in a moment, and drive him into solitude.

(13) *Thomas Hughes to Alexander Macmillan*

October 29, 1892.

DEAR MAC, — Can't help beginning in the old style, 25 tho' no doubt Mrs. Grundy would shake her head and

say "Silly old fellows of 70 to be talking to one another in endearing diminutives." Never mind. Blow Mrs. Grundy! We didn't heed her much in the forties, and I have been strengthening in that unbelief ever since. What a wise old boy he was — Scotch wasn't he? — <sup>5</sup> who wrote up in stone letters over his front door "They say. What say they? Let them say." Well, but how are you? And your wife and bairns? And your roof-tree, and your oxen and asses, and all that is yours? I haven't written these last months because <sup>10</sup> I could see by the handwriting of your last how great an exertion it must be to you to answer, as I knew you would try to do (don't try again!) in your own hand, and you ought to make no exertion, but sit back easily in your big arm chair and think over no end of good times, <sup>15</sup> and as well spent a life as all but prophets like Maurice ° can reckon over in this tough old world — and then too the dear prophet was quite unable to think of any good times he had ever had or good he had done, but only of the wretched mess the poor old world had <sup>20</sup> blundered into, which he had been set specially to pull her out of and hadn't done it. So after all we are better off in our seventies than the prophets on this side the veil, however it may be on t'other. Good gracious, what a rigmarole I have been reeling out! Fact is <sup>25</sup> I've got a wonderful new pen discovered by one of my registrars, which runs along all by itself, and is more than half responsible. I don't mean to read it over,

but am sure it won't construe. The head-masters seem waking up to the need of teaching the dear boys who are coming on the English language! More power to their elbows! but I am too old to go to that school, 5 and when the boys have all learned to write like Julius Hare ° or Matt. Arnold or Goldwin Smith, I doubt if they will make or play a better hand for the old country than our lot did who only learnt our English by hap-hazard. . . . Here is Carrie in for the third time since 10 I started this to say tea is ready in the drawing-room, and that my commanding officer insists on my going in to partake of that meal and then to read Hole's ° Reminiscences aloud to her. Who is Hole? We ought to have known him, as he seems a good broad Christian 15 and manly fellow who ought to have published in Bedford Street. ° So good-bye; you are always in our minds, and would be even in the absence of the capital picture by dear old Lowes Dickinson which, thanks to you, hangs at the end of the dining-room. Love and 20 all good wishes of Xmas and New Year from all of us to everybody.

Ever affectionately yours,

THOS. HUGHES.



## II. YOUNG PEOPLE TO THEIR ELDERS

### (14) *Louisa May Alcott to Her Father*

Boston,° Nov. 29,° 1856.

DEAREST FATHER, — Your little parcel was very welcome to me as I sat alone in my room, with snow falling fast outside, and a few tears in (for birthdays are dismal times to me); and the fine letter, the pretty 5 gift, and, most of all, the loving thought so kindly taken for your old absent daughter, made the cold, dark day as warm and bright as summer to me.

And now, with the birthday pin upon my bosom, many thanks on my lips, and a whole heart full of love 10 for its giver, I will tell you a little about my doings, stupid as they will seem after your own grand proceedings. How I wish I could be with you, enjoying what I have always longed for, — fine people, fine amusements, and fine books. But as I can't, I am glad you are; for 15 I love to see your paper first among the lecturers, to hear it kindly spoken of in papers and inquired about by good people here, — to say nothing of the delight and pride I take in seeing you at last filling the place you are so fitted for, and which you have waited for so long 20

and patiently. If the New Yorkers raise a statue to the modern Plato,<sup>o</sup> it will be a wise and highly creditable action.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am very well and very happy. Things go smoothly,  
5 and I think I shall come out right, and prove that though an *Alcott* I *can* support myself. I like the independent feeling; and though not an easy life, it is a free one, and I enjoy it. I can't do much with my hands; so I will make a battering-ram of my head and  
10 make a way through this rough-and-tumble world. I have very pleasant lectures to amuse my evenings, — Professor Gajani on "Italian Reformers," the Mercantile Library course, Whipple, Beecher, and others, and, best of all, a free pass at the Boston Theatre. I  
15 saw Mr. Barry, and he gave it to me with many kind speeches, and promises to bring out the play very soon. I hope he will.

My farce is in the hands of Mrs. W. H. Smith, who acts at Laura Keene's theatre in New York. She took  
20 it, saying she would bring it out there. If you see or hear anything about it, let me know. I want something doing. My mornings are spent in writing. C. takes one a month, and I am to see Mr. B., who may take some of my wares.

25 In the afternoons I walk and visit my hundred relations, who are all kind and friendly, and seem interested in our various successes.

Sunday evenings I go to Parker's parlor,<sup>o</sup> and there meet Phillips,<sup>o</sup> Garrison,<sup>o</sup> Scherb, Sanborn,<sup>o</sup> and many other pleasant people. All talk, and I sit in a corner listening, and wishing a certain placid gray-haired gentleman was there talking too. Mrs. Parker calls on me,<sup>5</sup> reads my stories, and is very good to me. Theodore asks Louisa "how her worthy parents do," and is otherwise very friendly to the large, bashful girl who adorns his parlor steadily.

Abby<sup>o</sup> is preparing for a busy and, I hope, a profitable<sup>10</sup> winter. She has music lessons already, French and drawing in store, and, if her eyes hold out, will keep her word and become what none of us can be, "an accomplished Alcott." Now, dear Father, I shall hope to hear from you occasionally, and will gladly answer all<sup>15</sup> epistles from the Plato whose parlor parish is becoming quite famous. I got the "Tribune," but not the letter, and shall look it up. I have been meaning to write, but did not know where you were.

Good-bye, and a happy birthday from your ever<sup>20</sup> loving child,

LOUISA.

(15) *Henry W. Longfellow to His Father*

December 5, 1824.

I take this early opportunity to write to you, because I wish to know fully your inclination with regard<sup>25</sup>

to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college.<sup>o</sup>

For my part, I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend one year at Cambridge  
5 for the purpose of reading history, and of becoming familiar with the best authors in polite literature; whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut out from one of the most beautiful  
10 departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge, I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication,<sup>o</sup> by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now,  
15 I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is — and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not — the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for  
20 it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered  
25 for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology,



Law, or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that "nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge."

Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowl- 5  
edge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing, that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am 10  
unwilling to engage in the study of the law.

Here, then, seems to be the starting point: and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle 15  
against both wind and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose everything.

(16) *Helen Keller to John Greenleaf Whittier*

Inst. for the Blind, So. Boston, Mass.,

Nov. 27, 1889.

DEAR POET, — I think you will be surprised to receive 20  
a letter from a little girl whom you do not know, but I thought you would be glad to hear that your beautiful poems make me very happy. Yesterday I read "In School Days" and "My Playmate," and I enjoyed them greatly. I was very sorry that the poor little girl 25



with the browns<sup>o</sup> and the "tangled golden curls" died. It is very pleasant to live in our beautiful world. I cannot see the lovely things with my eyes, but my mind can see them all, and so I am joyful all the day long.

5 When I walk out in my garden I cannot see the beautiful flowers but I know that they are all around me; for is not the air sweet with their fragrance? I know too that the tiny lily-bells are whispering pretty secrets to their companions else they would not  
10 look so happy. I love you very dearly, because you have taught me so many lovely things about flowers, and birds, and people. Now I must say, good-bye. I hope (you) will enjoy the Thanksgiving very much.

From your loving little friend,

15 HELEN A. KELLER.

To Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier.

(17) *Helen Keller to Phillips Brooks*

Tuscumbia, Alabama, July 14, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. BROOKS, — I am very glad to write to you this beautiful day because you are my kind friend  
20 and I love you, and because I wish to know many things. I have been at home three weeks, and Oh, how happy I have been with dear mother and father and precious little sister. I was very, very sad to part with all of my friends in Boston, but I was so eager to  
25 see my baby sister I could hardly wait for the train to take me home. But I tried very hard to be patient

for teacher's sake. Mildred has grown much taller and stronger than she was when I went to Boston, and she is the sweetest and dearest child in the world. My parents were delighted to hear me speak, and I was overjoyed to give them such a happy surprise. I think it is so pleasant to make everybody happy. Why does the dear Father in heaven think it best for us to have very great sorrow sometimes? I am always happy and so was Little Lord Fauntleroy,<sup>o</sup> but dear little Jakey's life was full of sadness. God did not <sup>10</sup> put the light in Jakey's eyes and he was blind, and his father was not gentle and loving. Do you think poor Jakey loved his Father in heaven more because his other father was unkind to him? How did God tell people that his home was in heaven? When people do very <sup>15</sup> wrong and hurt animals and treat children unkindly God is grieved, but what will he do to them to teach them to be pitiful and loving? I think he will tell them how dearly He loves them and that He wants them to be good and happy, and they will not wish to grieve <sup>20</sup> their father who loves them so much, and they will want to please him in everything they do, so they will love each other and do good to everyone, and be kind to animals.

Please tell me something that you know about God. <sup>25</sup> It makes me happy to know much about my loving Father, who is good and wise. I hope you will write to your little friend when you have time. I should

like very much to see you to-day. Is the sun very hot in Boston now? this afternoon if it is cool enough I shall take Mildred for a ride on my donkey. Mr. Wade sent Neddy to me, and he is the prettiest donkey  
5 you can imagine. My great dog Lioness goes with us when we ride to protect us. Simpson, that is my brother, brought me some beautiful pond lilies yesterday — he is a very brother to me.

Teacher sends you her kind remembrances, and  
10 father and mother also send their regards.

From your loving little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER.

(18) *Rossetti to Aunt Charlotte*

50 Charlotte Street, Sunday? June, 1848.

DEAR AUNT CHARLOTTE, — Ever since I received  
15 your last letter (which I fear is very long ago) I have kept it lying on my table as a memento. The fact is that I should have answered it long ago, had I not wished my answer to be accompanied by the poem which I enclose,<sup>o</sup> and which wanted a few finishing  
20 touches. . . . It is the one of my precious performances which is, I think, the most likely to please you as to style and subject. All the others are of course completely at your service, and shall be sent, if you so desire, immediately upon an intimation from you to  
25 that effect. I only refrain from doing so till then be-

cause I do not wish you to pay heavy postage for things of such a little value. I hope you will not be displeased at my adding that I should not wish the verses to be seen by any one but yourself, as I think an unpublished poet is always rather a ridiculous character to appear in before strangers.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I continue going to the Life-school in Maddox Street, where I enjoy my studies much. During the day I paint at Mr. Brown's, who is an invaluable acquisition to me as regards the art, and moreover a most delightful friend. We are already quite confidential. His kindness, and the trouble he takes about me, are really astonishing; I cannot imagine what I have done to deserve them. Yesterday I showed him some of my poetical productions, which he seemed to like much, especially the one I send you. Indeed I think myself that it is perhaps the best thing as yet, being more simple and like nature.

(19) *Thomas Carlyle to His Mother*

Edinburgh,<sup>o</sup> Wednesday evening,

(December 1821.) 20

MY DEAR MOTHER. — I have but a few minutes to give you at present; but here is a little sovereign, which I got a while ago, and must write three words along



with, ere I send it you. It is to keep the Fiend out of your Housewife (Hussy)<sup>o</sup> in these hard times, and to get little odds and ends with in due time. If I were beside you, I should have to encounter no little molestation, before I could prevail upon you to accept this most small matter: but being at the safe distance of seventy miles, I fear it not. You would tell me I am poor and have so few myself of those coins. But I am going to have plenty by and by: and if I had but  
10 one, I do not see how I could purchase more enjoyment with it, than if I shared it with you. Be not in want of anything, I entreat you, that I can possibly get for you. It would be hard indeed, if in the autumn of a life, the spring and summer of which you have spent well, in  
15 taking care of us, *we* should know what could add to your frugal enjoyments, and not procure it. Ask me, ask me for something.

I am very busy at present, as Alick<sup>o</sup> will tell you; and therefore moderately happy. If health were  
20 added. — But there is always some *if*. In fact, I ought not to complain, even on this latter score. I think I am at least *where I was*, when you saw me: perhaps better on the whole; and I hope frosty weather is coming, which will make me better still. The other  
25 day I saw one of my constant walks last summer; and I could not help accusing myself of ingratitude to the Giver of all good for the great recovery I have experienced since then.



I intend to labour as hard as possible throughout the winter, finding nothing to be so useful for me every-way. I shall make occasional excursions into the country, by way of relaxation. I think of going to Kirkcaldy (whither I am bidden) for a day or two about 5 Christmas: and I have a standing invitation, from a very excellent Mrs. Welsh,<sup>o</sup> to go to Haddington, often, as if I were going *home*. This is very *pleasant*, as Ha'-bank<sup>o</sup> said.

My Father is to write me next time: and what 10 hinders Mag and Mary<sup>o</sup> and James the Ploughman? I shall (be) very angry with them if they keep such silence. Tell them so, one and all. My love to Jean and Jenny:<sup>o</sup> they cannot write, or they would. I long to hear of your own welfare, my dear Mother, 15 particularly of your health, which costs me many a thought.

I am always, your affectionate son,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(20) *Thomas Carlyle to His Mother*

3 Moray Street, Saturday, (May 1822?). 20

MY DEAR MOTHER — . . . You will find here a bonnet of Imperial chip or Simple chip, or Real chip, or whatever it is, which I hope will arrive safely and be found to suit you. I think it looks like your head.<sup>o</sup> I wish

it were fifty times better for your sake: it would still be the most feeble testimony of what I owe to your kind affection, which has followed me unweariedly through good and evil fortune, soothing and sweetening  
5 all the days of my existence, and which I trust Providence will yet long, long continue for a blessing to us both.

I know you will fret about those things, and talk about expense and so forth. This is quite erroneous  
10 doctrine: the few shillings that serve to procure a little enjoyment to your frugal life are as mere *nothing* in the outlay of this luxurious city. If you want any other thing, I do beg you would let me know: there is not any way in which I can spend a portion of my earnings  
15 so advantageously. Tell me honestly, Do you get tea and other things comfortably? I should be very sorry if you restricted yourself for any reason but from choice. It would be a fine thing surely, if you that have toiled for almost half a century in nourishing stalwart  
20 sons, should not now by this means have a little ease and comfort, when it lies in their power to gain it for you! I again entreat you, if you wish for anything within the reach of my ability, to let me hear of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I entrust you with my affectionate remembrances  
25 to my Father, and all the family, every one. They owe me letters now, which they cannot pay a minute too soon. Bid the Carrier be sure to ask for the box<sup>o</sup>

next time he comes ; it will be in readiness for him. At the present, I do not want anything. I shall give you proper notice when I do.

Farewell, my dear Mother ! May all Good be with you always !

5

Your affectionate Son,

TH. CARLYLE.

### III. GROWN PEOPLE TO CHILDREN

(21) *Phillips Brooks to His Niece*

Hotel du Nord, Berlin, September 10, 1882.

MY DEAR GERTIE, — This is Sunday morning. It is just after breakfast, about a quarter before nine o'clock. In a shop window on this street, I see a great big clock  
5 every time I go out. It has seven faces, and each face tells what time it is in some one of the great cities of the world. The one in the middle tells what time it is in Berlin, and all around that are the other great cities; it has not got North Andover, for that is too  
10 small; it is not one of the great cities of the world, but it has New York. Yesterday, as I passed it about one o'clock, I saw that it was about five in New York, so I know now that it cannot be quite three in North Andover. You will not go to church for a good while  
15 yet, so will have time enough to read my letter twice before you go.

I came here last Wednesday, and am going to stay for some time. In fact, I feel as if I lived in Berlin. I send you a picture of the house, with a line drawn

around my two windows. The children at the door are not you and Agnes. I wish they were.

The children in Paris all wore blouses, and the children in Venice did not wear much of anything. Here they all wear satchels. I never saw such children <sup>5</sup> for going to school. The streets are full of them, going or coming, all the time. They are queer little white-headed, blue-eyed things, many of them very pretty indeed, but they grow up into dreadful-looking men and women. They wear their satchels strapped <sup>10</sup> on their backs like soldiers' knapsacks, and when you see a schoolful of three hundred letting out, it is very funny.

Only two houses up the street lives the Emperor. He and his wife are out of town now, or no doubt they <sup>15</sup> would send some word to Toody.

Affectionately your uncle,

PHILLIPS.

(22) *Phillips Brooks to His Niece*

Wittenberg, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

MY DEAR AGNES, — I was glad to get your letter, <sup>20</sup> which reached me a few days ago in Berlin. I think you were very good indeed to write me, and it was a nice letter. . . .

Did you ever hear of Wittenberg? You will find it on the map, not very far from Berlin. It used to be a <sup>25</sup>



very famous place when Martin Luther lived here, and was preaching his sermons in the church whose clock I just now heard strike a quarter of one, and was writing his books in the room whose picture is at the top of  
5 this sheet of paper. I am sure you know all about Luther. If not, ask Toody, she knows most everything. In the picture, you can see Luther's table, the seat in the window where he and his wife used to sit and talk, the big stove which he had built to warm his cold room,  
10 and the bust of himself, which was taken just after he died, and hung up here. With the exception of that, everything remains just exactly as he left it, over three hundred years ago, before your papa, mamma, or aunt Susan was born.

15 It is a queer old town. Just now, when it was twelve o'clock, I heard some music, and looked out and found that a band of music was playing psalm tunes away up in the air in the tower of the old parish church. My window looks out on the market-place, where  
20 there are two statues, one of Luther, and one of Melanchthon, who was a great friend of his. Gertie will tell you about him. And the houses are the funniest shape, and have curious mottoes carved or painted over their front door. I came here from Berlin  
25 yesterday, and am going to travel about in Germany for a few weeks, and then go back to Berlin again. Berlin is very nice. I wish I could tell you about a visit which I made, Friday, to one of the great public

schools, where I saw a thousand boys and a thousand girls, and the way they spelt the hard words in German would have frightened you to death.

Tell Susie that I thank her for her beautiful little letter, and hope she will write me another. You must write me again. Give my best love to everybody, and do not forget your affectionate uncle.

P.

(23) *Phillips Brooks to His Niece*

Grand Hotel, Vienna, November 19, 1882.

*Very private !!*

10

DEAR GERTIE, — This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toody would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down

and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve. Will you do all this  
5 for me? You can spend five dollars for each child, and if you show your father this letter, he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially  
10 for the Springfield children; so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

15 This has taken up almost all my letter, and so I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people. But I do not think the  
20 Austrians are nearly as nice as the ugly, honest Germans. Do you?

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this  
25 year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her.

Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

(24) *Phillips Brooks to His Niece*

Jeypore,<sup>o</sup> January 7, 1883. 5

MY DEAR GERTIE, — I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door, and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do every- 10 thing you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and evenings. Well, as we drove into the town (for the bungalow where we are staying is just outside), the sun rose and the 15 streets were full of light.

The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw, and on the out-sides of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them very solemn and some very funny, which 20 makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children 25



rolling in the dust, and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose  
5 jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you.

Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink  
10 town, and went on toward the old town, which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the rajah, or king, that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the old town was about a thousand years old, the  
15 king left it; and there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys for inhabitants of its splendid palaces and temples. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the  
20 ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a  
25 month and were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town, there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage, too. The elephant



had his head and trunk beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down, and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. I am afraid he thought Americans must be very heavy, and I do not know whether he 5 could have carried you. Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for, they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make 10 her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that, and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town, it was a perfect wilder- 15 ness of beautiful things, — lakes, temples, palaces, porticos, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you all about the goddess, and the way they cut off the poor goat's little black head, and all 20 the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate 25 uncle

PHILLIPS.

(25) *Phillips Brooks to His Niece*

Westminster Palace Hotel, London,

June 3, 1883.

MY DEAR TOOD, — Your wicked papa has not sent me any letter this week, and so I am not going to write to him to-day, but I shall answer your beautiful letter, which traveled all the way to London, and was delivered here by a postman with a red coat, two or three weeks ago. He looked very proud when he came in, as if he knew that he had a beautiful letter in his bundle, and all the people in the street stood aside to make way for him, so that Tood's letter might not be delayed.

How quickly you have learned to read and write! I am very sorry for you, for they now will make you read and study a great many stupid books, and you will have to write letters all your days. When I get home, I am going to make you write my sermons for me, and I think of engaging you for my amanuensis at a salary of twenty cents a month, with which you can buy no end of gumdrops. If you do not know what an amanuensis is, ask Agnes, and tell her I will bring her a present if she can spell it right the first time.

Poor little Gertie! What a terrible time she has had. It must have been very good for her to have you to take care of her, and run her errands, and play with her,

and write her letters. I suppose that is the reason why you hurried so and learned to write. It was a great pity that I never got her letter about the Christmas presents, but I am very glad that you liked the coupé. What do you want me to bring you home from 5 London? Write me another letter and tell me, and tell Gertie I shall be very happy when I get another letter from her written with her own little fingers.

I want to see your new house, which I am sure will be very pretty. I wonder where you are going to be 10 this summer? Now, I am going off to preach in a queer old church built almost a thousand years ago, before your father or mother was born. Give my love to them, and to Agnes, and to Gertie, and to the new doll.

15

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

(26) *Tennyson to His Son, Hallam*

Tintagel,° Aug. 25th, 1860.

MY DEAR HALLAM,° — I was very glad to receive your little letter. Mind that you and Lionel do not 20 quarrel and vex poor mamma who has lots of work to do ; and learn your lessons regularly ; for gentlemen and ladies will not take you for a gentleman when you grow up if you are ignorant. Here are great black cliffs of slaterock, and deep, black caves, and the ruined 25

castle of King Arthur, and I wish that you and Lionel and mamma were here to see them. Give my love to grandpapa and to Lionel, and work well at your lessons. I shall be glad to find you know more and  
5 more every day.

Your loving papa,

A. TENNYSON.

(27) *Thomas Carlyle to Little Jane Carlyle*

3 Moray Street, January (1822).

DEAR LITTLE JANE, — Thou never wrotest me any  
10 kind of letter, yet I would be glad to see one from thy hand. There is in that little body of thine as much wisdom as ever inhabited so small a space ; besides thou art a true character, steel to the back, never told a lie, never flinched from telling truth ; and for all these  
15 things I love thee, my little Jane, and wish thee many blithe new years from the bottom of my heart.

Does the little creature ever make any rhymes now? Can she write any? Is she at any school? Has she read the book we sent her? Tell me all this — if  
20 thou hast power even to form strokes, that is, to go through the first elements of writing. I am living here in a great monster of a place, with towers and steeples, and grand houses all in rows, and coaches and cars and men and women by thousands, all very grand ;  
25 but I never forget the good people at Mainhill — nor



thee, among the least in stature though not the least in worth. Write then if thou canst. I am very tired, but always thy affectionate Brother,

TH. CARLYLE.

Give my compliments to *Nimble*, that worthiest of curs. Is Jamie Aitken with you still? I reckon him to be a worthy boy.

(28) *Lewis Carroll to Gertrude*°

Christ Church, Oxford, October 13, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE, — I never give birthday presents, but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday letter: so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind — but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like *that*, would you? You would say "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say



your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you  
10 wouldn't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

(29) *Lewis Carroll to Gertrude*

Christ Church, Oxford, Dec. 9, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE, — This really will *not* do, you  
15 know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way.  
20 He often makes me pay two *pounds*, when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman — it's a very pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once!  
25 It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—" but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?"<sup>5</sup> "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. *I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!*" That's not true,<sup>10</sup> is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters — "Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like *that* doesn't signify."<sup>15</sup> What I meant is, you mustn't send *many*."

So you see we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

20

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the seashore?

Because it says, "I should like another tale,"<sup>25</sup> please."

(30) *Lewis Carroll to Ada°*

Christ Church, Oxford, March 8, 1880.

MY DEAR ADA, — (Isn't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is *dreadfully* busy one hasn't time to write such long words — particularly when it takes one half an hour to remember how to spell it — and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase — where it has been for 10 months and months, and has got all covered with dust — so one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it — and when one *has* made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even *then* there's the job of remembering which end of the 15 alphabet "A" comes — for one feels pretty certain it isn't in the *middle* — then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves — for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight — and, as likely as not, the soap is lost and the jug is 20 empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things — and perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap — so, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying, "My dear 25 Ada"). You said in your last letter you would like

a likeness of me: so here it is, and I hope you will like it — I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington.

Your very affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL. 5

#### IV. , TO STRANGERS

(31) *Harriet Beecher Stowe to Mrs. Follen* °

Andover, February 16.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I hasten to reply to your letter, to me the more interesting that I have long been acquainted with you, and during all the nursery part of  
5 my life made daily use of your poems for children.

I used to think sometimes in those days that I would write to you, and tell you how much I was obliged to you for the pleasure which they gave us all.

So you want to know something about what sort of  
10 a woman I am! Well, if this is any object, you shall have statistics free of charge. To begin, then, I am a little bit of a woman, — somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a  
15 used-up article now.

I was married when I was twenty-five years old to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and, alas! rich in nothing else. When I went to housekeeping, my entire stock of china for parlor and kitchen



was bought for eleven dollars. That lasted very well for two years, till my brother was married and brought his bride to visit me. I then found, on review, that I had neither plates nor teacups to set a table for my father's family; wherefore I thought it best to reinforce<sup>5</sup> the establishment by getting me a tea-set that cost ten dollars more, and this, I believe, formed my whole stock in trade for some years.

But then I was abundantly enriched with wealth of another sort.

10

I had two little curly-headed twin daughters to begin with, and my stock in this line has gradually increased, till I have been the mother of seven children, the most beautiful and the most loved of whom lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed<sup>15</sup> and at his grave that I learned what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her. In those depths of sorrow which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain. There were circum-<sup>20</sup>stances about his death of such peculiar bitterness, of what seemed almost cruel suffering, that I felt that I could never be consoled for it unless this crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others. . . .

25

I allude to this here because I have often felt that much that is in that book ("Uncle Tom") had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer.

It has left now, I trust, no trace on my mind except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

During long years of struggling with poverty and sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my trials, copied and sent a number of little sketches from my pen to certain liberally paying "Annals" with my name. With the first money that I earned in this way I bought a feather-bed ! for as I had married into poverty and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning, the bed and pillows were thought the most profitable investment. After this I thought that I had discovered the philosopher's stone. So when a new carpet or mattress was going to be needed, or when, at the close of the year, it began to be evident that my family accounts, like poor Dora's, "wouldn't add up," then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, "Now, if you will keep the babies and attend to the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape." So I became an author, — very modest at first, I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to the pieces by way of getting up a reputation ; and if you ever see a wood-

cut of me, with an immoderately long nose, on the cover of all the U. S. Almanacs, I wish you to take notice that I have been forced into it contrary to my natural modesty by the imperative solicitations of my dear five thousand friends and the public generally. <sup>5</sup> One thing I must say, with regard to my life at the West, which you will understand better than many English women could.

I lived two miles from the city of Cincinnati, in the country, and domestic service, not always you know to <sup>10</sup> be found in the city, is next to an impossibility to obtain in the country, even by those who are willing to give the highest wages ; so what was to be expected for poor me, who had very little of this world's goods to offer ?

Had it not been for my inseparable friend, Anna, a <sup>15</sup> noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our shores in destitution and sorrow, and clave to me as Ruth to Naomi, I had never lived through all the trials which this uncertainty and want of domestic service imposed on both ; you may imagine, therefore, how glad I was <sup>20</sup> when, our seminary property being divided out into small lots which were rented at a low price, a number of poor families settled in our vicinity, from whom we could occasionally obtain domestic service. About a dozen families of liberated slaves were among the number, <sup>25</sup> and they became my favorite resort in cases of emergency. If anybody wishes to have a black face look handsome, let them be left, as I have been, in feeble

health in oppressive hot weather, with a sick baby in arms, and two or three other little ones in the nursery, and not a servant in the whole house to do a single turn. Then, if they could see my good old Aunt Frankie coming with her honest, bluff, black face, her long, strong arms, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh, perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price, they would appreciate the beauty of black people.

10 My cook, poor Eliza Buck, — how she would stare to think of her name going to England! — was a regular epitome of slave life in herself; fat, gentle, easy, loving and lovable, always calling my very modest house and dooryard "The Place," as if it had been a  
15 plantation with seven hundred hands on it. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginia-raised slave's life. In her youth she must have been a very handsome mulatto girl. Her voice was sweet, and her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a  
20 good family as a nurse and seamstress. When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold on to a plantation in Louisiana. She has often told me how, without any warning, she was suddenly forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming  
25 and stretching her arms from the window towards her as she was driven away. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantation, and she has often been out at night by stealth ministering to poor slaves who had



been mangled and lacerated by the lash. Hence she was sold into Kentucky. . . . Time would fail to tell you all that I learned incidentally of the slave system in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the underground railroad ° which, I may 5 say, ran through our house. But the letter is already too long.

You ask with regard to the remuneration which I have received for my work here in America. Having been poor all my life and expecting to be poor the rest 10 of it, the idea of making money by a book which I wrote just because I could not help it never occurred to me. It was therefore an agreeable surprise to receive ten thousand dollars as the first-fruits of three months' sale. I presume as much more is now due. Mr. Bos- 15 worth in England, the firm of Clarke & Co., and Mr. Bentley, have all offered me an interest in the sales of their editions in London. I am very glad of it, both on account of the value of what they offer, and the value of the example they set in this matter, wherein I think 20 that justice has been too little regarded.

I have been invited to visit Scotland, and shall probably spend the summer there and in England.

I have very much at heart a design to erect in some of the Northern States a normal school for the education 25 of colored teachers in the United States and in Canada. I have very much wished that some permanent memorial of good to the colored race might be created



out of the proceeds of a work which promises to have so unprecedented a sale. My own share of the profits will be less than that of the publishers, either English or American; but I am willing to give largely for  
5 this purpose, and I have no doubt that the publishers, both American and English, will unite with me; for nothing tends more immediately to the emancipation of the slave than the education and elevation of the free.

10 I am now writing a work which will contain, perhaps, an equal amount of matter with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It will contain all the facts and documents on which that story was founded, and an immense body of facts, reports of trials, legal documents, and testimony of  
15 people now living South, which will more than confirm every statement in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I must confess that till I began the examination of facts in order to write this book, much as I thought I knew before, I had not begun to measure the depth of  
20 the abyss. The law records of courts and judicial proceedings are so incredible as to fill me with amazement whenever I think of them. It seems to me that the book cannot but be felt, and, coming upon the sensibility awaked by the other, do something.

25 I suffer exquisitely in writing these things. It may be truly said that I write with my heart's blood. Many times in writing "Uncle's Tom's Cabin" I thought my health would fail utterly; but I prayed earnestly that

God would help me till I got through, and still I am pressed beyond measure and above strength.

This horror, this nightmare abomination! can it be in my country! It lies like lead on my heart, it shadows my life with sorrow; the more so that I feel, as for my own brothers, for the South, and am pained by every horror I am obliged to write, as one who is forced by some awful oath to disclose in court some family disgrace. Many times I have thought that I must die, and yet I pray God that I may live to see something done. I shall in all probability be in London in May: shall I see you?

It seems to me so odd and dream-like that so many persons desire to see me, and now I cannot help thinking that they will think, when they do, that God hath chosen "the weak things of this world."

If I live till spring I shall hope to see Shakespeare's grave, and Milton's mulberry-tree, and the good land of my fathers, — old, old England! May that day come!

Yours affectionately,

H. B. STOWE.

20

(32) *George Meredith to Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

SIR, — When I tell you that it would have been my chief ambition in publishing the little volume of poems you have received, to obtain your praise, you may imagine what pride and pleasure your letter gave me;

25

though, indeed, I do not deserve so much as your generous appreciation would bestow, and of this I am very conscious. I had but counted twenty-three years when the book was published, which may account for,  
5 and excuse perhaps many of the immaturities. When you say you would like to know me, I can scarcely trust myself to express with how much delight I would wait upon you — a privilege I have long desired. As I suppose the number of poetic visits you receive are  
10 fully as troublesome as the books, I will not venture to call on you until you are able to make an appointment. My residence and address is Weybridge, but I shall not return to Town from Southend before Friday week. If in the meantime you will fix any day following that  
15 date, I shall gladly avail myself of the honour of your invitation. My address here is care of Mrs. Peacock, Southend, Essex. I have the honour to be, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

20 Alfred Tennyson, Esq.

(33) *Thomas Henry Huxley to G—— S——*

Hodelsea, Nov. 9, 1893.

SIR, — We are all “ignoramuses”<sup>o</sup> more or less — and cannot reproach one another. If there were any sign of conceit in your letter, you would not get this.  
25 On the contrary, it pleases me. Your observations

are quite accurate and clearly described — and to be accurate in observation and clear in description is the first step towards good scientific work.

You are seeing just what the first workers with the microscope saw a couple of centuries ago. 5

Get some such book as Carpenter's "On the Microscope" and you will see what it all means.

Are there no science classes in Southampton? There used to be, and I suppose is, a Hartley Institute.

If you want to consult books you cannot otherwise 10 obtain, take this to the librarian, give him my compliments, and say I should be very much obliged if he would help you.

I am, yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY. 15

(34) *Thomas Carlyle to W. Lattimer* °

The Grange, 15 Decr., 1853.

SIR, — I myself hear nothing practical as yet about that cheap edition of my Book; and am inclined to think it may still be a year or two before any such edition actually see the light. This is all the intelligence 20 I can send you on that subject.

As you seem to be a studious enquiring man, I will recommend you to read *well* what good Books you have at command, and to reckon always that reading *well* is greatly more important than reading *much*. Not to 25

say that the best wisdom, for every man, does not lie in Books at all, but in what conclusions he himself can form, and what just insight arrive at, from all manner of suggestions and helps, whereof Books are  
5 but one sort.

With many kind wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.



## V. STIRRING EVENTS

(35) *Jane Welsh Carlyle to Mrs. Welsh*

Chelsea: Sept. 5, 1836.

MY DEAR AUNT, — Now that I am fairly settled at home again, and can look back over my late travels with the coolness of a spectator, it seems to me that I must have tired out all men, women, and children<sup>5</sup> that have had to do with me by the road. The proverb says 'there is much ado when cadgers ride.' I do not know precisely what 'cadger' means, but I imagine it to be a character like me, liable to headache, to seasickness, to all the infirmities 'that flesh is heir to,'<sup>10</sup> and a few others besides; the friends and relations of cadgers should therefore use all soft persuasions to induce them to remain at home.

I got into that Mail the other night with as much repugnance and trepidation as if it had been a Phalaris'<sup>15</sup> brazen bull,<sup>o</sup> instead of a Christian vehicle, invented for purposes of mercy — not of cruelty. There were three besides myself when we started, but two dropped off at the end of the first stage, and the rest of the way I had, as usual, half of the coach to myself. My fellow-<sup>20</sup>

passenger had that highest of all terrestrial qualities, which for me a fellow-passenger can possess — he was silent. I think his name was Roscoe, and he read sundry long papers to himself, with the pondering air  
5 of a lawyer.

We breakfasted at Lichfield, at five in the morning, on muddy coffee and scorched toast, which made me once more lyrically recognise in my heart (not without a sigh of regret) the very different coffee and toast  
10 with which you helped me out of my headache. At two there was another stop of ten minutes, that might be employed in lunching or otherwise. Feeling myself more fevered than hungry, I determined on spending the time in combing my hair and washing my face  
15 and hands with vinegar. In the midst of this solacing operation I heard what seemed to be the Mail running its rapid course, and quick as lightning it flashed on me, 'There it goes! and my luggage is on the top of it, and my purse is in the pocket of it, and here am I  
20 stranded on an unknown beach, without so much as a sixpence in my pocket to pay for the vinegar I have already consumed!' Without my bonnet, my hair hanging down my back, my face half dried, and the towel, with which I was drying it, firm grasped in my  
25 hand, I dashed out — along, down, opening wrong doors, stumbling over steps, cursing the day I was born, still more the day on which I took a notion to travel, and arrived finally at the bar of the Inn, in a

state of excitement bordering on lunacy. The barmaids looked at me 'with weender and amazement.' 'Is the coach gone?' I gasped out. 'The coach? Yes!' 'Oh! and you have let it away without me! Oh! stop it, cannot you stop it?' and out I rushed into <sup>5</sup> the street, with streaming hair and streaming towel, and almost brained myself against — the Mail! which was standing there in all stillness, without so much as horses in it! What I had heard was a heavy coach. And now, having descended like a maniac, I ascended <sup>10</sup> again like a fool, and dried the other half of my face, and put on my bonnet, and came back 'a sadder and a wiser' woman.

I did not find my husband at the 'Swan with Two Necks'; for we were in a quarter of an hour before the <sup>15</sup> appointed time. So I had my luggage put on the backs of two porters, and walked on to Cheapside, where I presently found a Chelsea omnibus. By and by, however, the omnibus stopped, and amid cries of 'No room, sir,' 'Can't get in,' Carlyle's face, beautifully <sup>20</sup> set off by a broad-brimmed white hat, gazed in at the door, like the Peri, who 'at the Gate of Heaven, stood disconsolate.' In hurrying along the Strand, pretty sure of being too late, amidst all the imaginable and unimaginable phenomena which the immense thor- <sup>25</sup> oughfare of a street presents, his eye (Heaven bless the mark!) had lighted on my trunk perched on the top of the omnibus, and had recognised it. This seems

to me one of the most indubitable proofs of genius which he ever manifested. Happily, a passenger went out a little further on, and then he got in.

My brother-in-law had gone two days before, so  
5 my arrival was most well-timed. I found all at home right and tight; my maid seems to have conducted herself quite handsomely in my absence; my best room looked really inviting. A bust of Shelley (a present from Leigh Hunt), and a fine print of Albert  
10 Dürer, handsomely framed (also a present), had still further ornamented it during my absence. I also found (for I wish to tell you all my satisfaction) every grate in the house furnished with a supply of coloured clippings, and the holes in the stair-carpet all darned,  
15 so that it looks like new. They gave me tea and fried bacon, and staved off my headache as well as might be. They were very kind to me, but, on my life, everybody is kind to me, and to a degree that fills me with admiration. I feel so strong a wish to make you all  
20 convinced how very deeply I feel your kindness, and just the more I would say, the less able I am to say anything.

God bless you all. Love to all, from the head of the house down to Johnny.

Your affectionate,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

(36) *Jane Welsh Carlyle to John Welsh, Esq.*

Chelsea: July 18, 1843.

DEAREST, DEAR ONLY UNCLE OF ME, — I would give a crown that you could see me at this moment through a powerful telescope! You would laugh for the next twelve hours. I am doing the rural after a fashion so<sup>5</sup> entirely my own! To escape from the abominable paint-smell, and the infernal noise within doors,<sup>o</sup> I have erected, with my own hands, a gipsy-tent in the garden, constructed with clothes lines, long poles, and an old brown floor cloth! under which remarkable<sup>10</sup> shade I sit in an arm-chair at a small round table, with a hearth rug for carpet under my feet, writing-materials, sewing-materials, and a mind superior to Fate!

The only drawback to this retreat is its being ex-<sup>15</sup> posed to 'the envy of surrounding nations'; so many heads peer out on me from all the windows of the Row, eager to penetrate my meaning! If I had a speaking trumpet I would address them once for all: — 'Ladies and Gentlemen, — I am not here to enter my individual<sup>20</sup> protest against the progress of civilisation! nor yet to mock you with an Arcadian felicity, which you have neither the taste nor the ingenuity to make your own! but simply to enjoy Nature according to ability, and to get out of the smell of new paint! So, pray you,<sup>25</sup>



leave me to pursue my innocent avocations in the modèst seclusion which I covet!’

Not to represent my contrivance as too perfect, I must also tell you that a strong puff of wind is apt to  
5 blow down the poles, and then the whole tent falls down on my head! This has happened once already since I began to write, but an instant puts it all to rights again. Indeed, without counteracting the indoors influences by all lawful means, I could not stay  
10 here at present without injury to my health, which is at no time of the strongest. Our house has for a fortnight back been a house possessed by seven devils! a painter, two carpenters, a paper-hanger, two non-descript apprentice-lads, and ‘a spy’; all playing the  
15 devil to the utmost of their powers; hurrying and scurrying ‘upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady’s chamber!’ affording the liveliest image of a sacked city!

When they rush in at six of the morning, and spread  
20 themselves over the premises, I instantly jump out of bed, and ‘in vera desperation’ take a shower bath. Then such a long day to be virtuous in! I make chair and sofa covers; write letters to my friends; scold the workpeople, and suggest improved methods of doing  
25 things. And when I go to bed at night I have to leave both windows of my room wide open (and plenty of ladders lying quite handy underneath), that I may not, as old Sterling predicted, ‘awake dead’ of the paint..

The first night that I lay down in this open state of things, I recollected Jeannie's<sup>o</sup> house-breaker adventure last year, and, not wishing that all the thieves who might walk in at my open windows should take me quite unprepared, I laid my policeman's rattle and my 5 dagger on the spare pillow, and then I went to sleep quite secure. But it is to be confidently expected that, in a week or more, things will begin to subside into their normal state; and meanwhile it were absurd to expect that any sort of revolution can be accom- 10 plished. There! the tent has been down on the top of me again, but it has only upset the ink.

Jeannie appears to be earthquaking with like energy in Maryland Street, but finds time to write me nice long letters nevertheless, and even to make the loveliest 15 pincushion for my birthday; and my birthday was celebrated also with the arrival of a hamper, into which I have not yet penetrated. Accept kisses *ad infinitum* for your kind thought of me, dearest uncle. I hope to drink your health many times in the Madeira when I 20 have Carlyle with me again to give an air of respectability to the act. Nay, on that evening when it came to hand, I was feeling so sad and dreary over the contrast between this Fourteenth of July — alone, in a house like a sacked city, and other Fourteenths that 25 I can never forget, that I hesitated whether or no to get myself a bottle of the Madeira there and then, and try for once in my life the hitherto unknown comfort

of being dead drunk. But my sense of the respectable overcame the temptation.

My husband has now left his Welshman, and is gone for a little while to visit the Bishop of St. David's.  
5 Then he purposes crossing over somehow to Liverpool, and, after a brief benediction to Jeannie, passing into Annandale. He has suffered unutterable things in Wales from the want of any adequate supply of tea! For the rest, his visit appears to have been pretty  
10 successful; plenty of sea-bathing; plenty of riding on horseback, and of lying under trees! I wonder it never enters his head to lie under the walnut-tree here at home. It is a tree! leaves as green as any leaves can be, even in South Wales! but it were too easy to  
15 repose under that: if one had to travel a long journey by railway to it, then indeed it might be worth while!

But I have no more time for scribbling just now; besides, my pen is positively declining to act. So, God bless you, dear, and all of them.

20

Ever your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

(37) *Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle*

*T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee*

5 Cheyne Row: Friday night, July 24, 1852.

Oh, my! I wonder if I shall hear to-morrow morning, and what I shall hear! Perhaps that somebody

drove you wild with snoring, and that you killed him and threw him in the sea! Had the boatmen upset the boat on the way back, and drowned little Nero and me, on purpose, I could hardly have taken it ill of them, seeing they 'were but men, of like passions 5 with yourself.' But on the contrary, they behaved most civilly to us, offered to land us at any pier we liked, and said not a word to me about the sixpence, so I gave it to them as a free gift. We came straight home in the steamer, where Nero went immediately 10 to sleep, and I to work.

Miss Wilson called in the afternoon, extremely agreeable; and after tea Ballantyne came, and soon after Kingsley. Ballantyne gave me ten pounds, and Kingsley told me about his wife — that she was 'the 15 adorablest wife man ever had!' Neither of these men stayed long. I went to bed at eleven, fell asleep at three, and rose at six. The two plumbers were rushing about the kitchen with boiling lead; an additional carpenter was waiting for my directions about 'the 20 cupboard' at the bottom of the kitchen stair. The two usual carpenters were hammering at the floor and windows of the drawing-room. The bricklayer rushed in, in plain clothes, measured the windows for stone sills (?), rushed out again, and came no more that day. 25 After breakfast I fell to clearing out the front bedroom for the bricklayers, removing everything into your room. When I had just finished, a wild-looking



stranger, with a paper cap, rushed up the stairs, three steps at a time, and told me he was 'sent by Mr. Morgan to get on with the painting of Mr. Carlyle's bedroom during his absence!' I was so taken by surprise 5 that I did not feel at first to have any choice in the matter, and told him he must wait two hours till all that furniture was taken — somewhere.

Then I came in mind that the window and doors had to be repaired, and a little later that the floor was 10 to be taken up! Being desirous, however, not to refuse the good the gods had provided me, I told the man he might begin to paint in my bedroom; but there also some woodwork was unfinished.

The carpenters thought they could get it ready by 15 next morning. So I next cleared myself a road into your bedroom, and fell to moving all the things of mine up there also. Certainly no lady in London did such a hard day's work. Not a soul came to interrupt me till night, when —— stalked in for half-an-hour, 20 uncommonly dull. 'It must have taken a great deal to make a man so dull as that!' I never went out till ten at night, when I took a turn or two on Battersea Bridge, without having my throat cut.

My attempts at sleeping last night were even more 25 futile than the preceding one. A dog howled repeatedly, near hand, in that awful manner which is understood to prognosticate death, which, together with being 'in a new position,' kept me awake till five.



And after six it was impossible to lie, for the plumbers were in the garret, and the bricklayers in the front bedroom! Mr. Morgan came after breakfast, and settled to take up the floor in your bedroom at once. So to-day all the things have had to be moved out <sup>5</sup> again down to my bedroom, and the painter put off; and to-night I am to 'pursue sleep under difficulties' in my own bed again. They got on fast enough with the destructive part. The chimney is down and your floor half off!

10

After tea I 'cleaned myself,' and walked up to see Miss Farrar. She and her sister were picnicking at Hampton Court; but the old mother was very glad of me, walked half-way back with me, and gave me ice at Gunter's in passing. I am to have a dinner-tea <sup>15</sup> with them next Wednesday. And to-morrow I am to give the last sitting for my picture, and take tea at Mrs. Sketchley's. And now I must go to bed again — more's the pity.

I shall leave this open, in case of a letter from you <sup>20</sup> in the morning.

Saturday.

Thanks God<sup>o</sup> too for some four hours of sleep last night. I don't mind the uproar a bit now that you are out of it.

25

Love to Mr. Erskine; tell him to write to me.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

(38) *Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle*

*To T. Carlyle, Chelsea*

Moffat House °: Friday, July 8, 1853.

And my letter must be in the Post-Office before one o'clock! 'Very absurd!' ° And I have had to go to Beattock ° in the omnibus with my cousin Helen to see  
5 her off for Glasgow, and am so tired! Don't wonder then if you get a 'John's letter' ° from me also.

The most important thing I have to tell you is, that you could not know me here, as I sit, from a Red-Indian! That I was kept awake the first night after  
10 my arrival by a — hyæna! (Yes, upon my honour; and you complain of a simple cock!) And that yesterday I was as near as possible to giving occasion for the most romantic paragraph, of the 'melancholy accident' nature, that has appeared in any newspaper  
15 for some years!

But, first, of the hyæna. On my arrival I found an immense caravan of wild beasts, pitched exactly in front of this house; and they went on their way during the night, and the animal in question made a  
20 devil of a row. I thought it was the lion roaring; but John said 'No, it was only the hyæna!' I rather enjoyed the oddness of having fled into the country for 'quiet,' and being kept awake by wild beasts!

Well, having got no sleep the first night, owing to

these beasts, and my faceache, I felt bothered all Wednesday, and gladly accepted John's offer to tell you of my safe arrival, meaning to write myself yesterday. But it was settled that we should go yesterday to see St. Mary's Lock, and the Grey-Mare's 5 Tail.° We started at nine of the morning in an open carriage, 'the Doctor,'° and Phœbe° — a tall red-haired young woman, with a hoarse voice, who is here on a visit ('the bridesmaid' she was); my cousin Helen, one little boy, and myself: the other two boys 10 preceding us on horseback. It was the loveliest of days; and beautifuller scenery I never beheld. Besides that, it was full of tender interest for me as the birthplace of my mother. No pursuit of the picturesque had ever gone better with me till on the way 15 back, when we stopped to take a nearer inspection of the Tail. The boys had been left fishing in the Loch of the Lows. John and Miss Hutchison had gone over the hills by another road to look at Loch Skene, and were to meet us at the Tail; so there were only 20 Phœbe, Helen, and I as we went up to the Tail from underneath.

We went on together to the customary point of view, and then I scrambled on by myself (that is, with Nero°), from my habitual tendency to go a little fur- 25 ther always than the rest. Nero grew quite frightened, and pressed against my legs; and when we came close in front of the waterfall, he stretched his neck

out at it from under my petticoats, and then barked furiously. Just then, I saw John waving his hat to me from the top of the hill; and, excited by the grandeur of the scene, I quite forgot how old I was, how out of  
5 the practice of 'speeling rocks'; and quite forgot, too, that John had made me take the night before a double dose of morphia, which was still in my head, making it very light; and I began to climb up the precipice! For a little way I got on well enough; but when I dis-  
10 covered that I was climbing up a ridge (!), that the precipice was not only behind but on both sides of me, I grew, for the first time in my life that I remember of, frightened, physically frightened; I was not only afraid of falling down, but of losing my head to the  
15 extent of throwing myself down. To go back on my hands and knees as I had come up was impossible; my only chance was to look at the grass under my face, and toil on till John should see me. I tried to call to him, but my tongue stuck fast and dry to the roof of  
20 my mouth; Nero barking with terror, and keeping close to my head, still further confused me. John had meanwhile been descending the hill; and holding by the grass, we reached one another. He said, 'Hold  
25 on; don't give way to panic! I will stand between you and everything short of death.' We had now got off the ridge, on to the slope of the hill; but it was so steep that, in the panic I had taken, my danger was extreme for the next quarter of an hour. The bed of



a torrent, visible up there, had been for a long time the object of my desire; I thought I should stick faster there, than on the grassy slope with the precipice at the bottom of it; but John called to me that 'if I got among those stones I should roll to perdition.' <sup>5</sup> He was very kind, encouraging me all he could, but no other assistance was possible. In my life I was never so thankful as when I found myself at the bottom of that hill with a glass of water to drink. None of them knew the horrors I had suffered, for I made <sup>10</sup> no screaming or crying; but my face, they said, was purple all over, with a large black spot under each eye. And to-day I still retain something of the same complexion, and I am all of a tremble, as if I had been on the rack. <sup>15</sup>

It is a lovely place this, and a charming old-fashioned house, with 'grounds' at the back. It is comfortably but plainly and old-fashionedly furnished, looks as if it had been stripped of all its ornamental details, and just the necessities left. There is a cook, <sup>20</sup> housemaid, and lady's maid, and everything goes on very nicely. The three boys are as clever, well-behaved boys as I ever saw, and seem excessively fond of 'the Doctor.' John is as kind as kind can be, and seems to have an excellent gift of making his guests <sup>25</sup> comfortable. Phœbe's manner is so different from mine, so formal and cold, that I don't feel at ease with her yet. She looks to me like a woman who had been <sup>5</sup>



all her life made the first person with those she lived beside, and to feel herself in a false position when she doubts her superiority being recognised. She seems very content with John, however, and to suit him entirely.

5 My hand shakes so, you must excuse illegibility.

I don't know yet when I am to go to Scotsbrig.

(No room to sign.)

(39) *Thomas Carlyle to His Brother*

Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London,

23rd March, 1835.

10 MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your Letter came in this morning (after sixteen days from Rome); and, to-morrow, being post-day, I have shoved my writing-table into the corner, and sit (with my back to the fire and Jane, who is busy sewing at my old jupe of a  
15 Dressing-gown), forthwith making answer. It was somewhat longed for; yet I felt, in other respects, that it was better you had not written sooner; for I had a thing to dilate upon, of a most ravelled character, that was better to be knit up a little first. You  
20 shall hear. But do not be alarmed; for it is “neither death nor men’s lives”: we are all well, and I heard out of Annandale<sup>o</sup> within these three weeks, nay, Jane’s Newspaper came with the customary “two strokes,”<sup>o</sup> only five days ago. I meant to write to our  
25 Mother last night; but shall now do it to-morrow.

Mill<sup>o</sup> had borrowed that first volume of my poor *French Revolution*<sup>o</sup> (pieces of it more than *once*) that he might have it all before him, and write down some observations on it, which perhaps I might print as Notes. I was busy meanwhile with Volume Second; <sup>5</sup> toiling along like a *Nigger*, but with the heart of a free Roman: indeed, I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and of my task for many long years. Well, one night about three weeks ago, we sat at tea, and Mill's short rap <sup>10</sup> was heard at the door: Jane rose to welcome him; but he stood there unresponsive, pale, the very picture of despair; said, half-articulately gasping, that she must go down and speak to "Mrs. Taylor."<sup>o</sup> After some considerable additional gasping, I learned <sup>15</sup> from Mill this fact: that my poor Manuscript, all except some four tattered leaves, was *annihilated*: He had left it out (too carelessly); it had been taken for waste-paper: and so five months of as tough labor as I could remember of, were as good as vanished, <sup>20</sup> gone like a whiff of smoke. — There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of so much moment; but this I could not but feel to be a sore one. The thing was *lost*, and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit <sup>25</sup> it was written with was past; only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole well satisfied with that, and could

now hardly hope to equal it. Mill whom I had to comfort and speak peace to remained injudiciously enough till almost midnight, and my poor Dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters; and could  
5 not till then get our lament freely uttered. *She* was very good to me; and the thing did not beat us. I felt in general that I was as a little schoolboy, who had laboriously written out his Copy as he could, and was showing it not without satisfaction to the  
10 Master: but lo! the Master had suddenly torn it, saying: "No, boy, thou must go and write it *better*." What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey. That night was a hard one; something from time to time tying me tight as it were all round the region of  
15 the heart, and strange dreams haunting me: however, I was not without good thoughts too that came like healing life into me; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed down, not abolished, yet subjected to me with the resolution and prophecy of abolishing. Next  
20 morning accordingly I wrote to Fraser (who had *advertised* the book as "preparing for publication") that it was all gone back; that he must not *speak of it* to any one (till it was made good again); finally that he must send me some *better paper*, and also a  
25 *Biographie Universelle*, for I was determined to risk ten pounds more upon it. Poor Fraser was very assiduous: I got bookshelves put up (for the whole House was *flowing* with Books), where the *Biographie* (not

Fraser's, however, which was countermanded, but Mill's), with much else stands all ready, much readier than before: and so, having first finished out the piece I was actually upon, I began *again* at the beginning. Early the day after to-morrow (after a hard and quite 5 novel kind of battle) I count on having the First Chapter on paper a second time, no worse than it was, though considerably different. The bitterness of the business is past therefore; and you must conceive me toiling along in that new way for many weeks to come. 10 As for Mill I must yet tell you the best side of him. Next day after the accident he writes me a passionate letter requesting with boundless earnestness to be allowed to make the loss good as far as *money* was concerned in it. I answered: Yes, since he so desired 15 it; for in our circumstances it was not unreasonable: in about a week he accordingly transmits me a draft for £200; I had computed that my five months' housekeeping, etc., had cost me £100; which sum therefore and not two hundred was the one, I told 20 him, I could take. He has been here since then; but has not sent the £100, though I suppose he will soon do it, and so the thing will end, — more handsomely than one could have expected. I ought to draw from it various practical "uses of improvement" (among 25 others not to lend manuscripts again); and above all things try to do the work *better* than it was; in which case I shall never grudge the labor, but reckon it a



goodhap. — It really seemed to me a Book of considerable significance; and not unlikely even to be of some interest at present: but that latter, and indeed all economical and other the like considerations had  
5 become profoundly indifferent to me; I felt that I was honestly writing down and delineating a World-Fact (which the Almighty had brought to pass in the world); that it was an *honest* work for me, and all men might do and say of it simply what seemed good  
10 to *them* — Nay I have got back my spirits again (after this first Chapter), and hope I shall go on tolerably. I will struggle assiduously to be done with it by the time you are to be looked for (which meeting may God bring happily to pass); and in that case I will cheer-  
15 fully throw the business down awhile, and walk off with you to Scotland; hoping to be ready for the *next* publishing season. — This is my ravelled concern, dear Jack; which you see is in the way to knit itself up again, before I am called to tell you of it. And  
20 now for something else. I was for writing to you of it next day after it happened: but Jane suggested, it would only grieve you, till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment; which counsel I saw to be right. Let us hope assuredly that the whole will be  
25 for good. . . . Good night, dear Brother!

Ever yours!



(40) *William Hickling Prescott to His Wife*

“I was at Lawrence’s, at one, in my costume: a chapeau with gold lace, blue coat, and white trousers, begilded with buttons and metal, — a sword and patent leather boots. I was a figure indeed! But I had enough to keep me in countenance. I spent an 5 hour yesterday with Lady M. getting instructions for demeaning myself. The greatest danger was that I should be tripped up by my own sword. . . . The company were at length permitted one by one to pass into the presence chamber — a room with a throne 10 and gorgeous canopy at the farther end, before which stood the little Queen of the mighty Isle and her Consort, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting. She was rather simply dressed, but he was in a Field Marshal’s uniform, and covered, I should think, with all the 15 orders of Europe. He is a good-looking person, but by no means so good-looking as the portraits of him. The Queen is better-looking than you might expect. I was presented by our Minister, according to the directions of the Chamberlain, as the historian of 20 Ferdinand and Isabella, in due form — and made my profound obeisance to her Majesty, who made a very dignified curtesy, as she made to some two hundred others who were presented in like manner. I made the same low bow to his Princeship to whom I was also 25 presented, and so bowed myself out of the royal circle,

without my sword tripping up the heels of my nobility. . . . Lord Carlisle . . . said he had come to the drawing-room to see how I got through the affair, which he thought I did without any embarrassment. 5 Indeed, to say truth, I have been more embarrassed a hundred times in my life than I was here. I don't know why ; I suppose because I am getting old."

(41) *Horace Walpole to Horace Mann* °

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1778.

I do not know how to word the following letter ;  
 10 how to gain credit with you ! How shall I intimate to you, that you must lower your topsails, waive your imperial dignity, and strike to the colors of the thirteen United Provinces of America ? Do not tremble, and imagine that Washington has defeated General  
 15 Howe, and driven him out of Philadelphia ; or that Gates has taken another army ; or that Portsmouth is invested by an American fleet. No : no military *new* event has occasioned this revolution. The sacrifice has been made on the altar of Peace. Stop again :  
 20 peace is not made, it is only implored, — and, I fear, only on this side of the Atlantic. In short, yesterday, February 17th, a most memorable era, Lord North opened his Conciliatory Plan, ° — no partial, no collusive one. In as few words as I can use, it solicits  
 25 peace with the States of America ; it haggles on no

terms; it acknowledges the Congress, or anybody that pleases to treat; it confesses errors, misinformation, ill-success, and impossibility of conquest; it disclaims taxation, desires commerce, hopes for assistance, allows the independence of America, not verbally, yet virtually, and suspends hostilities till June, 1779. It does a little more: not *verbally*, but *virtually*, it confesses that the Opposition have been in the right from the beginning to the end.

The warmest American cannot deny but these gracious condescensions are ample enough to content that whole continent; and yet, my friend, such accommodating facility had one defect, — it came too late. The treaty between the high and mighty States and France is signed; and instead of peace, we must expect war with the high allies. The French army is come to the coast, and their officers here are recalled.

The House of Commons embraced the plan, and voted it, *nemine contradicente*.<sup>o</sup> It is to pass both Houses with a rapidity that will do everything but overtake time past. All the world is in astonishment. As my letter will not set out till day after to-morrow, I shall have time to tell you better what is thought of this amazing step.

Feb. 20. 25

In sooth I cannot tell you what is thought. Nobody knows what to think. To leap at once from an obstinacy of four years to a total concession of everything;

to stoop so low, without hopes of being forgiven — who can understand such a transformation? I must leave you in all your wonderment; for the cloud is not dispersed. When it shall be, I doubt it will discover  
5 no serene prospect! All that remains certain is, that America is not only lost but given up. We must no longer give ourselves Continental airs! I fear even our trident° will find it has lost a considerable prong.

I have lived long, but never saw such a day as last  
10 Tuesday! From the first, I augured ill of this American war; yet do not suppose that I boast of my penetration. Far was I from expecting such a conclusion. Conclusion! — *y sommes nous?*° Acts of Parliament have made a war, but cannot repeal one. They have  
15 provoked — not terrified; and Washington and Gates respected the Speaker's mace° no more than Oliver Cromwell did.

You shall hear as events arise. I disclaim all sagacity, and pretend to no foresight. It is not an  
20 Englishman's talent. Even the second sight of the Scots has proved a little purblind.

Have you heard that Voltaire is actually in Paris? Perhaps soon you will learn French news earlier than I can.°

25 What scenes my letters to you have touched on for eight-and-thirty years! I arrived here at the eve of the termination of my father's happy reign.° The Rebellion,° as he foresaw, followed; and much dis-



grace. Another war ensued,<sup>o</sup> with new disgraces. And then broke forth Lord Chatham's sun; and all was glory and extensive empire, nor tranquillity nor triumph are our lot now! . . . I shall probably write again before you have digested half the meditations this letter will have conjured up.

(42) *Horace Walpole to Horace Mann*

March 17, 1778.

I have scarce a moment's time to write, and it is only — what an *only!* — to tell you that the French Ambassador notified to Lord Weymouth on Friday, <sup>10</sup> that his Court had concluded a treaty of commerce and amity with the independent States of America; *but* had had the *attention* not to make it an exclusive treaty: so, we may *trade* with America, if America will condescend to trade with us. I doubt there were <sup>15</sup> some words of France not being disposed to be molested in their commerce with their new friends. In consequence of that declaration, Lord Stormont's recall was sent off that night. To-day the Ministers are to acquaint both Houses with the insult; and, I suppose, <sup>20</sup> intend to be addressed with vows of support. The Stocks, not being members of Parliament, do not vote for war, nor behave like heroes. Alas! I am ashamed of irony. Neither do I love to send my auguries through every post-house. However, every one must <sup>25</sup>



know that a French war is not exactly a compensation for the loss of America. We, the herd, the Achivi, must take the beverage our rulers brew for us; and we that can, must console ourselves with not having contributed  
 5 to the potion. I believe it will be a bitter one; but I should be still less tranquil if I had furnished a drop.

\* \* \* \* \*

Europe is going again to be a theatre of blood, as America has been. The Emperor and Prussia are going, I think have begun a war! 'Tis endless to  
 10 moralise°; human life is forced to do so, but *en pure perte*.° The system changes, not the consequences. Force was the first arbitress of human affairs. The shrewd observed, that Art could counteract and control Strength — and for a long time Policy ruled. But,  
 15 Policy having exhausted all its resources, and having been detected in them all, Impudence restored Force, which is now sole governess. She seized and shared Poland, and now sets up the same right to Bavaria.° We tried the plan in America, but forgot we had not  
 20 that essential to the new *jus gentium*,° an hundred thousand men, and that our Bavaria was on t'other side of the Atlantic. I hope the ocean, that was against us there, will be our friend at home!

Adieu! This is a new chapter in our correspond-  
 25 ence. I will write as events rise; you must excuse me if I have not always time, as I have not at present, to make my letters long in proportion to the matter.

(43) *Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann*

Berkeley Square,  
Monday evening, Dec. 2, 1782.

The day that I little expected to live to see, is arrived! Peace came this morning: thank God! That is the first thought: the effusion of human gore <sup>5</sup> is stopped, nor are there to be more widows and orphans out of the common course of things.

What the terms are will be known before this goes away to-morrow: they may be public already; but here am I, lying upon a couch and not out of pain, <sup>10</sup> waiting with patience for what I shall learn from the few charitable that I am able to admit. Proud conditions I; nor even you in your representative dignity, can expect. Should they be humiliating, *they* ought to answer who plunged us into a quadruple war, and <sup>15</sup> managed it deplorably for seven years together!

As I have not breath to dictate much, I shall not waste myself on a single reflection: but in truth I am very low; and what are all the great and little affairs of the world to me, who am mouldering away, not <sup>20</sup> imperceptibly! . . .

Friday night, the 6th.

I was much too ill on Tuesday to finish this, and, besides that, recollected that whatever was to be heard you would learn from Paris sooner than from <sup>25</sup> London. I began to write upon the first buzz of the

courier being arrived; but all he brought was the Provisional treaty with America, which too is not to take place till the General Peace does. This, however, we are told to expect soon — and there I must leave  
5 peace and war, kingdoms and states, and trust to your nephew for saying anything else; for in truth I am not able. The scale of life and death has been vibrating; I believe it is turned to the former. I have had two very good nights, and the progress of the gout  
10 seems quite stopped; but I am exceedingly low and weak, and it will take me some time to recover: but I assure you, my dear Sir, you may be easy. I have now a good opinion of myself, and I have spoken so plainly that you may believe me.

15 Adieu! You shall hear again soon, unless I see your nephew, whom I will desire to give you a more particular account.

## VI. SKETCHES FROM MANY LANDS

### (44) *Phillips Brooks to His Brother*

Cassel, Germany,

Monday evening, October 9, 1865.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — Just before I left Frankfort-on-the-Main to-day, I went to the bankers' and found there your good letter of September 22. It was my 5 company on a lovely ride up the country to this queer old German town, whence I answer it from the dining-room of the Romlicher Kaiser hotel. A thousand thanks for it. I shall not write so good a one, but I will try to tell you what I have been doing in a very 10 busy week since I wrote to mother last Monday night from Bonn. I left there by the Rhine boat and landed first at Kaiserwinter, on the right bank at the foot of the Drachenfels; climbed that hill and saw one of the loveliest views in the world from the old castle at its 15 top. We went up through vineyards and looked down on the Rhine winding past the Seven Mountains ever so far towards the sea. Kaiserwinter is a charming little German village, and on my return from the

hill I heard the bells chiming, and stopped to ask what it meant. I was told it was a "Fest" or village feast, and so roamed into the village to see it. It was the most perfect German picture. The young men of the  
5 village were firing at a mark in a little wine garden, and all the hamlet were gathered to drink the new wine and look at them. By and by the bird was shot down, and the man who shot it down was thereby king of the Feast. He had the privilege of choosing  
10 the prettiest girl in town for the queen, and then, with a rustic band of music, the procession, headed by the king and queen, marched through the old streets and called on all the gentry, who treated them and gave them contributions for a feast, to which they all re-  
15 turned in the garden. Here they made merry through the afternoon, and closed all with a dance. It was just like a German story book.

Juch-he, juch-he, juch-heise, heise, he,  
So ging der fiedelbogen.°

20 Think of being at a dance of German peasants on the Rhine! From here I took boat again, and sailing down past vine-covered hills topped with ruined castles, I came to Coblentz. Here I stopped again and climbed to the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, where  
25 was another view of the Rhine and the Moselle, which flows into it just here. Then the boat again, past the great Castle of Stolzenfels and countless others, one



on almost every height, till we came to St. Goar, the most delightful little village on the left bank. Here another stop, and then on through the region of the choicest vineyards to Mayence, the quaintest of old fortified towns. You have no idea of the beauty of 5 this river from Bonn to Mayence. I think we have rivers whose scenery by nature is as fine, but the castles and ruins have grown to be a part of the nature, and are not separable from it, and the soft October air and sunlight of those days showed everything at 10 its utmost beauty. The trees were gorgeous in color with not a leaf fallen, and the vineyards climbing the hills, and perching on every inch of ground that faced the southern sun, were very interesting.

From Mayence I went to Worms, where Luther 15 dared the Diet; then to Mannheim, and so to Heidelberg. Of all beautiful places this is the most perfect. It lies along the Neckar, and is overlooked everywhere by the noblest of old ruined castles. Here is one of the great universities which I went to see. The boys 20 looked pretty much like Cambridge juniors, except where here and there you see one with his face all slashed up from a duel. Let us be thankful Cambridge has not got to that.

From here I went up to Weisbaden, one of the great 25 watering and gambling places, a splendid German Saratoga. It was in full blast, and I saw the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables in the gorgeous saloons crowded

day and night. At night, a great free concert by a splendid band, and illumination of the beautiful grounds. It was a strange sight. Then to Frankfort, where I spent Sunday at the Hotel de Russie. It is  
5 a fine town, part of it very old and quaint, part very new and fine; there are some good pictures, some good statuary, and an old cathedral, where I went and heard a German sermon and some splendid German music. Goethe was born here, and his house still stands.  
10 To-day, I came from Frankfort here, through one of the richest historic regions of all Germany. This is another of those old towns to which I am getting very used, and which delight me more and more. I like the Germans immensely. They are frank, kind,  
15 sociable, and hearty. They give you an idea of a people with ever so much yet to do in the world, capable of much fresh thought and action. Their language is like them, noble, vigorous, and simple. I am getting hold of it very well. They think for  
20 themselves and unselfishly, and they believe in America. Their peasants are poor, but seem intelligent, and their better classes have the most charming civility. I have seen more pretty women than I saw in all England, and I have not seen the  
25 best of Germany. I am impatient to get to Hanover, and Berlin, and Dresden, where one sees the finest specimens.

Here, then, you have another week's biography.

Is it not full enough? My next will be from Dresden. I shall spend all this month in Germany, and about the first of November leave Vienna for the East. I am splendidly well and happy all the time, but very often, to-night, for instance, I would like to look in upon you<sup>5</sup> all at home, and tell and hear a thousand things that will not go on paper. As to money, you will get two drafts, one in London and one in Cologne. These currencies with their perpetual changes are great nuisances. First, in Belgium, it was francs and cen-<sup>10</sup> times; then, in Holland, thalers and groschen; then, in Prussia, florins and kreutzers; and now back to thalers and groschen again.

I received a weekly "Herald" to-day; many thanks. Send one once in a while, say once a month, for the<sup>15</sup> only paper on the Continent that pretends to give American news is the London "Times."

It is two months to-day since I sailed. How they have gone! And to me they have been the fullest months of my life. Not a day without something<sup>20</sup> that I have longed to see all my life. So it will go on till I see the sight that I shall be most glad of all to see, you and father waiting on the wharf to see me land, as you came down before to see me sail.

Good-by; love in lots to father and mother, and<sup>25</sup> Arthur and John and Trip, and Fred when you write. God bless you all.

PHILL.

(45) *Phillips Brooks to His Brother*

Florence, Hotel de l'Arno,  
April 8, 1866.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Here I am in my third day at Florence. Before I begin to rave about the city, I will tell you how I came here. When I wrote to John, I was in the midst of Holy Week at Rome. Many of its services, such as the washing of feet and tending on table by the Pope, were disagreeable and fatiguing. But three things stand out in my recollection as very fine and impressive. One was the Miserere<sup>o</sup> in the Sistine Chapel<sup>o</sup> on Thursday evening, by far the most sublime and affecting sacred music I ever heard. The dim chapel, dusky old frescoes, and splendid presence joined with the wonderful music to make it very impressive. Then the great Papal Benediction on Easter Day at noon, from the balcony of St. Peter's, the vast piazza crowded full, the peasants from all the surrounding country in their strange dresses, the gorgeous background of soldiery, the perfect stillness, and the voice of the old man ringing out his blessing over them all. It was one of the sights of a lifetime. Third, the illumination of St. Peter's at night was magnificent. Every line of the majestic dome bursting out in fire, the whole standing as if it were the fiery dome that Michael Angelo conceived and tried to build.



Besides these, the moment in the Easter service was very solemn when the Host was elevated, the silver trumpets sounded in the dome, and the whole vast audience fell on their knees. Romanism certainly succeeds in being very striking in some of its demon-<sup>5</sup>strations. Unfortunately, Easter Monday was a windy day, and the great fireworks had to be put off, so that I did not see them.

It was hard to leave dear old Rome; I had learned to love it, and hated to go away. My six weeks<sup>10</sup> there will always be a treasure to me. I know it through and through, but it makes me sorry to think that I shall never see it again. I left on Tuesday morning by rail for Terni, where I stopped over night and went to see the famous falls. They are *made*<sup>15</sup> falls, but very beautiful, with more variety of surface and effect, I think, than any cataract I know. Wednesday by rail to Foligno, and thence by Vittoria to Perugia, stopping at Assisi, where is one of the most interesting old churches of all Italy, built in honor of<sup>20</sup> St. Francis, who was hermit here. It is rich in the pictures of Cimabue,<sup>o</sup> and Giotto,<sup>o</sup> the first of modern painters,—founders of modern painting.

Perugia is a dear old town, full of pictures of Perugino, Raphael's master. Thursday by Vittoria and rail<sup>25</sup> to Florence, passing lake Trasimeno, where Hannibal gave the Romans such a whipping. Of Florence I cannot speak yet, though I have had two great days



here. Think of one room in the Uffizi Palace containing the Venus de Medici (I don't like her, she is too little, physically, morally, and mentally), three Raphaels, two Titians, one Michael Angelo, and lots  
5 besides, and that will give you, when you multiply it by fifty or a hundred, some idea of what is waiting for you to see here at Florence. Go to the Athenæum and look at Michael Angelo's Night and Morning.<sup>o</sup> They are here in solemn marble, over the Medicis'  
10 tomb in St. Lorenzo church. Yesterday I went up to Fiesole,<sup>o</sup> and looked down on this perfect valley with its beautiful town, and this morning I climbed to the top of Giotto's Campanile<sup>o</sup> in the great cathedral square, and saw the city from there. To-morrow I  
15 am going down to Pisa to see if that tower really leans, as Woodbridge's Geography said, and after spending the week here, I shall be off for Bologna and Venice. I wonder sometimes that one does not tire of the very excess of interest and beauty, but the constant change  
20 is a constant impulse, and I am fresher for enjoying things to-day than I was when I first set foot at Queens-town.

On arriving here, I found yours of March 20; it seems as if I were almost at home to get such recent  
25 dates. Now I shall hear regularly every week. Four weeks from to-day I shall be in Paris. By the way, where are your commissions for the centre of fashions? What number gloves do you wear? I am glad

you think I am economical. I perpetrated one or two extravagances at Rome, a bronze, etc. I saw Miss Foley<sup>o</sup> in Rome and liked her exceedingly; she gave me some pretty photographs of some of her things, which you will find with those which I sent in John's <sup>5</sup> letter. I have met friends here who were large purchasers, with whose boxes my modest bundles could be easily and cheaply packed.

Now, a commission for you. I want a copy of Mr. Sumner's<sup>o</sup> speech on the Representation amendment <sup>10</sup> in pamphlet. I must have it. If you cannot get it any other way, do write to him direct, and ask for it. I am anxious to have it for a particular reason. The Freedmen's Union have asked me to go to London to the anniversary meetings in May to enlighten John <sup>15</sup> Bull's Emancipation League. . . . Good-by, I am perfectly well, and, as you see, perfectly happy. Love to all. Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

(46) *Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Mitford*

Bagni di Lucca, Toscana: (about July, 1849). <sup>20</sup>

At last, you will say, dearest friend. The truth is, I have not been forgetting you (how far from that!) but wandering in search of cool air and a cool bough among all the olive trees to build our summer nest on. My husband has been suffering beyond what one could <sup>25</sup>

shut one's eyes to in consequence of the great mental shock of last March<sup>o</sup> — loss of appetite, loss of sleep, looks quite worn and altered. His spirits never rallied except with an effort, and every letter from New  
5 Cross<sup>o</sup> threw him back into deep depressions. I was very anxious, and feared much that the end of it all (the intense heat of Florence assisting) would be a nervous fever or something similar. And I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to leave Florence for a  
10 month or two — he, who generally delights so in traveling, had no mind for change or movement. I had to say and swear that baby<sup>o</sup> and I couldn't bear the heat, and that we must and would go away. *Ce que femme veut,*<sup>o</sup> if the latter is at all reasonable, or the former  
15 persevering. At last I gained the victory. It was agreed that we two should go on an exploring journey to find out where we could have most shadow at least expense; and we left our child with his nurse and Wilson while we were absent. We went along the coast  
20 to Spezzia, saw Carrara with the white marble mountains, passed through the olive forests and the vineyards, avenues of acacia trees, chestnut woods, glorious surprises of most exquisite scenery. I say olive forests advisedly; the olive grows like a forest tree in  
25 those regions, shading the ground with tents of silvery network. The olive near Florence is but a shrub in comparison, and I have learnt to despise a little, too, the Florentine vine, which does not swing such port-

cullises of massive dewy green from one tree to another as along the whole road where we travelled. Beautiful, indeed, it was. Spezzia wheels the blue sea into the arms of the wooded mountains, and we had a glance at Shelley's house at Lerici.<sup>o</sup> It was melan-<sup>5</sup>choly to me, of course. I was not sorry that the lodgings we inquired about were far above our means. We returned on our steps (after two days in the dirtiest of possible inns), saw Seravezza, a village in the mountains, where rock, river, and wood enticed us to stay,<sup>10</sup> and the inhabitants drove us off by their unreasonable prices. It is curious, but just in proportion to the want of civilisation the prices rise in Italy. If you haven't cups and saucers you are made to pay for plate. Well, so finding no rest for the sole of our feet,<sup>15</sup> I persuaded Robert to go to the Baths of Lucca, only to see them. We were to proceed afterwards to San Marcello or some safer wilderness. We had both of us, but he chiefly, the strongest prejudice against these Baths of Lucca, taking them for a sort of wasp's-<sup>20</sup>nest of scandal and gaming, and expecting to find everything trodden flat by the continental English; yet I wanted to see the place, because it is a place to see after all. So we came, and were so charmed by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, by the coolness of the<sup>25</sup> climate and the absence of our countrymen, political troubles serving admirably our private requirements, that we made an offer for rooms on the spot, and re-



turned to Florence for baby and the rest of our establishment without further delay. Here we are, then; we have been here more than a fortnight. We have taken an apartment for the season — four months —  
5 paying twelve pounds for the whole term, and hoping to be able to stay till the end of October. The living is cheaper than even at Florence, so that there has been no extravagance in coming here. In fact, Florence is scarcely tenable during the summer from the excessive  
10 heat by day and night, even if there were no particular motive for leaving it. We have taken a sort of eagle's nest in this place, the highest house of the highest of the three villages which are called the Bagni di Lucca, and which lie at the heart of a hundred moun-  
15 tains sung to continually by a rushing mountain stream. The sound of the river and of the cicada is all the noise we hear. Austrian drums and carriage wheels cannot vex us; God be thanked for it; the silence is full of joy and consolation. I think my husband's  
20 spirits are better already and his appetite improved. Certainly little babe's great cheeks are growing rosier and rosier. He is out all day when the sun is not too strong, and Wilson will have it that he is prettier than the whole population of babies here. He fixes his  
25 blue eyes on everybody and smiles universal benevolence, rather too indiscriminately it might be were it not for Flush.<sup>o</sup> But certainly, on the whole he prefers Flush. He pulls his ears and rides on him, and



Flush, though his dignity does not approve of being used as a pony, only protests by turning his head round to kiss the little bare dimpled feet. A merrier, sweeter-tempered child there can't be than our baby, and people wonder at his being so forward at four 5 months old and think there must be a mistake in his age. He is so strong that when I put out two fingers and he has seized them in his fists he can draw himself up on his feet, but we discourage this forwardness, which is not desirable, say the learned. Children of 10 friends of mine at ten months and a year can't do so much. Is it not curious that *my* child should be remarkable for strength and fatness? He has a beaming, thinking little face, too; oh, I wish you could see it. Then my own strength has wonderfully improved, 15 just as my medical friends prophesied; and it seems like a dream when I find myself able to climb hills with Robert and help him to lose himself in the forests. I have been growing stronger and stronger, and where it is to stop I can't tell, really; I can do as much, or 20 more, now than at any point of my life since I arrived at woman's estate. The air of this place seems to penetrate the heart and not the lungs only; it draws you, raises you, excites you. Mountain air without its keenness, sheathed in Italian sunshine, 25 think what *that* must be! And the beauty and the solitude — for with a few paces we get free of the habitations of men — all is delightful to me. What is

peculiarly beautiful and wonderful is the variety of the shapes of the mountains. They are a multitude, and yet there is no likeness. None, except where the golden mist comes and transfigures them into one glory. 5 For the rest, the mountain there wrapt in the chestnut forest is not like that bare peak which tilts against the sky, nor like that serpent twine of another which seems to move and coil in the moving coiling shadow. Oh, I wish you were here. You would enjoy the shade of 10 the chestnut trees, and the sound of the waterfalls, and at nights seem to be living among the stars; the fireflies are so thick, you would like that too. . . . Love me and write to me, who am ever and ever your affectionate

15

E. B. B.

(47) *Lady Duff Gordon to Her Husband*

Boat off Embabeh, November 21, 1862.

DEAREST ALICK,<sup>o</sup> — We embarked yesterday, and after the fashion of Eastern caravans are abiding to-day at a village opposite Cairo: it is Friday, and 20 therefore would be improper and unlucky to set out on our journey. The scenes on the river are wonderfully diverting and curious, so much life and movement. But the boatmen are sophisticated: my crew have all sported new white drawers in honour of the Sitti 25 Inglezee's<sup>o</sup> supposed modesty — of course compensa-

tion will be expected. Poor fellows: they are very well mannered and quiet in their rags and misery, and their queer little humming song is rather pretty, 'Eyah Mohammad, eyah Mohammad,' ad infinitum, except when an energetic man cries 'Yallah!' — *i.e.* 5 'O God!' — which means 'go it' in everyday life. Omar° is gone to fetch one or two more 'unconsidered trifles!' and I have been explaining the defects to be remedied in the cabin door, broken window, etc., to my Reis with the help of six words of Arabic and dumb 10 show, which they understand and answer with wonderful quickness.

The air on the river is certainly quite celestial — totally unlike the damp, chilly feeling of the hotel and Frank° quarter of Cairo. The Isbekeeyeh, or public 15 garden, where all the Franks live, was a lake, I believe, and is still very damp.

I shall go up to the second Cataract as fast as possible, and return back at leisure. Hekekian Bey° came to take leave yesterday, and lent me several books: 20 pray tell Senior what a kindness his introduction was. It would have been rather dismal at Cairo — if one could be dismal there — without a soul to speak to. I was sorry to know no Turks or Arabs, and have no opportunity of seeing any but the tradesman of whom 25 I bought my stores but that was very amusing. The young man of whom I bought my *finjaans* was so handsome, elegant and melancholy that I know he was the

lover of the Sultan's favorite slave. How I wish you were here to enjoy all this, so new, so beautiful, and yet so familiar life — and you would like the people, poor things! they are complete children, but amiable children.

5 I went into the village here, where I was a curiosity, and some women took me into their houses and showed me their sleeping-place, cookery, poultry, etc.; and a man followed me to keep off the children, but no backsheesh<sup>o</sup> was asked for, which showed that Euro-  
10 peans were rare there. The utter destitution is terrible to see, though in this climate of course it matters less, but the much-talked-of dirt is simply utter poverty. The poor souls are as clean as Nile mud and water will make their bodies, and they have not a  
15 second shirt, or any bed but dried mud.

Give my love to my darlings, and don't be uneasy if you don't get letters. My cough has been better now for five days without a bad return of it, so I hope it is really better; it is the first reprieve for so long. The  
20 sun is so hot, a regular broil. November 21, and all doors and windows open in the cabin — a delicious breeze.

(48) *Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin*

Feshn, Monday, November 30, 1862.

DEAREST MUTTER,<sup>o</sup> — I have now been enjoying  
25 this most delightful way of life for ten days, and am



certainly much better. I begin to eat and sleep again, and cough less. My crew<sup>o</sup> are a great amusement to me. They are mostly men from near the first Cataract<sup>o</sup> above Assouan, sleek-skinned, gentle, patient, merry black fellows. The little black Reis is the very 5 picture of good-nature and full of fun, 'chaffing' the girls as we pass the villages, and always smiling. The steersman is of lighter complexion, also very cheery, but decidedly pious. He prays five times a day and utters ejaculations to the apostle Rusool continually. 10 He hurt his ankle on one leg and his instep on the other with a rusty nail, and they festered. I dressed them with poultices, and then with lint and strapping, with perfect success, to the great admiration of all hands, and he announced how much better he felt, 'Alham- 15 dulillah, kiethel-hairack khateer ya Sitti' (Praise be to God and thanks without end O Lady), and every one echoed, 'kieth-el-hairack khateer.' The most important person is the 'weled' — boy — Achmet. The most merry, clever, omnipresent little rascal, with an 20 ugly little pug face, a shape like an antique cupid, liberally displayed, and a skin of dark brown velvet. His voice, shrill and clear, is always heard foremost; he cooks for the crew, he jumps overboard with the rope and gives advice on all occasions, grinds the coffee 25 with the end of a stick in a mortar, which he holds between his feet, and uses the same large stick to walk proudly before me, brandishing it if I go ashore for



a minute, and ordering everybody out of the way. 'Ya Achmet!' resounds all day whenever anybody wants anything, and the 'weled' is always ready and able. My favourite is Osman, a tall, long-limbed  
5 black who seems to have stepped out of a hieroglyphical drawing, shirt, skull-cap and all. He has only those two garments, and how anyone contrives to look so inconceivably 'neat and respectable' (as Sally<sup>o</sup> truly remarked) in that costume is a mystery. He is always  
10 at work, always cheerful, but rather silent — in short, the able seaman and steady, respectable 'hand' *par excellence*. Then we have El Zankalonee from near Cairo, an old fellow of white complexion and a valuable person, an inexhaustible teller of stories at night and  
15 always *en train*, full of jokes and remarkable for a dry humour much relished by the crew. I wish I understood the stories, which sound delightful, all about Sultans and Efreet<sup>s</sup>,<sup>o</sup> with effective 'points,' at which all hands exclaim 'Mashallah!' or 'Ah!' (as long as  
20 you can drawl it). The jokes, perhaps, I may as well be ignorant of. There is a certain Shereef who does nothing but laugh and work and be obliging; helps Omar<sup>o</sup> with one hand and Sally with the other, and looks like a great innocent black child. The rest of  
25 the dozen are of various colors, sizes and ages, some quite old, but all very quiet and well-behaved.

We have had either dead calm or contrary wind all the time and the men have worked very hard at the

tow rope. On Friday I proclaimed a halt in the afternoon at a village at prayer-time for the pious Muslims<sup>o</sup> to go to the mosque; this gave great satisfaction, though only five went, Reis, steersman, Zankalonee and two old men. . . . On Sunday we halted at Bibbeh, where I caught sight of a large Coptic<sup>o</sup> church and sallied forth to see whether they would let me in. The road lay past the house of the headman of the village, and there 'in the gate' sat a patriarch, surrounded by his servants and his cattle.<sup>10</sup> Over the gateway were crosses and queer constellations of dots, more like the Mithraic<sup>o</sup> symbols than anything Christian, but Girgis<sup>o</sup> was a Copt, though chosen head of the Muslim village. He rose as I came up, stepped out and salaamed, then took my hand and said I must<sup>15</sup> go into his house before I saw the church and enter the hareem.<sup>o</sup> His old mother, who looked a hundred, and his pretty wife, were very friendly; but as I had to leave Omar at the door, our talk soon came to an end,<sup>o</sup> and Girgis took me out into the divan, without<sup>20</sup> the sacred precincts of the hareem. Of course we had pipes and coffee, and he pressed me to stay some days, to eat with him every day and to accept all his house contained. I took the milk he offered, and asked him to visit me in the boat, saying I must return<sup>25</sup> before sunset when it gets cold, as I was ill. The house was a curious specimen of a wealthy man's house — I could not describe it if I tried, but I felt I was acting a

passage of the Old Testament. We went to the church, which outside looked like nine beehives in a box. Inside, the nine domes resting on square pillars were very handsome. Girgis was putting it into thorough repair at his own expense, and it will cost a good deal, I think, to repair and renew the fine old wood panelling of such minute and intricate workmanship. . . . I wished to hear the service, but it was not till sunset, and as far as I could make out, not different on Sunday to other days. The Hareems are behind the screen furthest removed from the holy screen, behind a third screen where also was the font, locked up and shaped like a Muslim tomb in little. (Hareem is used here just like the German *Frauenzimmer*, to mean a respectable woman. Girgis spoke of me to Omar as 'Hareem'.) The Copts have but one wife, but they shut her up much closer than the Arabs. The children were sweetly pretty, so unlike the Arab brats, and the men were very good-looking. They did not seem to acknowledge me at all as a *co-religionnaire*,<sup>o</sup> and asked whether we of the English religion did not marry our brothers and sisters.

The priest then asked me to drink coffee at his house close by, and there I 'sat in the gate'<sup>o</sup> — *i.e.*, in a large sort of den raised two feet from the ground and matted, to the left of the gate. A crowd of Copts collected and squatted about, and we were joined by the mason who was repairing the church, a fine, burly rough-

bearded old Mussulman, who told how the Sheykh<sup>o</sup> buried in the church of Bibbeh had appeared to him three nights running at Cairo and ordered him to leave his work and go to Bibbeh and mend his church, and how he came and offered to do so without pay if the 5 Copts would find the materials. He spoke with evident pride, as one who had received a Divine command, and the Copts all confirmed the story and everyone was highly gratified by the miracle. I asked Omar if he thought it was all true, and he had 10 no doubt of it. The mason he knew to be a respectable man in full work, and Girgis added he had tried to get a man to come for years for the purpose without success. It is not often that a dead saint contrives to be equally agreeable to Christians and Mussulmans, 15 and here was the staunch old 'true believer' working away in the sanctuary which they would not allow an English fellow-Christian to enter.

Whilst we sat hearing all these wonders, the sheep and cattle pushed in between us, coming home at eve. 20 The venerable old priest looked so like Father Abraham, and the whole scene was so pastoral and Biblical that I felt quite as if my wish was fulfilled to live a little a few thousand of years ago. They wanted me to stay many days, and then Girgis said I must stop at Feshn 25 where he had a fine house and garden, and he would go on horseback and meet me there, and would give me a whole troupe of Fellaheen<sup>o</sup> to pull the boat up quick.



Omar's eyes twinkled with fun as he translated this, and said he knew the Sitt° would cry out, as she always did about the Fellaheen, as if she were hurt herself. He told Girgis that the English customs did not  
5 allow people to work without pay, which evidently seemed very absurd to the whole party.

(49) *Lady Duff Gordon to Her Husband*

Thebes, February 11, 1863.

DEAREST ALICK, — On arriving here last night I found one letter from you, dated December 10, and  
10 have received nothing else. Pray write again forthwith to Cairo where I hope to stay some weeks. A clever old dragoman° I met at Philæ° offers to lend me furniture for a lodging or a tent for the desert, and when I hesitated he said he was very well off and  
15 it was not his business to sell things, but only to be paid for his services by rich people, and that if I did not accept it as he meant it he should be quite hurt. This is what I have met with from everything Arab — nothing but kindness and politeness. I shall say  
20 farewell to Egypt with real feeling; among other things, it will be quite a pang to part with Omar who has been my shadow all this time and for whom I have quite an affection, he is so thoroughly good and amiable.



I am really much better I hope and believe, though only within the last week or two. . . . At Assouan I had been strolling about in that most poetically melancholy spot, the granite quarry of old Egypt and burial-place of Muslim martyrs, and as I came homewards 5 along the bank a party of slave merchants, who had just loaded their goods for Senaar from the boats on the camels, asked me to dinner, and, oh! how delicious it felt to sit on a mat among the camels and strange bales of goods and eat the hot tough bread, sour 10 milk and dates, offered with such stately courtesy. We got quite intimate over our leather cup of sherbet (brown sugar and water), and the handsome jet-black men, with features as beautiful as those of the young Bacchus, described the distant lands in a way which 15 would have charmed Herodotus. They proposed to me to join them, 'they had food enough,' and Omar and I were equally inclined to go. . . .

I have eaten many odd things with odd people in queer places, dined in a respectable Nubian family 20 (the castor-oil was trying), been to a Nubian wedding — such a dance I saw. Made friends with a man much looked up to in his place (Kalabshee — notorious for cutting throats), inasmuch as he had killed several intrusive tax-gatherers and recruiting officers. He was 25 very gentlemanly and kind and carried me up a place so steep I could not have reached it. Just below the cataract — by-the-by going up is nothing but noise

and shouting, but coming down is fine fun. . . . My sailors all prayed away manfully, and were horribly frightened. I confess my pulse quickened, but I don't think it was fear. Well, below the cataract I stopped for a religious fête, and went to a holy tomb with the darweesh,<sup>o</sup> so extraordinarily handsome and graceful — the true *feingemacht*<sup>o</sup> noble Bedaween<sup>o</sup> type. He took care of me through the crowd, who never had seen a Frank woman before and crowded fearfully, and pushed the true believers unmercifully to make room for me. He was particularly pleased at my not being afraid of Arabs; I laughed and asked if he was afraid of us. 'Oh no! he would like to come to England; when there he would work to eat and drink, and then sit and sleep in church.' I was positively ashamed to tell my religious friend that with us the 'house of God' is not the house of the poor stranger. I asked him to eat with me but he was holding a preliminary Ramadan<sup>o</sup> (it begins next week) and could not; but he brought his handsome sister, who was richly dressed, and begged me to visit him and eat of his bread, cheese and milk. Such is the treatment one finds if one leaves the highroad and the backsheesh-hunting parasites. There are plenty of 'gentlemen' barefooted and clad in a shirt and cloak ready to pay attentions which you may return with a civil look and greeting, and if you offer a cup of coffee and a seat on the floor you give great pleasure, still

more if you eat the dourah and dates, or bread and sour milk with an appetite.

At Koon Ombo we met a Rifae<sup>o</sup> darweesh with his basket of tame snakes. After a little talk he proposed to initiate me, and so we sat down and held 5 hands like people marrying. Omar sat behind me and repeated the words as my 'Wakeel,'<sup>o</sup> then the Rifae twisted a cobra round our joined hands and requested me to spit on it, he did the same and I was pronounced safe and enveloped in snakes. My sailors 10 groaned and Omar shuddered as the snakes put out their tongues — the darweesh and I smiled at each other like Roman augurs.<sup>o</sup> I need not say the creatures were toothless.

It is worth going to Nubia to see the girls. Up to 15 twelve or thirteen they are neatly dressed in a bead necklace and a leather fringe 4 inches wide around the loins, and anything so absolutely perfect as their shapes or so sweetly innocent as their look can't be conceived. My pilot's little girl came in the dress 20 mentioned before carrying a present of cooked fish on her head and some fresh eggs; she was four years old and so *klug*.<sup>o</sup> I gave her a captain's biscuit and some figs, and the little pet sat with her legs tucked under her, and ate it so *manierlich* <sup>o</sup> and was so long over it, 25 and wrapped up some more white biscuit to take home in a little rag of a veil so carefully. I longed to steal her, she was such a darling. Two beautiful young

Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay bur-nished like golden tags, soft, deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Isis and Hathor.<sup>o</sup> Their very dress  
 5 and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs, and I felt inclined to ask them how many thousand years old they were. In their house I sat on an ancient Egyptian couch with the semicircular head-rest, and drank out of crockery which looked  
 10 antique, and they brought a present of dates in a basket such as you may see in the British Museum. They are dressed in drapery like Greek statues, and are as perfect, but have hard, bold faces, and, though far handsomer, lack the charm of the Arab women; and  
 15 the men, except at Kalabshee and those from far up the country, are not such gentlemen as the Arabs.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

How I did wish for my darling Rainie<sup>o</sup> to play with Achmet in the boat and see the pretty Nubian boys and girls. I have seen and heard so much, that like  
 20 M. de Conti *je voudrais être levé pour l'aller dire.*<sup>o</sup> I long to bore you with traveller's tales. Pray write soon.

Omar wanted to hear all that 'the gentleman' said about 'weled and bint' (boy and girl), and was quite  
 25 delighted to hear of Maurice's<sup>o</sup> good report at school, he thinks that the 'Abou el welàd' (father of the children — you, to wit) will send a sheep to the 'fikee'



who teaches him. I have learned a new code of propriety altogether — *célà a du bon et du mauvais*,<sup>o</sup> like ours. When I said ‘my husband’ Omar blushed and gently corrected me; when my donkey fell in the streets he cried with vexation, and on my mentioning 5 the fall to Hekekian Bey<sup>o</sup> he was quite indignant. ‘Why you say it, Ma’am? that shame’ — a *faux pas*<sup>o</sup> in fact.

Good-bye, dear Alick, no, that is improper: I must say ‘O my Lord’ or ‘Abou Maurice.’<sup>o</sup> 10

(50) *Lady Duff Gordon to Her Mother, Mrs. Austin*

A Few Miles below Girgeh,<sup>o</sup>  
March 7, 1863.

DEAREST MUTTER, — I was so glad to find from your letter (which Janet sent me to Thebes by a steamer) that mine from Siout<sup>o</sup> had reached you safely. First 15 and foremost I am wonderfully better. In Cairo the winter had been terribly cold and damp, as the Coptic priest told me yesterday at Girgeh. So I don’t repent the expense of the boat for *j’en ai pour mon argent*<sup>o</sup> — I am *all* the money better and really think of getting 20 well. Now that I know the ways of this country a little, which Herodotus truly says is like no other, I see that I might have gone and lived at Thebes or at Keneh or Assouan<sup>o</sup> on next to nothing, but then how could I know it? The English have raised a 25



mirage of false wants and extravagance which the servants of the country of course, some from interest and others from mere ignorance, do their best to keep up. As soon as I had succeeded in really persuading 5 Omar that I was not as rich as a Pasha<sup>o</sup> and had no wish to be thought so, he immediately turned over a new leaf as to what must be had and said 'Oh, if I could have thought an English lady would have eaten and lived and done the least like Arab people, I might 10 have hired a house at Keneh for you, and we might have gone up in a clean passenger boat, but I thought no English could bear it.' At Cairo, where we shall be, Inshallaha,<sup>o</sup> on the 19th, Omar will get a lodging and borrow a few mattresses and a table and chair 15 and, as he says, 'keep the money in our pockets instead of giving it to the hotel.' I hope Alick got my letter from Thebes, and that he told you that I had dined with 'the blameless Ethiopians.'<sup>o</sup> I have seen all the temples<sup>o</sup> in Nubia and down as far as I have 20 come, and nine of the tombs at Thebes. Some are wonderfully beautiful — Abou Simbel, Kalabshee, Koom Ombo — a little temple at El Kab, lovely — three tombs at Thebes and most of all Abydos; Edfou and Dendera are the most perfect, Edfou quite perfect, but far less beautiful. But the most lovely 25 object my eyes ever saw is the island of Philæ. It gives one quite the supernatural feeling of Claude's<sup>o</sup> best landscapes, only not the least like them — *ganz*

*anders.*° The Arabs say that Ans el Wogood, the most beautiful of men, built it for his most beautiful beloved, and there they lived in perfect beauty and happiness all alone. If the weather had not been so cold while I was there I should have lived in the temple, in <sup>5</sup> a chamber sculptured with the mystery of Osiris'° burial and resurrection. Omar cleaned it out and meant to move my things there for a few days, but it was too cold to sleep in a room without a door. The winds have been extraordinarily cold this year, and <sup>10</sup> are so still. We have had very little of the fine warm weather, and really been pinched with cold most of the time. On the shore away from the river would be much better for invalids.

Mustapha Aga, the consular agent at Thebes, has <sup>15</sup> offered me a house of his, up among the tombs in the finest air, if ever I want it. He was very kind and hospitable indeed to all the English there. I went to his hareem, and liked his wife's manners very much. It was charming to see that she henpecked her handsome <sup>20</sup> old husband completely. They had fine children, and his boy, about thirteen or so, rode and played Jereed° one day when Abdallah Pasha had ordered the people of the neighborhood to do it for General Parker. I never saw so beautiful a performance. The old Gen- <sup>25</sup> eral and I were quite excited, and he tried it to the great amusement of the Sheykh° el Beled. Some young Englishmen were rather grand about it, but

declined mounting the horses and trying a throw. The Sheykh and young Hassan and then old Mustapha wheeled round and round like beautiful hawks, and caught the palm-sticks thrown at them as they dashed  
5 round. It was superb, and the horses were good, though the saddles and bridles were rags and ends of rope, and the men were tatterdemalions. A little below Thebes I stopped, and walked inland to Koos to see a noble old mosque falling to ruin. No English  
10 had ever been there and we were surrounded by a crowd in the bazaar. Instantly five or six tall fellows with long sticks improvised themselves our body-guard and kept the people off, who *du reste* ° were perfectly civil and only curious to see such strange ‘Hareem,’  
15 and after seeing us well out of the town evaporated as quietly as they came without a word. I gave about ten-pence to buy oil, as it is Ramadan and the mosque ought to be lighted, and the old servant of the mosque kindly promised me full justice at the Day of Judgment,  
20 as I was one of those Nasranee ° of whom the Lord Mohammed said that they are not proud and wish well to the Muslimeen. The Pasha had confiscated all the lands belonging to the mosque, and allowed 300 piastres — not £2 a month — for all expenses; of  
25 course the noble old building with its beautiful carving and arabesque mouldings must fall down. There was a smaller one beside it, where he declared that anciently forty girls lived unmarried and recited the

Koran° — Muslim nuns, in fact. I intended to ask the Alim, for whom I have a letter from Mustapha, about such an anomaly.

Some way above Bellianeh Omar asked eagerly leave to stop the boat as a great Sheyk° had called to us, and <sup>5</sup> we should inevitably have some disaster if we disobeyed. So we stopped and Omar said 'come and see the Sheyk, ma'am.' I walked off and presently found about thirty people, including all my own men sitting on the ground round St. Simon Stylites° — <sup>10</sup> without the column. A hideous old man like Polyphemus, utterly naked, with the skin of a rhinoceros all cracked with the weather, sat there, and had sat day and night, summer and winter, motionless for twenty years. He never prays, he never washes, he <sup>15</sup> does not keep Ramadan, and yet he is a saint. Of course I expected a good hearty curse from such a man, but he was delighted with my visit, asked me to sit down, ordered his servant to bring me sugar-cane, asked my name and tried to repeat it over and over <sup>20</sup> again, and was quite talkative and full of jokes and compliments, and took no notice of anyone else. Omar and my crew smiled and nodded, and all congratulated me heartily. Such a distinction proves my own excellence (as the Sheyk knows all people's thoughts), <sup>25</sup> and is sure to be followed by good fortune. Finally Omar proposed to say the Fathah° in which all joined except the Sheyk, who looked rather bored by the



interruption, and desired us not to go so soon, unless I were in a hurry. A party of Bedaween came up on camels with presents for the holy man, but he took no notice of them, and went on questioning Omar  
5 about me, and answering my questions. What struck me was the total absence of any sanctimonious air about the old fellow; he was quite worldly and jocose; I suppose he knew that his position was secure, and thought his dirt and nakedness proved his holiness  
10 enough. Omar then recited the Fathah again, and we rose and gave the servants a few foddahs — the saint takes no notice of this part of the proceeding — but he asked me to send him twice my hand full of rice for his dinner, an honor so great that there was a  
15 murmur of congratulation through the whole assembly. I asked Omar how a man could be a saint who neglected all the duties of a Muslim, and I found that he fully believed that Sheyk Seleem could be in two places at once, that while he sits there on the shore he is also  
20 at Mecca,<sup>o</sup> performing every sacred function and dressed all in green. ‘Many people have seen him there, ma’am, quite true.’

From Bellianeh we rode on pack-donkeys without bridles to Abydos, six miles through the most beautiful  
25 crops ever seen. The absence of weeds and blight is wonderful, and the green of Egypt, where it is green, would make English green look black. Beautiful cattle, sheep and camels were eating the delicious



clover, while their owners camped there in reed huts during the time the crops are growing. Such a lovely scene, all sweetness and plenty. We ate our bread and dates in Osiris' temple, and a woman offered us buffalo milk on our way home, which we drank warm <sup>5</sup> out of the huge earthen pan it had been milked in. At Girgeh I found my former friend Mishregi absent, but his servants told some of his friends of my arrival, and about seven or eight big black turbans soon gathered in the boat. A darling little Coptic boy came with <sup>10</sup> his father and wanted a 'kitaah' (book) to write in, so I made one with paper and the cover of my old pocket-book, and gave him a pencil. I also bethought me of showing him 'pickys' in a book, which was so glorious a novelty that he wanted to go with me to <sup>15</sup> my town, 'Beled Ingleez,' where more such books were to be found.

(51) *Lady Duff Gordon to Her Husband*

Cairo, April 13, 1863.

DEAREST ALICK, — You will have heard from my mother of my ill luck, falling sick again. The fact is <sup>20</sup> that the spring in Egypt is very trying, and I came down the river° a full month too soon. People do tell such lies about the heat. To-day is the first warm day we have had; till now I have been shivering, and Sally too. I have been out twice, and saw the holy <sup>25</sup>

Mahmaal° rest for its first station outside the town ; it is a deeply affecting sight — all these men preparing to endure such hardship. . . . Muslim piety is so unlike what Europeans think it is, — so full of tender  
5 emotions, so much more sentimental than we imagine — and it is wonderfully strong. I used to hear Omar praying outside my door while I was so ill, ‘O God, make her better. O my God, let her sleep,’ as naturally as we should say, ‘I hope she’ll have a good  
10 night.’

April 15. — I continue to get better slowly, and in a few days will go down to Alexandria.° Omar is gone to Boulak° to inquire the cost of a boat, as I am not fond of the railroad, and have a good deal of heavy  
15 baggage, cooking utensils, etc., which the railroad charges enormously for. The black slave girl,° sent as a present to the American Consul-General, is as happy as possible, and sings quaint, soft little Kordofan° songs all day. I hope you won’t object to my  
20 bringing her home. She wails so terribly when Omar tells her she is not my slave, for fear I should leave her, and insists on being my slave. She wants to be a present to Rainie, the little Sitt,° and laughs out so heartily at the thought of her. She is very quiet and  
25 gentle, poor little savage, and the utter slavishness of the poor little soul quite upsets me ; she has no will of her own. Now she has taken to talking, and tells all her woes and how *batal* (bad) everyone was at

Khartoum°; and then she rubs her little black nose on my hand, and laughs so merrily, and says all is *quyis keteer* (very good) here, and she hugs herself with delight. I think Rainie will like her very much.

5

I am going to visit an old Muslim French painter's family. He has an Arab wife and grown-up daughters, and is a very agreeable old man with a store of Arab legends; I am going to persuade him to write them and let me translate them into English. . . . If 10 anyone tries to make you believe any bosh about civilization in Egypt, laugh at it. The real life and the real people are exactly as described in the most veracious of books, the 'Thousand and One Nights'°; the tyranny is the same, the people are not altered — 15 and very charming people they are. If I could but speak the language I could get into Arab society here through two or three different people, and see more than many Europeans who have lived here all their lives. The Arabs are keenly alive to the least prejudice 20 against them, but when they feel quite safe on that point, they rather like the amusement of a stranger. . . .

To-day the Khamseen° is blowing and it is decidedly hot, quite unlike the heat at the Cape°; this is close and gloomy, no sunshine. Altogether the 25 climate is far less bright than I expected, very, very inferior to the Cape. Nevertheless, I heartily agree to the Arab saying: 'He who has drunk Nile water

will ever long to drink it again'; and when a graceful woman in a blue shirt and veil lifts a huge jar from her shoulder and holds it to your lips with a hearty smile and welcome, it tastes doubly sweet. *Alhamdulillah!*<sup>o</sup> Sally says all other water is like bad small-beer compared to sweet ale after the Nile water. When the Khamseen is over, Omar insists on my going to see the tree and well where Sittina Mariam<sup>o</sup> rested with Seyidna Issa<sup>o</sup> in her arms during the  
10 flight into Egypt. It is venerated by Christian and Muslim alike, and is a great place for feasting and holiday-making out of doors, which the Arabs so dearly love. Do write and tell me what you wish me to do. If it were not that I cannot endure not to see you and  
15 the children, I would stay here and take a house at the Abbassieh<sup>o</sup> in the desert; but I could not endure it. Nor can I endure this wandering life much longer. I must come home and die in peace if I don't get really better. Write to Alexandria next.

(52) *Lady Duff Gordon to Her Husband*

20

Luxor,<sup>o</sup> March 22, 1864.

DEAREST ALICK, — I am glad my letters amuse you. Sometimes I think they must breathe the unutterable dulness of Eastern life: not that it is dull to me, a  
curious spectator, but how the men with nothing to do  
25 can endure it is a wonder. I went yesterday to call



on a Turk at Karnac°; he is a gentlemanly man, the son of a former Moudir,° who was murdered, I believe, for his cruelty and extortion. He has 1,000 feddans (acres, or a little more) of land, and lives in a mud house, larger but no better than any fellah's,° with 5 two wives and the brother of one of them. He leaves the farm to his fallaheen° altogether, I fancy. There was one book, a Turkish one; I could not read the title-page, and he did not tell me what it was. In short, there was no means of killing time but the 10 narghile,° no horse, no gun, nothing, and yet they did not seem bored. The two women are always clamorous for my visits, and very noisy and school-girlish, but apparently excellent friends and very good-natured. The gentleman gave me a *kufyeh* 15 (thick head kerchief for the sun), so I took the ladies a bit of silk I happened to have. You never heard anything like his raptures over Maurice's° portrait, 'Mashallah, Mashallah, Wallahy zay el ward' (It is the will of God, and by God he is like a rose). But 20 I can't 'cotton' to the Turks. I always feel that they secretly dislike us European women, though they profess huge admiration and pay *personal* compliments, which an Arab very seldom attempts. I heard Seleem Effendi and Omar discussing English 25 ladies one day lately while I was inside the curtain with Seleem's slave girl, and they did not know I heard them. Omar described Janet, and was of the



opinion that a man who was married to her could want nothing more. "By my soul, she rides like a Bedawee,<sup>o</sup> she shoots with the gun and pistol, and rows the boat; she speaks many languages, works with  
5 the needle like an Efreet,<sup>o</sup> and to see her hands run over the teeth of the music-box (keys of piano) amazes the mind, while her singing gladdens the soul. How then should her husband ever desire the coffee-shop? *Wallaby!* she can always amuse him at home. And  
10 as to my lady, the thing is not that she does not know. When I feel my stomach tightened, I go to the divan and say to her, 'Do you want anything, a pipe, or sherbet, or so and so?' and I talk till she lays down her book and talks to me, and I question her and amuse  
15 my mind, and, by God! if I were a rich man and could marry one English Hareem like that I would stand before her and serve her like her memlook. You see I am only this lady's servant, and I have not once sat in the coffee-shop because of the sweetness of her  
20 tongue. Is it not therefore true that the man who can marry such Hareem is rich more than with money?" Seleem seemed disposed to think a little more of looks, though he quite agreed with all Omar's enthusiasm, and asked if Janet were beautiful. Omar answered  
25 with decorous vagueness that she was a 'moon,' but declined mentioning her hair, eyes, etc. (it is a liberty to describe a woman minutely). I nearly laughed out at hearing Omar relate his manœuvres to make me

‘amuse his mind’; it seems I am in no danger of being discharged for being dull.

The weather has set in so hot that I have shifted my quarters out of my fine room to the south-west into one with only three sides looking over a lively <sup>5</sup> green view to the north-east, with a huge sort of solid veranda, as large as the room itself, on the open side; thus I live in the open air altogether. The bats and the swallows are quite sociable; I hope the serpents and scorpions will be more reserved. ‘El Khamaseen’ <sup>10</sup> (the fifty) has begun, and the wind is enough to mix up heaven and earth, but it is not distressing like the Cape south-easter, and, although hot, not choking like the Khamseen in Cairo and Alexandria. Mohammed brought me a handful of the new wheat just <sup>15</sup> now. Think of harvest in March and April! These winds are as good for the crops here as a ‘nice steady rain’ is in England. It is not necessary to water so much when the wind blows strong. As I rode through the green fields along the dyke, a little boy sang as <sup>20</sup> he turned round on the musically-creaking Sakìah (the water-wheel turned by an ox) the one eternal Sakìah tune — the words are *ad libitum*, and my little friend chanted “Turn oh Sakìah to the right and turn to the left — who will take care of me if my <sup>25</sup> father dies? Turn oh Sakìah, etc., pour water for the figs and the grass and for the watermelons. Turn oh Sakìah!” Nothing is so pathetic as that Sakìah song.

I passed the house of the Sheykh-el-Ababdeh,<sup>o</sup> who called out to me to take coffee. The moon was splendid and the scene was lovely. The handsome black-brown Sheykh in dark robes and white turban, Omar 5 in a graceful white gown and red turban, and the wild Ababdeh in all manner of dingy white rags, and with every kind of uncouth weapon, spears, matchlocks, etc., in every kind of wild and graceful attitude, with their long black ringlets and bare heads, a few little 10 black-brown children quite naked and shaped like Cupids. And there we sat and looked so romantic and talked quite like ladies and gentlemen about the merits of Sakna and Almás, the two great rival women-singers of Cairo. I think the Sheykh wished to display 15 his experiences of fashionable life.

(53) *Thomas Henry Huxley<sup>o</sup> to Tyndall<sup>o</sup>*

Hotel de Grande Bretagne, Naples,  
March 31, 1872.

MY DEAR TYNDALL, — Your very welcome letter did not reach me until the 18th of March, when I 20 returned to Cairo from my expedition to Assouan. Like Johnny Gilpin,<sup>o</sup> I “little thought, when I set out, of running such a rig”; but while at Cairo I fell in with Ossory of the Athenæum, and a very pleasant fellow, Charles Ellis, who had taken a dahabieh,<sup>o</sup> and 25 were about to start up the Nile. They invited me to

take possession of a vacant third cabin, and I accepted their hospitality, with the intention of going as far as Thebes and returning on my own hook. But when we got to Thebes I found there was no way of getting away again without much more exposure and fatigue 5 than I felt justified in facing just then, and as my friends showed no disposition to be rid of me, I stuck to the boat, and only left them on the return voyage at Rodu, which is the terminus of the railway, about 150 miles from Cairo.

10

We had an unusually quick journey, as I was little more than a month away from Cairo, and as my companions made themselves very agreeable, it was very pleasant. I was not particularly well at first, but by degrees the utter rest of this "always afternoon" 15 sort of life did its work, and I am as well and vigorous now as ever I was in my life. . . .

Egypt interested me profoundly, but I must reserve the tale of all I did and saw there for word of mouth. From Alexandria I went to Messina, and thence made 20 an excursion along the lovely Sicilian coast to Catania and Etna. The old giant was half covered with snow, and this fact, which would have tempted you to go to the top, stopped me. But I went to the Val del Bove, whence all the great lava streams have flowed 25 for the last two centuries, and feasted my eyes with its rugged grandeur. From Messina I came on here, and had the great good fortune to find Vesuvius in



eruption. Before this fact the vision of good Bence Jones<sup>o</sup> forbidding much exertion vanished into thin air, and on Thursday up I went in company with Ray Lankester and my friend Dohrn's father, Dohrn himself being unluckily away. We had a glorious day, and did not descend till late at night. The great crater was not very active, and contented itself with throwing out great clouds of steam and volleys of red-hot stones now and then. These were thrown  
10 towards the south-west side of the cone, so that it was practicable to walk all round the northern and eastern lip, and look down into the Hell Gate. I wished you were there to enjoy the sight as much as I did. No lava was issuing from the great crater, but on the north  
15 side of this, a little way below the top, an independent cone had established itself as the most charming little pocket-volcano imaginable. It could not have been more than 100 feet high, and at the top was a crater not more than six or seven feet across. Out of this,  
20 with a noise exactly resembling a blast furnace and a slowly-working high pressure steam engine combined, issued a violent torrent of steam and fragments of semi-fluid lava as big as one's fist, and sometimes bigger. These shot up sometimes as much as 100  
25 feet, and then fell down on the sides of the little crater, which could be approached within fifty feet without any danger. As darkness set in, the spectacle was most strange. The fiery stream found a lurid reflection in



the slowly-drifting steam cloud, which overhung it, while the red-hot stones which shot through the cloud shone strangely beside the quiet stars in a moonless sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Courage, my friend, behold land! I know you love my handwriting. I am off to Rome to-day, and this 5 day-week, if all goes well, I shall be under my own roof-tree again. In fact I hope to reach London on Saturday evening. It will be jolly to see your face again.

Ever yours faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

10

My best remembrances to Hirst if you see him before I do.

(54) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Daughter, Mrs. Roller*

Hotel de Milano, Florence, March 7, 1885.

We have been here more than a week and have dis- 15 covered two things, first that the wonderful "art treasures," of which all the world has heard, are a sore burden to the conscience if you don't go to see them, and an awful trial to the back and legs if you do; and thirdly, that the climate is productive of a peculiar 20 kind of relaxed throat. M.'s<sup>o</sup> throat discovered it, but on inquiry, it proved to be a law of nature, at least, so the oldest inhabitants say. We called on them to-day.

But it is a lovely place for all that, far better than Rome as a place to live in, and full of interesting things. We had a morning at the Uffizi the other day, and came back with minds enlarged and backs  
5 broken. To-morrow we contemplate attacking the Pitti, and doubt not the result will be similar. By the end of the week our minds will probably (be) so large, and the small of the back so small that we should probably break if we stayed any longer, so  
10 think it prudent to be off to Venice. . . . And mind we have letters waiting for us there, or your affectionate Pater will emulate the historical "cocky."

I got much better at Siena, probably the result of the medicinal nature of the city, the name of which,  
15 as a well-instructed girl like you knows, is derived from senna, which grows wild there, and gives the soil its peculiar pigmentary character.

But unfortunately I forgot to bring any with me, and the effect went off during the first few days of our  
20 residence here, when I was, as the Italians say, "molto basso nel bocca." ° However I am picking up again now, and if people wouldn't call upon us, I feel there might be a chance for me.

I except from that remark altogether the dear  
25 Walpoles who are here and as nice as ever. Mrs. Walpole's mother and sister live here, and the W.'s are on a visit to them but leave on Wednesday. They go to Venice, but only for two or three days.

We shall probably stay about a fortnight in Venice, and then make our way back by easy stages to London. We are wae to see you all again.

Doctor M—— (Mrs. Huxley) has just been called in to a case of sore throat in the person of a young lady here, and is quite happy. The young lady probably will not be, when she finds herself converted into a sort of inverted mustard-pot, with the mustard outside! She is one of a very nice family of girls, who (by contrast) remind us of our own. 10

Ever your loving (to all) father,

PATER.

Mrs. M. has just insisted on seeing this letter.

(55) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Youngest Daughter*

Hotel Beau Séjour, San Remo,

March 30, 1885. 15

DEAREST BABS, — We could not stand “beautiful Venice the pride of the sea” any longer. It blew and rained and colded for eight-and-forty hours consecutively. Everybody said it was a most exceptional season, but that did not make us any warmer or prevent your mother from catching an awful cold. So as soon as she got better we packed up and betook ourselves here by way of Milan and Genoa. At Milan it was so like London on a wet day, that except for the want of smoke we might have been in our dear 25

native land. At Genoa we arrived late one afternoon and were off early in the morning — but by dint of taking a tram after dinner (not a dram) and going there and back again we are able to say we have seen  
5 that city of palaces. The basements we saw through the tram windows by mixed light of gas and moon may in fact all have belonged to palaces. We are not in a position to say they did not.

The quick train from Genoa here is believed to go  
10 fully twenty-five miles an hour, but starts at 7 A.M., but the early morning air being bad for the 'health, we took the slow train at 9.30, and got here some time in the afternoon. But mind you it is a full eighty miles, and when we were at full speed between the stations —  
15 very few donkeys could have gone faster. But the coast scenery is very pretty, and we didn't mind.

Here we are very well off and as nearly warm as I expect to be before reaching England. You can sit out in the sun with satisfaction, though there is a  
20 little knife-edge of wind just to remind us of Florence. Everybody, however, tells us it is quite an exceptional season, and that it ought to be the most balmy air imaginable. Besides there are no end of date-palms and cactuses and aloes and odorous flowers in the  
25 garden — and the loveliest purple sea you can imagine.

Well, we shall stop some days and give San Remo a chance, — at least a week, unless the weather turns bad.

As to your postcards which have been sent on from

Venice and are really shabby, I am not going to any dinners whatsoever, either Middle Temple or Academy. Just write to both that "Mr. H. regrets he is unable to accept the invitation with which —— have honored him."

I have really nothing the matter with me now —<sup>5</sup> but my stock of strength is not great, and I can't afford to spend any on dinners.

The blessedest thing now will be to have done with the nomadic life of the last five months — and see your ugly faces (so like their dear father) again. I believe<sup>10</sup> it will be the best possible tonic for me.

M—— has not got rid of her cold yet, but a few warm days here will, I hope, set her up. . . .

Write here on receiving this. We shall take easy stages home, but I don't know that I shall be able to<sup>15</sup> give you any address.

M—— sends heaps of love to all (including Charles<sup>o</sup>),  
Ever your loving father,

T. H. HUXLEY.

Tell the "Micropholis" man that it is a fossil lizard<sup>20</sup> with an armor of small scales.

(56) *John Richard Green to Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward*

Hotel Quisisana, Capri,<sup>o</sup> March 4, 1873.

It is really delightful, my dear Humphry, to get apologies from a correspondent for his own silence at



a time when every post is bringing me remonstrances for mine.

I have come to my last month in Capri: at least I intend at present to cross the water at the close of 5 March, spend a week or so in doing Pæstum,<sup>o</sup> Amalfi, Pompeii, and Sibyl-land, and then go on to Rome. April and the beginning of May is said to be pleasant at Rome, and in this way I shall "dodge" the perversity which always sets me longing for "home" as soon 10 as the spring begins. Not that I long as yet, for my winter has passed very happily, in spite of the "inevitables" of an invalid hotel; and I love Capri more than ever. I wonder whether I shall end by settling there? . . .

15 I have written quite enough to Humphry, dear Mary,<sup>o</sup> but how horrible letters are, especially when one writes them at night all alone in one's room. How I wish I could have you both here cosying down in a myrtle thicket for a chat in the sunshine. For 20 the sunshine has fairly come back to us now, and our winter — that dull month with its rain and wind — has fled away again. One soon forgets it now Spring is here, and the flowers are out in a flower-show on the hillsides — just as Spring flings them in that 25 lovely Florentine picture<sup>o</sup> — orchids and anemone and crocus and a host of white blossoms and blue that I don't know the name of. We had a dull carnival, for the young fisher lads are off coral-fishing on the

African coast, and there is something too serious in the Caprese temper for the true Carnival outbreak of downright childish fun. Indeed Carnival is more a religious festa than a social one; and the chief sight was the big church at Benediction crammed to the 5 doors, and the wandering home of group and group through the dark village, lanthorn in hand — one saw them scattering like a swarm of fireflies over the dusky valley beneath. Love and the Madonna — those are the two spiritual sides of the life of a Caprese. 10 I have just been shaking hands through the grating of the Town-prison on the Piazza with a young sailor, who came back to find his loved one coming out of Church from her betrothal with a wealthy old con- 15 tadino.° He stabbed them both; but both are about 15 again — only the contadino thinks better of his intention, and the *inamorata*° comes penitently to the prison gate to weep out her repentance, and pour kisses on Giovanni's hand, — the hand that stabbed 20 her. He is a quiet, nice respectable young fellow, and 20 will soon be out again and marry Carmela, and buy a fishing-boat and be a respectable father — die perhaps a Churchwarden, who knows? At any rate, public opinion goes quite with Giovanni, and I go as I always go — with public opinion — and so we shake 25 hands, and he fills his mouth with “confetti” (it is another weakness of his which I humor), and laughs and talks to me in broken Italian through the bars.

As to the Madonna whom we carried about in procession the other day to get good weather for the coral fishers, and whose hair was unluckily turned red in the last dyeing, she is a little waning in religious fashion as May draws near and the feast of San Costanzo when the Bishop comes over and rides a-cock-horse up the hill with the silver image of "Il Santo Protettore dell' Isola<sup>o</sup>" before him. Costanzo, Costanza, Constantino, Constantina, Costanzello, Costanzella — half  
 10 the island is named after "Il Protettore." Nobody knows his own surname. Nicknames do instead. "Who is your father?" I ask a boy. "Constantin," he replies, "Constantin il bugiardo" (Constantine the Liar). Lies don't count for much here — simply  
 15 intellectual diversions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good-bye, you know I am ever, affectionately yours,  
 J. R. G.

(57) *John Richard Green to E. A. Freeman*

Rome, May 4, 1875.

I have managed to jog on for a month from Turin  
 20 to Pæstum with only a couple of letters home, dear Freeman,<sup>o</sup> but I mustn't quit Rome again without a word to you. Our journey has been a delightful one; the weather all through April was perfect, bright sunshine tempered by cool winds from the

Apennines and the Alps, where the snow still lay white and deep. Now summer has at last broken, and the heat is driving us all beaten northward. I won't bother you with all our doings on the regular track; my aim was in part to pick up some places which I<sub>5</sub> had been forced to let go by in former years, such as Pavia, where three Eton masters pronounced themselves "bored beyond measure," but which failed to bore me, oddly enough! I came away with a great Lombard fit on, and a great wonder why somebody<sub>10</sub> hasn't writ a good story of the Lombard Conquest and Rule. It isn't near so fine a subject as one which tempted *me* in old days before I came down to humbler ways and "Short Histories,"<sup>o</sup> the story of the Goths, but it is easier to manage and full of delightful out-<sub>15</sub>looks. . . . My great new find has been Siena, which henceforth ranks with Verona in my fond affection, though Verona looked wondrous fair this time with the Alps all a-snow about her. Siena has no S. Zeno,<sup>o</sup> but her Duomo<sup>o</sup> is a grand thing, a really fine Roman-<sub>20</sub>esque nave widening out into a low broad dome of the same date, with broad transepts and choirs grouped round it. I never saw an interior more effective, more full of "points of view." In picturesqueness of street architecture Siena beats Verona all to fits; the streets<sub>25</sub> are hill lanes, curving and mounting and falling in the queerest and most delightful way, and tumbling one out in a stage-surprise fashion down break-neck



stairs into the grandest Town Square in all Italy, with none but fourteenth and fifteenth century things about it and a great tall Town-Tower springing up into the blue. I say Square, but it isn't a square at all, but an oval dipping in the middle, an old amphitheatre the guide-books say. As for sculptures and pictures I say nought, throwing no pearls before the — well, the black swans of Somerleaze.<sup>o</sup> Likewise more southernly I picked up Pæstum, and poured out a libation to Poseidon<sup>o</sup> that I might be suffered to return in the Bessemer. But the wine was very bad, and I doubt Poseidon, poor old thing, is grown deaf with hearing nothing so long. Oh, how jolly it was to feel in Hellas<sup>o</sup> at last — never mind *which* Hellas — in real Hellas, though t'other side of the Hadrian Sea!<sup>o</sup> I felt a bit of a glow before even at Pompeii, when I got out of the Brighton-and-Burlington-Arcade streets and lighted on that grand bit of a Doric Temple, the only relics of the old Greek town before the Roman-Philisters turned it into a fashionable watering-place. *My* Hellenism, however, pales before that of Mahaffy<sup>o</sup> whom we found here, here in Rome, refusing with scorn to look at any "Roman thing." He was on his way to Athens, and simply picking up stray bits of Hellenism, sculptures and what not by the road. One of his aims is to verify Greek busts; he doubts "Pericles,"<sup>o</sup> and a little doubts Alexander — whereat I wept and fled. Likewise he



is seeking to know how Hellenic young women kept their clothes on, a question wrapt in the deepest mystery, and insoluble by the Highest Germany. Perhaps it was too insoluble for the Hellenic young women themselves, as to judge from the later sculptures they seem soon to have dropt the effort to keep their clothes on. Perhaps that is why Mahaffy calls the Periclean time the age of Decadence.

Let us chat about Rome. Old Parker<sup>o</sup> is here and wondrous civil. I met him on Palatine<sup>o</sup> Sunday sunset, and though I was near dropping with fatigue, he trotted me over his walls and wolf-caves till nature could stand no more. But really he is a good old soul and tells one such a lot that one throws him in his Romulus and Remus willingly. . . . The diggings in the Colisæum ruin the look of the building within, but are interesting in themselves. At the bottom of one of the corridors lies a huge "ship's stocks" all perfect though decayed, the stocks from which the galleys were hoisted up into the canals above. I was puzzled about these naumachiæ,<sup>o</sup> but Parker speaketh thus, that two or three great galley canals, some ten feet deep, ran the whole length of the building, that the floor between these was thinly flooded with water so as to look like a great lake, that the naumachiæ consisted not in the galleys poking one another, which in parallel canals would be impossible, but in the crew of one striving to board the other, that when the fight

was over the surface water was drawn off by a great sluice (the water in the canals remaining) and the canals boarded over so as to present a great open arena. I think this was fairly borne out by the brick-  
5 work he showed. As for "dens for eighty elephants" I pass them by, the sagacity of that wonderful beast being perhaps equal to stowing its form into the dens archæologists provide for it by a series of ingenious contrivances which my unelephantine mind cannot  
10 imagine. Likewise I leave the "lifts," unable as I am to conceive eighty elephants hoisted, each in his separate bandage, up to the light, as a *ridiculus mus*.<sup>o</sup>

This morn at seven stood by my bed the great Parker and said, "Let us see the second wall of Rome."<sup>o</sup>  
15 I went and saw. That is to say I saw somewhat<sup>o</sup> and I saw where somewhat else ought to have been to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope you were comfortable in my lodgings. I bade them prepare much meat and drink.

20 Good-bye.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

(58) *John Richard Green to Mrs. à Court*

. . . I felt wonderfully hermit-like yesterday in the midst of a Roman mob. It was the birthday of

Rome — whatever that may mean — the commemoration of some Romulus or Remus business; and so as St. Peter's has gone into darkness, and Pio IX won't light up, the government gave us an illumination of old Rome. I have never seen anything so majestically weird in my life as the view of the Colosseum whether within or without — its lower arches one mass of crimson fire — its upper tiers all shadowy with pale green light. The Sacred Way was lit up in the same fashion, and then came the turn of the Forum — a sea of Dante-like lurid fragments and pillars and arches rose up pale and aghast as they must have arisen out of the great conflagration on which Nero looked down and fiddled. It was wonderfully sublime, but my interest lay rather with the crowd than with the sublimities.

It was so odd to see a huge crowd again in the desolate, solitary old Rome after all these centuries, since Cicero complained of the mob along the Sacred Way — to see the Colosseum buzzing again with twenty thousand Romans, and a great throng squeezing through the arch of Titus! and a very pretty sight, too, as well as an odd one, for the contrast between a Roman mob and an English one is very pretty indeed. Nobody crowded, nobody squeezed, nobody rushed. We all moved gravely, quietly, as if we were walking in Church. There was none of the chatter of a French crowd, or of the rough horseplay of an English. I

think it is this innate gravity of the Southern temper which has struck me most in it, whether here or at Capri; it is this which gives the gentleman-like stamp (I can hardly use any other phrase) to the 5 roughest fisher or the commonest trasteverino.°

You see your kind hope is realized, and I am managing to get infinite delight out of Rome. How lovely the spring is here! My pleasantest days have been spent in the Campagna.° I had no notion I should 10 care for it, and I *love* it. I had alway shrunk from it as something dreary and uncanny (I don't like dreary things), and instead of this I find it a great broad reach of rolling down, scarred with tombs, aqueducts, arches, but carpeted with such deep grass, and crim- 15 soned with flowers. It was delightful to fling oneself down well out in the open, with Rome hanging like a dream in the distance, and far off the white snow line defining the Sabine range against the pure blue — to see the wild figures of the buffaloes tugging at the 20 heavy yoke on the desolate road, or, above, to see my first eagle soaring over the soil of his own Rome. Imagine fortune having reserved me for this at thirty-five.

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(59) *John Richard Green to Mrs. Humphry Ward*

(1875.)

(Fragments)

\* \* \* \* \*

Siena carried me right away; it ranks with Verona as *the* two Italian towns I love most henceforth. But I am too tired to do *Murray*,<sup>o</sup> so I wait till we can look over my photographs together when I come down to Oxford. As yet the "great" things in my run have 5 been the great circle of snow-mountains which swept round us at Siena and Milan, the fresh beauty of Verona with the snow covering the hills round it, the Emperor-reception at Venice, a crowd of golden gondolas with mediæval gondoliers suddenly flooding the 10 waters of the Grand Canal like a picture of John Bellini or Carpaccio<sup>o</sup> escaped from its frame and gone a little mad; my quiet two hours in the Arena Chapel<sup>o</sup> at Padua, and my quiet hour in the Fra Angelico chapel at the Vatican (after which Raffaele sinks to the 15 vulgar and (*illegible*) level; a great blood-red sunset in the Val d'Arno,<sup>o</sup> a great gold sunset in the Maremma<sup>o</sup> (with a silver lake of olives in the foreground), and a great violet and purple and gold sunset all over the Campagna as we entered Rome; Siena itself, the 20 great temples at Pæstum after which Pericles sinks into a Greek of the Decadence; and *Garibaldi*.<sup>o</sup>



It is ever hideous to see him with a group of fawning fools about him, but all the horrors of the group about him are fading out of my memory, and leaving nothing but the bare, brick-floored room, the camp  
5 bed, the worn homely face, so grand in its utter simplicity, the simple chatty address, all softened with the weariness of pain, the quiet kindly look of the small bright eyes, into which a light — such a light — stole once as he recalled a kind act of “you English, who  
10 have always been so good to me.” I came away so hushed and stilled (the rest were infinitely amused!) from the presence of that greatness, that goodness! Heroem vidi.

Good-bye, dear M. I am very happy here. The  
15 À Courts, Halcombe, and other folk are here, so is Mahaffy, full of Greek things and refusing to look at Roman things, to refuse which *in Rome* argues a divine Hellenism. Very happy, but very tired and longing for home and the sight and sound of you all.  
20 Knocking about never does me good, but a few weeks’ rest will put all straight. Little Book° still sells 50 a day, and is in its fourteenth thousand, whereof let us rejoice. Good-bye. Kiss Dolly and give my love to Humphry. In spite of all my misdeeds you must never  
25 doubt of my love for you.

Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

(60) *Thomas Gray to Richard West*

Paris, April 12, 1739.

*Enfin donc me voici à Paris.*° Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's, and here I remain alone, though invited too. Do not think I make a merit of writing to you preferably to a good supper: 5 for these three days we have been here, have actually given me an aversion to eating in general. If hunger be the best sauce to meat, the French are certainly the worst cooks in the world; for what tables we have seen have been so delicately served, and so profusely, 10 that, after rising from one of them, one imagines it impossible ever to eat again. And now, if I tell you all I have in my head, you will believe me mad, *mais n'importe, courage, allons* °! for if I wait till my head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay long enough 15 for a letter. Six days have we been coming hither, which other people do in two; they have not been disagreeable ones; through a fine, open country, admirable roads, and in an easy conveyance°; the inns not absolutely intolerable, and images quite unusual pre- 20 senting themselves on all hands. At Amiens we saw the fine cathedral, and eat *paté de perdrix*°; passed through the park of Chantilly by the Duke of Bourbon's palace, which we only beheld as we passed; broke down at Lusarche; stopt at St. Denis, saw all 25 the beautiful monuments of the kings of France, and

the vast treasures of the abbey, rubies, and emeralds as big as small eggs, crucifixes, and vows, crowns and reliquaries, of inestimable value; but of all their curiosities the thing the most to our tastes, and which  
5 they indeed do the justice to esteem the glory of their collection, was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mys-  
10 teries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since. The jolly old Benedictine, that showed us the treasures, had in his youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all the relics, was very full of stories, and mighty obliging. On  
15 Saturday evening we got to Paris, and were driving through the streets a long while before we knew where we were. The minute we came, *voilà* Milors Holdernesse, Conway, and his brother; all stayed supper, and till two o'clock in the morning, for here  
20 nobody ever sleeps; it is not the way. Next day go to dine at Lord Holdernesse's, there was the Abbé Prevôt, author of the "Cleveland," and several other pieces much esteemed: the rest were English. At  
night we went to the "Pandore"; a spectacle liter-  
25 ally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chaos, and by degrees the separation of the elements. The second, the temple of Jupiter, the giving of the box to

Pandora. The third, the opening of the box, and all the mischiefs that ensued. An absurd design, but executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the *grande salle des machines* in the Palais des Tuileries. Next day 5 I dined at Lord Waldegrave's; then to the opera. Imagine to yourself for the drama four acts entirely unconnected with each other, each founded on some little history, skilfully taken out of an ancient author, *e.g.* Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,<sup>o</sup> etc., and with great 10 address converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw, called the "Ballet de la Paix," had its first act built upon the story of Nireus. Homer having said he was the handsomest man of his time, the poet, imagining such a one could not want 15 a mistress, has given him one. These two come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitative; only, to one's great joy, they are every now and then interrupted by a dance, or (to one's great sorrow) by a chorus that borders the stage from 20 one end to the other, and screams, past all power of simile to represent. The second act was Baucis and Philemon. Baucis is a beautiful young shepherdess, and Philemon her swain. Jupiter falls in love with her, but nothing will prevail upon her; so it is all mighty 25 well, and the chorus sing and dance the praises of Constancy. The two other acts were about Iphis and Ianthe, and the judgment of Paris. Imagine, I say,



all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notes and a half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole house more attentive than if Farinelli sung, and you will almost have formed  
5 a just notion of the thing. Our astonishment at their absurdity you can never conceive; we had enough to do to express it by screaming an hour louder than the whole *dramatis personæ*. We have also seen twice the Comedie Française; first, the "Mahomet Second,"  
10 a tragedy that has had a great run of late; and the thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful. Mademoiselle Gaussin (M. Voltaire's Zara) has with a charming (though little) person the most pathetic tone of voice, the finest ex-  
15 pression in her face, and most proper action imaginable. There is also a Dufrêne, who did the chief character, a handsome man and a prodigious fine actor. The second we saw was the "Philosophe marié," and here they performed as well in comedy; there is a  
20 Mademoiselle Quinault, somewhat in Mrs. Clive's<sup>o</sup> way, and a Monsieur Grandval, in the nature of Wilks,<sup>o</sup> who is the genteelest thing in the world. There are several more would be much admired in England, and many (whom we have not seen) much  
25 celebrated here. Great part of our time is spent in seeing churches and palaces full of fine pictures, etc. For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them. . . .



(61) *Thomas Gray to His Mother*

Florence, Dec. 19, N. S., 1739.

We spent twelve days at Bologna, chiefly (as most travellers do) in seeing sights; for as we knew no mortal there, and as it is no easy matter to get admission into any Italian house, without very particular 5 recommendations, we could see no company but in public places; and there are none in that city but the churches. We saw, therefore, churches, palaces, and pictures from morning to night; and the 15th of this month set out for Florence, and began to cross the 10 Apennine mountains; we travelled among and upon them all that day, and, as it was but indifferent weather, were commonly in the middle of thick clouds, that utterly deprived us of a sight of their beauties; for this vast chain of hills has its beauties, and all the 15 vallies<sup>o</sup> are cultivated; even the mountains themselves are many of them so within a little of their very tops. They are not so horrid<sup>o</sup> as the Alps, though pretty near as high; and the whole road is admirably well kept, and paved throughout, which is a length of four- 20 score miles and more. We left the pope's dominions, and lay that night in those of the grand duke at Fiorenzuola, a paltry little town, at the foot of Mount Giogo, which is the highest of them all. Next morning we went up it; the post-house is upon its very top, and 25

usually involved in clouds, or half buried in the snow. Indeed there was none of the last at the time we were there, but it was still a dismal habitation. The descent is most excessively steep, and the turnings very short  
5 and frequent; however, we performed it without any danger, and in coming down could dimly discover Florence, and the beautiful plain about it, through the mists; but enough to convince us, it must be one of the noblest prospects upon earth in summer. That  
10 afternoon we got thither; and Mr. Mann,<sup>o</sup> the resident, had sent his servant to meet us at the gates, and conduct us to his house. He is the best and most obliging person in the world. The next night we were introduced at the Prince of Craon's assembly (he has  
15 the chief power here in the grand duke's absence). The princess, and he, were extremely civil to the name of Walpole, so we were asked to stay supper, which is as much as to say, you may come and sup here whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is  
20 always understood. We have also been at the Countess Saurez's, a favourite of the late duke, and one that gives the first movement to everything gay that is going forward here. . . . In the meantime it is impossible to want entertainment; the famous gallery,  
25 alone, is an amusement for months; we commonly pass two or three hours every morning in it, and one has perfect leisure to consider all its beauties. You know it contains many hundred antique statues, such

as the whole world cannot match, besides the vast collection of paintings, medals, and precious stones, such as no other prince was ever master of; in short, all that the rich and powerful house of Medicis has in so many years got together. And besides this city<sup>5</sup> abounds with so many palaces and churches, that you can hardly place yourself anywhere without having some fine one in view, or at least some statue or fountain, magnificently adorned; these undoubtedly are far more numerous than Genoa can pretend to; yet,<sup>10</sup> in its general appearance, I cannot think that Florence equals it in beauty. Mr. Walpole is just come from being presented to the electress palatine dowager; she is a sister of the late great duke's; a stately old lady, that never goes out but to church, and then she<sup>15</sup> has guards, and eight horses to her coach. She received him with much ceremony, standing under a huge black canopy, and, after a few minutes talking, she assured him of her good will, and dismissed him. She never sees anybody but thus in form; and so she<sup>20</sup> passes her life, poor woman! . . .

THOMAS GRAY.

(62) *Thomas Gray to Mr. Nicholls*

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was re-<sup>25</sup>

covered, otherwise I had then wrote<sup>o</sup> to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any  
5 more than a single mother.<sup>o</sup> You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too  
10 late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me  
15 how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena<sup>o</sup> of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye  
20 catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping; in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine  
25 I am quite ashamed; but no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve.<sup>o</sup> I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things

innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are <sup>5</sup> coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, etc., etc. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas,<sup>o</sup> by no means for amusement.

THOMAS GRAY. 10

(63) *Charles Lamb to Mr. Manning*

24th September, 1802.

Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveler. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that <sup>15</sup> I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection . . . my final resolve<sup>o</sup> was a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary <sup>20</sup> to Keswick,<sup>o</sup> without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time being precious did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of <sup>25</sup>



Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, traveling in a post-  
5 chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colors, purple, etc., etc. We thought we had got into fairy-land. But that went off (as it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and  
10 we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I ever can again. Glorious creatures, fine old  
15 fellows, Skiddaw,<sup>o</sup> etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique,  
20 ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last-fading view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren:  
25 what a night! . . . We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore.<sup>o</sup> In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*,

which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about 5 half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold), running over cold stones, and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop 10 of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now 15 been come home near three weeks; I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by anyone, to come home and *work*. I felt 20 very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than 25 Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places, where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could

spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. . . . Farewell, my dear fellow.

C. LAMB.

VII. INVITATIONS — REPLIES — REQUESTS, ETC.

(64) *Elizabeth Barrett Browning to John Kenyon*

Wimpole Street: Sunday evening (1838?)

MY DEAR MR. KENYON, — I am *so* sorry to hear of your going, and I not able to say ‘good-bye’ to you, that — I am *not* writing this note on that account.

It is a begging note, and now I am wondering to <sup>5</sup> myself whether you will think me very childish or womanish, or silly enough to be both together (I know your thoughts upon certain parallel subjects), if I go on to do my begging fully.

I hear that you are going to Mr. Wordsworth’s — to <sup>10</sup> Rydal Mount° — and I want you to ask *for yourself*, and then to send to me in a letter — by the post, I mean, two cuttings out of the garden — of myrtle or geranium; I care very little which, or what else. Only I say ‘myrtle’ because it is less given to die, and I say <sup>15</sup> *two* to be sure of my chances of saving one. Will you? You would please me very much by doing it; and certainly not *displease* me by refusing to do it. Your broadest ‘no’ would not sound half so strange to me

as my 'little crooked thing' does to you; but you see everybody in the world is fanciful about something, and why not E. B. B.?

Dear Mr. Kenyon, I have a book of yours — M.  
 5 Rio's. If you want it before you go, just write in two words, 'Send it,' or I shall infer from your silence that I may keep it until you come back. No necessity for answering this otherwise. Is it as bad as asking for autographs, or worse? At any rate believe me *in*  
 10 *earnest* this time — besides being, with every wish for your enjoyment of mountains and lakes and 'cherry trees,'

Ever affectionately yours,

E. B. B.

(65) *Rossetti to Aunt Charlotte*

15 14 Chatham Place, Monday, August 1854.

MY DEAR AUNT CHARLOTTE,<sup>o</sup> — I am afraid you will guess, before reading this letter, what it is likely to relate to. I am in very great difficulty for money, and unless by your kind assistance (if you are able to  
 20 afford it me) really do not know how to extricate myself from it. I have two water-colours in hand, and am beginning an oil-picture.<sup>o</sup> The last, and one of the former, I believe I may consider already sold (to Messrs. Ruskin and MacCracken) as soon as they are finished;  
 25 but meanwhile I am utterly at loss for the means of



getting models etc. to carry them on. One of the water-colours, at any rate, I hope will not be very long before it is finished, if I am only able to go on with it without being utterly swamped for want of money. I assure you I have not forgotten your kindness last 5 year in lending me £12, nor my promise to return the loan; but I assure you that this has been hitherto impossible. If you can and will now assist me again, and I am thus enabled to get through with the works I have in hand, I have every reason to hope that I shall then 10 have it in my power (as I most sincerely wish and intend) to return you, if not all at once at least by degrees, both this and the former loan. It is my hope indeed to return one day all that you have so kindly lent me from time to time; but I feel almost discouraged from 15 saying so, lest, in my present inability to do so, it should seem like mere pretence.

I have long been hoping to get through with something, and to obtain some money without the necessity of trespassing again on your kindness. But I find now 20 that, unless I do so, I can see before me no means of proceeding with my work; besides that some rent which I already owe here is being continually applied for, and worrying me to such an extent as to deprive me of the peace of mind necessary for working well. 25 Nor, even had I paid this rent, could I get rid of one source of expense by leaving these rooms — at least not without great detriment to my work, besides great

interruption — since the oil-picture I am beginning is an open-air scene, requiring absolutely a large amount of light, which I should have difficulty in finding elsewhere as well as here.

5 Could you lend me £25, or if possible £30? But perhaps I am asking much more than I have any right to ask, or than your circumstances (even if you are willing again to afford me this chance) will permit you to grant. Less than £20 it would be of little service  
10 to me to ask, as it would be merely to fall into difficulties again immediately, before I had been able to make any considerable progress with my pictures.

I know you must indeed be weary of applications like this from me, and am almost hopeless of my ever making  
15 that way in my profession which I ought to make, and placing myself in an independent position. But, if I am only able to get my present works done, no time could well be more favourable than the present for making a sure step in advance, as anything I finish now is  
20 almost if not quite certain of sale.

I must now leave what I have said to your consideration. If you consider yourself justified in rendering me this assistance, I know your kindness too well to suppose that you will not do so. And I hope indeed  
25 that you may think so; since it is the only means I can see of avoiding a complete interruption to my work at a moment when it is most important to me that I should continue it. When you were last in town I was

still hoping to avoid the necessity of making this request, but I find now that there is really no other way. I shall await your answer<sup>o</sup> most anxiously — and remain

Your affectionate Nephew

D. G. ROSSETTI. 5

(66) *Charles Lamb to Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

July, 1797.

I discern a possibility of my paying you a visit next week. May I, can I, shall I come so soon? Have you room for me, *leisure* for me? and are you pretty well? Tell me all this honestly — immediately. And by what <sup>10</sup> *day* coach could I come soonest and nearest to Stowey?° A few months hence may suit you better; certainly me, as well. If so, say so. I long, I yearn, with all the longings of a child do I desire to see you, to come among you — to see the young philosopher,° to thank Sara° for <sup>15</sup> her last year's invitation in person — to read your tragedy — to read over together our little book — to breathe fresh air . . . There is a sort of sacrilege in my letting such ideas slip out of my mind and memory. Still that Richardson° remaineth — a thorn in the side <sup>20</sup> of Hope, when she would lean toward Stowey. Here I will leave off, for I dislike to fill this paper (which involves a question so connected with my heart and soul) with meaner matter, or subjects to me less interesting. I can talk, as I can think, nothing else. 25

C. LAMB.

(67) *Charles Lamb to Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

(Late in) July 1797.

I am scarcely yet so reconciled to the loss of you, or so subsided into my wonted uniformity of feeling, as to sit calmly down to think of you and write to you. But I  
5 reason myself into the belief that those few and pleasant holidays shall not have been spent in vain. I feel improvement in the recollection of many a casual conversation. The names of Tom Poole,<sup>o</sup> of Wordsworth and his good sister,<sup>o</sup> with thine and Sara's, are become  
10 "familiar in my mouth as household words." You would make me very happy, if you think W. has no objection, by transcribing for me that Inscription of his. I have some scattered sentences ever floating on my memory, teasing me that I cannot remember more  
15 of it. You may believe I will make no improper use of it. Believe me I can think now of many subjects on which I had planned gaining information from you; but I forgot my "treasure's worth" while I possessed it. Your leg is now become to me a matter of much more  
20 importance; and many a little thing, which when I was present with you seemed scarce to *indent* my notice, now presses painfully on my remembrance. Is the Patriot come? Are Wordsworth and his sister gone yet? I was looking out for John Thelwall all  
25 the way from Bridgewater; and had I met him, I think

it would have moved almost me to tears. You will oblige me, too, by sending me my great-coat, which I left behind in the oblivious state the mind is thrown into at parting. Is it not ridiculous that I sometimes envy that great-coat lingering so cunningly behind! 5 At present I have none: so send it to me by a Stowey wagon, if there be such a thing, directing for C. L., No. 45, Chapel Street, Pentonville, near London. But above all, *that Inscription!* It will recall to me the tones of all your voices, and with them many a 10 remembered kindness to one who could and can repay you all only by the silence of a grateful heart. I could not talk much when I was with you; but my silence was not sullenness, nor I hope from any bad motive; but, in truth, disuse has made me awkward at it. I know I 15 behaved myself, particularly at Tom Poole's, and at Cruikshank's, most like a sulky child; but company and converse are strange to me. It was kind in you all to endure me as you did.

Are you and your dear Sara — to me also very dear, 20 because very kind — agreed yet about the management of little Hartley? And how go on the little rogue's teeth! I will see White to-morrow and he shall send you information on that matter; but as perhaps I can do it as well, after talking with him, I will keep this 25 letter open.

My love and thanks to you and all of you.  
Wednesday Evening.

C. L.



(68) *Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning*

(November 15, 1805.)

DEAR MANNING,<sup>o</sup> — Certainly you could not have called at all hours from two till ten, for we have been only out of an evening Monday and Tuesday in this 5 week. But if you think you have, your thought shall go for the deed. We did pray for you on Wednesday night. Oysters unusually luscious; pearls of extraordinary magnitude found in them. I have made bracelets of them; given them in clusters to ladies. 10 Last night we went out in despite, because you were not come at your hour.

This night we shall be at home; so shall we certainly, both, on-Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Take your choice, mind I don't say of one: but choose 15 which evening you will not come, and come the other four. Doors open at five o'clock. Shells forced about nine. Every gentleman smokes or not as he pleases.

C. L.

(69) *Charles Lamb to William Godwin*

Thursday Morning, December 4, 1800.

20 DEAR SIR, — I send this speedily after the heels of Cooper (O! the dainty expression) to say that Mary is obliged to stay at home on Sunday to receive a female

friend, from whom I am equally glad to escape. So that we shall be by ourselves. I write, because it may make *some* difference in your marketing, etc.

C. L.

I am sorry to put you to the expense of twopence<sup>s</sup> postage. But I calculate thus: if Mary comes she will eat —

Beef 2 plates, . . . . .	4d.	
Batter Pudding 1 do . . . . .	2d.	
Beer, a pint, . . . . .	2d.	10
Wine, 3 glasses, . . . . .	11d.	I drink no wine!
Chestnuts, after dinner . . . . .	2d.	
Tea and supper at moderate calculation, . . . . .	9d.	
	2s.6d.	15
From which deduct . . . . .	2d. postage	
	2s.4d.	

You are a clear gainer by her not coming.

(70) *Matthew Arnold to Lady de Rothschild*

Chester Square,

Wednesday Morning (December 1865). 20

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD, — Your kind but imprudent invitation transported the boys with excitement, but in the first place they have engagements here to-morrow and Monday which they must keep; in the second, two youthful schoolboys are, for all but<sup>s</sup>

their own parents, a luxury to be enjoyed with moderation and for no unnecessary number of days at a time. Heaven forbid that any of them should be represented as having histrionic talent; on the contrary, they appear, giggle, and look sheepish, according to the most approved fashion of youthful actors. What I said to your daughters was that their musical turn made the songs which generally occur in the pieces they choose for acting, no difficulty for them.

10 When is the performance to take place? They might come down on Tuesday (with a maid) if that would give them time to learn their parts before the play came off. The two must be Trevenen and Dicky, for little Tom has one of his winter coughs, and is a fixture at home.  
15 But I really think you hardly know the avalanche you are attracting, and that you had better leave it. I must go for a few days to Westmoreland, though I can ill spare the time, but my mother is not very well, and it is nearly a year and a half since I saw her.

20 I hope your invalid is, at least, no worse. Many, many happy years to you. — I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(71) *Thomas Henry Huxley to Tyndall*

4 Marlborough Place, Jan. 11, 1875.

25 MY DEAR OLD SHYLOCK,<sup>o</sup> — My argosies have come in, and here is all that was written in the bond! If you

want the pound of flesh too, you know it is at your service, and my Portia won't raise that pettifogging objection to shedding a little blood into the bargain, which that other one did.

Ever yours faithfully,

5

T. H. HUXLEY.

(72) *Thomas Carlyle to G. Remington*

Chelsea, 12 November, 1852.

DEAR SIR, — It is with great reluctance that I venture to trouble you in any way; but a kind of necessity compels me; and I trust your good nature <sup>10</sup> will excuse it in a distressed neighbour.

We have the misfortune to be people of weak health in this house; bad sleepers in particular; and exceedingly sensible in the night hours to disturbances from sound. On your premises for some time past there is <sup>15</sup> a Cock,<sup>o</sup> by no means particularly loud or discordant; whose crowing would of course be indifferent or insignificant to persons of sound health and nerves; but, alas, it often enough keeps us unwillingly awake here, and on the whole gives a degree of annoyance which except <sup>20</sup> to the unhealthy, is not easily conceivable.

If you would have the goodness to remove that small animal or in any way render him inaudible from midnight to breakfast time, such charity would work a notable relief to certain persons here, and be <sup>25</sup>

thankfully acknowledged by them as an act of good neighbourship.

With many apologies, and neighbourly respects,

I remain, Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

5

(73) *Thomas Carlyle to Robt. Browning*

Chelsea, 1 Decr., 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — The sight of your card instead of yourself, the other day when I came down stairs, was a real vexation to me. The orders here are rigorous.  
10 “Hermetically sealed till 2 o’clock!” But had you chanced to ask for my Wife, she would have guessed that you formed an exception, and would have brought me down. We must try it another way. For example :  
The evenings at present, when not rainy, are bright  
15 with moonlight. We are to be at home on Friday night, and alone : could you not be induced to come and join us? Tea is at six or half-past six. — If you say nothing, let us take silence for yes, and expect you !

Or if another night than Friday will suit you better,  
20 propose another ; and from me in like manner, let no answer mean yes and welcome. At any rate contrive to see me.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.



(74) *William Cowper to Lady Hesketh* °

Olney, Feb. 9, 1786.

MY DEAREST COUSIN, — I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin° partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. I should have told 5 you so by the last post. . . . And now, my dear, let me tell you once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, 10 the Ouse,° and its banks, every thing that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! Mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily 15 accommodate them all; though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is 20 the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a 25 bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I

mention the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis,<sup>o</sup> as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you  
5 shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares,<sup>o</sup> and in which lodges Puss<sup>o</sup> at present: but he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the  
10 work of the same author; it was once a dovecage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made: but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under  
15 it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order  
20 yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer<sup>o</sup> what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him, whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears  
25 that it is a cask, and that it will never be any thing better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu! my dearest, dearest cousin. W. C.

## VIII. "QUIPS AND CRANKS"

(75) *Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning*

February 19, 1803.

MY DEAR MANNING, — The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of "Independent Tartary." What are 5 you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John?° Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? Depend upon it they'll never make you their king, as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your 10 Christianity. . . . Read Sir John Mandeville's° travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartarman now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed he is no very favorable specimen of his country- 15 men! . . . Some say, they are Cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 't is the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan,° and the ring, and the horse 20

of brass. Believe me, there are no such things, 't is all the poet's *invention*; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would *up* behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's  
5 country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds! The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore  
10 (the counsel is Horace's, 't was none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip*. Go about like an  
15 European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under*. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin*. Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects,  
20 to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. . . . Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi!° their stomachs are always craving. 'T is terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a-pound; to sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland) not as a  
25 guest, but as a meat.

God bless you: do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

Your sincere friend,

C. LAMB.

(76) *Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning*

16, Mitre Court Buildings,

5

Saturday, February 24, 1805.

DEAR MANNING, — I have been very unwell since I saw you: a sad depression of spirits, a most unaccountable nervousness; from which I have been partially relieved by an odd accident. You knew Dick <sup>10</sup> Hopkins, the swearing scullion of Caius? This fellow, by industry and agility, has thrust himself into the important situations (no sinecures, believe me) of cook to Trinity Hall and Caius College: and the generous creature has contrived, with the greatest delicacy <sup>15</sup> imaginable, to send me a present of Cambridge brawn.<sup>o</sup> What makes it the more extraordinary is, that the man never saw me in his life that I know of. I suppose he has *heard* of me. I did not immediately recognize the donor; but one of Richard's cards, which had accidentally <sup>20</sup> fallen into the straw, detected him in a moment. Dick, you know, was always remarkable for flourishing. His card imports, that "orders (to wit, for brawn) from any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, will be duly executed," etc. At first, I thought of declining <sup>25</sup> the present; but Richard knew my blind side when he



pitched upon brawn. 'T is of all my hobbies the supreme in the eating way. He might have sent sops from the pan, skimmings, crumpets, chips, hog's lard, the tender brown judiciously scalped from a fillet of  
5 veal (dexterously replaced by a salamander), the tops of asparagus, fugitive livers, run away gizzards of fowls, the eyes of martyred pigs, . . . the red spawn of lobsters, leverets' ears, and such pretty filchings common to cooks; but these had been ordinary presents,  
10 the everyday courtesies of dish-washers to their sweet-hearts. Brawn was a noble thought. It is not every common gullet-fancier that can properly esteem it. It is like a picture of one of the choice old Italian masters. Its gusto is of that hidden sort. As Wordsworth  
15 sings of a modest poet, — "you must love him, ere to you he will seem worthy of your love"; so brawn, you must taste it ere to you it will seem to have any taste at all. But 't is nuts to the adept: those that will send out their tongue and feelers to find it out. It  
20 will be wooed, and not unsought be won. Now, ham-essence, lobsters, turtle, such popular minions, absolutely *court you*, lay themselves out to strike you at first smack, like one of David's<sup>o</sup> pictures (they call him *Darveed*) compared with the plain russet-coated  
25 wealth of a Titian or a Correggio,<sup>o</sup> as I illustrated above. Such are the obvious glaring heathen virtues of a corporation dinner, compared with the reserved collegiate worth of brawn. Do me the favor to leave

off the business which you may be at present upon, and go immediately to the kitchens of Trinity and Caius, and make my most respectful compliments to Mr. Richard Hopkins, and assure him that his brawn is most excellent; and that I am moreover obliged to him for his innuendo about salt water and bran, which I shall not fail to improve. I leave it to you whether you shall choose to pay him the civility of asking him to dinner while you stay in Cambridge, or in whatever other way you may best like to show your gratitude to *my friend*. Richard Hopkins, considered in many points of view, is a very extraordinary character. Adieu. I hope to see you to supper in London soon, where we will taste Richard's brawn, and drink his health in a cheerful but moderate cup. We have not many such men in any rank of life as Mr. R. Hopkins. Crisp, the barber, of St. Mary's was just such another. I wonder *he* never sent me any little token, some chestnuts, or a puff, or two pound of hair: just to remember him by. Gifts are like nails. *Praesens ut absens*; that is, your *present* makes amends for your absence.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

(77) *Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning*

(July 27, 1805.)

DEAR ARCHIMEDES,<sup>o</sup> — Things have gone on badly with thy ungeometrical friend; but they are on the

turn. My old housekeeper has shown signs of convalescence, and will shortly resume the power of the keys, so I shan't be cheated of my tea and liquors. Wind in the West, which promotes tranquillity. Have leisure  
 5 now to anticipate seeing thee again. Have been taking leave of tobacco in a rhyming address. Had thought *that vein* had long since closed up. Find I can rhyme and reason too. Think of studying mathematics, to restrain the fire of my genius, which G. D. recom-  
 10 mends. Have frequent bleedings at the nose, which shows plethoric. Maybe shall try the sea myself, that great scene of wonders. Got incredibly sober and regular; shave oftener, and hum a tune, to signify cheerfulness and gallantry.

15 Suddenly disposed to sleep, having taken a quart of pease with bacon and stout. Will not refuse Nature, who has done such things for me!

Nurse! don't call me unless Mr. Mannig comes.

— What! the gentleman in spectacles? — Yes.

20 *Dormit.*

C. L.

*Saturday,*

*Hot noon.*

(78) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Youngest Daughter*

Hotel Britannique, Naples, Dec. 22, 1884.

But we have had no letters from home for a week.  
 25 . . . Moreover, if we don't hear to-day or to-morrow we

shall begin to speculate on the probability of an earthquake having swallowed up 4 M.P.° “with all the young barbarians at play — And I their sire trying to get a Roman holiday” ° (Byron). For we are going to Rome to-morrow, having had enough of Naples, the general 5 effect of which city is such as would be produced by the sight of a beautiful woman who had not washed or dressed her hair for a month. Climate, on the whole, more variable than that of London.

We had a lovely drive three days ago to Cumæ, a 10 perfect summer’s day; since then sunshine, heat, cold wind, calms all durcheinander,° with thunder and lightning last night to complete the variety.

The thermometer and barometer are not fixed to the walls here, as they would be jerked off by the sudden 15 changes. At first, it is odd to see them dancing about the hall. But you soon get used to it, and the porter sees that they don’t break themselves.

With love to Nettie and Harry, and hopes that the pudding will be good.

20

Ever your loving father,

T. H. HUXLEY.

(79) *Thomas Henry Huxley to J. C. Kitton*

Hodelsea, April 12, 1893.

A long series of cats has reigned over my household for the last forty years, or thereabouts, but I am sorry 25

that I have no pictorial or other record of their physical and moral excellences.

The present occupant of the throne is a large, young, gray Tabby — Oliver by name. Not that he is in any  
5 sense a protector, for I doubt whether he has the heart to kill a mouse. However, I saw him catch and eat the first butterfly of the season, and trust that this germ of courage, thus manifested, may develop with age into efficient mousing.

10 As to sagacity, I should say that his judgment respecting the warmest place and the softest cushion in a room is infallible — his punctuality at meal times is admirable; and his pertinacity in jumping on people's shoulders, till they give him some of the best of what is  
15 going, indicates great firmness.

(80) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Youngest Daughter*

Hodelsea, Eastbourne, Jan. 8, 1893.

I wish you would write seriously to M——.° She is not behaving well to Oliver. I have seen handsomer kittens, but few more lively, and energetically destruc-  
20 tive. Just now he scratched away at something that M—— says cost 13s. 6d. a yard — and reduced more or less of it to combings.

M—— therefore excludes him from the dining-room, and all those opportunities of higher education which he  
25 would naturally have in *my* house.



I have argued that it is as immoral to place 13s. 6d. a yardnesses within reach of kittens as to hang bracelets and diamond rings in the front garden. But in vain. Oliver is banished — and the protector (not Oliver) is sat upon. — In truth and justice aid your Pa. 5

(81) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Youngest Daughter*

Athenæum Club, May 17, 1892.

DEAREST BABS, — As I was going along Upper Thames Street just now, I saw between Nos. 170  
primary parenthesis  
 and 211 (but you would like to know what I was going 10  
 along that odorous street for. Well, it was to inquire  
2nd p.  
 how the pen with which I am now writing — (you see  
 it is a new-fangled fountain pen, warranted to cure the  
2nd p. 15  
 worst writing and always spell properly) — works,  
 because it would not work properly this morning. And  
3rd p.  
 the nice young woman who took it from me — (as  
3rd p. 20  
 who should say you old foodle!) inked her own fingers  
4th p.  
 enormously (which I told her I was pleased they were  
4th p.  
 her fingers rather than mine) — But she only smole. 25  
5th p.  
 (Close by was another shop where they sold hose —

6 or 7 p.

n. p.

(indiarubber, not knitted) — and warranted to let water through, not keep it out); and I asked for a garden syringe, thinking such things likely to be kept  
5 by hosiers of that sort — and they said they had not

N. n. p.

any, but found they had a remnant cheap (price 3s.) which is less than many people pay for the other hosiers' end of pp.

10 hose) a doorpost at the side of the doorway of some place of business with this remarkable notice :

#### RULING GIRLS WANTED.

Don't you think you had better apply at once? Jack will give you a character, I am sure, on the side  
15 of the art of ruling, and I will speak for the science — also of hereditary (on mother's side) instinct.

Well, I am not sure about the pen yet — but there is no room for any more.

Ever your loving

20

DAD.

Epistolary composition on the model of a Gladstonian speech to a deputation on women's suffrage.

## IX. ABOUT PEOPLE AND BOOKS

(82) *Jane Welsh Carlyle to Helen Welsh* °

Chelsea: March 1843.

Now do you deserve that I should send you any letter, any autograph, anything, thou graceless, 'graceful Miss Welsh'? I think not; but 'If everyone had his deserts, which of us should escape whipping°?'<sup>5</sup> And besides I see not what virtues remain possible for me, unless it be the passive ones of patience and forgiveness; for which, thank Heaven, there is always open course enough in this otherwise tangled world!

Three of the autographs, which I send you to-day,<sup>10</sup> are first-rate. A Yankee would almost give a dollar apiece for them. Entire characteristic letters from Pickwick,° Lytton Bulwer,° and Alfred Tennyson; the last the greatest genius of the three, though the vulgar public have not as yet recognised him for such. Get<sup>15</sup> his poems if you can, and read the 'Ulysses,' 'Dora,' the 'Vision of Sin,' and you will find that we do not over-rate him. Besides he is a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gipsy in his appearance, which, for me, is perfectly charming.<sup>20</sup>

Babbie° never saw him, unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, for she must have fallen in love with him on the spot, unless she be made absolutely of ice; and then men of genius have never anything to  
 5 keep wives upon!

JANE CARLYLE.

(83) *W. W. Story to Charles Eliot Norton*°

Diablerets, Aug. 15th, 1861.

\* \* \* \* \*

You have before this heard of course of the death of Mrs. Browning,° though the news had not reached you  
 10 when you wrote. This was sudden and unexpected at the last, for though she had always been so frail that one wondered what kept soul and body together at all, we had become so accustomed to thinking of her as different from all others in the matter of health that  
 15 we began to think that she might even outlast us. Fifteen years ago her physicians told her that life was impossible, yet she had lived and borne a child and written immortal verses and shown an amazing energy of spirit and intellect. But last winter I had many fears  
 20 that she was failing. The death of her father had struck her a hard blow; then her sister's death struck her again, as it were, when she was down, and I feared that her vital energy, great as it was, might not resist. Yet she revived and, as spring came on, went out to

drive, and, though weak, began to gather herself together again, even at one time projecting a journey to Paris. This however was impossible. Yet she went to Florence by vettura<sup>o</sup> and did not suffer more than usual, and we were all hesitating, at Leghorn, whether 5 we should not abandon our scheme of Switzerland for another summer together in Siena when the fatal news of her death reached us. Browning was to have come down to spend Sunday with us, but on Saturday night she was attacked with difficulty of breathing, and at 10 dead of night he was forced to run for a physician, Dr. Wilson, who remained with her all night and took a very gloomy view. The morning brought relief, and, though weaker, she declared she was otherwise as well as ever. They talked over their plans for the future, 15 decided to go to Siena for the summer with us, agreed to give up Casa Guidi and take a villa in Florence to return to in the spring and autumn. Being in treaty for an apartment in Palazzo Barberini at Rome for six years, they discussed the question of how they should 20 furnish it. During the subsequent days she constantly came into the salon and lay on the sofa there all day — until Friday, when Lytton stayed all the morning there talking with B., so that she did not come out. On 25 Friday evening they had again a long talk about their future plans, and she went to bed as well as she had been in general respects, though there were some few symptoms which troubled B., such as raising now and



then her hands and holding them long before her, and also a slight wandering of the mind at intervals and as she was just about to doze. But this wandering he attributed to the morphine, which by order of Dr. W. 5 she was obliged to take in larger quantities than those she was accustomed to. At about three o'clock he was startled by her breathing and woke her, but she said she was better, and reasoned so quietly and justly about her state that his fears were again subdued. She talked 10 with him and jested and gave expression to her love for him in the tenderest words; then, feeling sleepy, and he supporting her in his arms, she fell into a doze. In a few minutes, suddenly, her head dropped forward. He thought she had fainted, but she had gone for ever. 15 She had passed as if she had fallen asleep, without pain, without thought of death. After death she looked, as Browning told me, like a young girl; all the outlines rounded and filled up, all traces of disease effaced, and a smile on her face so living that they could not for 20 hours persuade themselves she was really dead.

We went immediately to Florence, and it was a sad house enough. There stood the table with her letters and books as usual, and her little chair beside it, and in her portfolio a half-finished letter to Mme. Mario, 25 full of noble words about Italy. Yes, it was for Italy that her last words were written; for her dear Italy were her last aspirations. The death of Cavour<sup>o</sup> had greatly affected her. She had wept many tears for

him, and been a real mourner. This agitation undoubtedly weakened her and perhaps was the last feather that broke her down. 'The cycle is complete,' as Browning said, looking round the room; 'here we came fifteen years ago; here Pen<sup>o</sup> was born; here Ba<sup>o</sup> wrote 5 her poems for Italy. She used to walk up and down this verandah in the summer evenings, when, revived by the southern air, she first again began to enjoy her out-doors life. Every day she used to walk with me or drive with me, and once even walked to Bellosguerdo 10 and back; that was when she was strongest. Little by little, as I now see, that distance was lessened, the active out-doors life restricted, until walking had finally ceased. We saw from these windows the return of the Austrians; they wheeled round this corner and 15 came down this street with all their cannon, just as she describes it in "Casa Guidi." ° Last week when we came to Florence I said: "We used, you know, to walk on this verandah so often — come and walk up and down once. Just once," I urged, and she came to the 20 window and took two steps on it. But it fatigued her too much, and she went back and lay down on the sofa — that was our last walk. Only the night she went away for ever she said she thought we must give up Casa Guidi; it was too inconvenient and in case of 25 illness too small. We had decided to go away and take a villa outside the gates. For years she would not give up this house, but at last and, as it were, suddenly, she

said she saw it *was* too small for us and too inconvenient. And so it was ; so the cycle was completed for us here, and where the beginning was is the end. Looking back at these past years I see that we have been all the  
5 time walking over a torrent on a straw. Life must now be begun anew — all the old cast off and the new one put on. I shall go away, break up everything, go to England and live and work and write.'

. . . The funeral was not impressive, as it ought to  
10 have been. She was buried in the Protestant cemetery where Theodore Parker<sup>o</sup> lies ; many of her friends were there, but fewer persons than I expected and hoped to see. The services were blundered through by a fat English parson in a brutally careless way, and she was  
15 consigned by him to the earth as if her clay were no better than any other clay. I did what I could, but I had arrived too late to assume the arrangements. . . . So I carried two wreaths — it was all I could do — one of those exquisite white Florence roses, and the other of  
20 laurel, and these I laid on her coffin. She is a great loss to literature, to Italy and to the world — the greatest poet among women. What energy and fire there was in that little frame ; what burning words were winged by her pen ; with what glorious courage she  
25 attacked error, however strongly entrenched in custom ; how bravely she stood by her principles ! Never did I see any one whose brow the world hurried and crowded so to crown, who had so little vanity and so much pure

humility. Praise gratified her when just — blame when unjust scarcely annoyed her. She could afford to let her work plead for itself. Ready to accept criticism, she never feared it, but defended herself with spirit when unjustly attacked. For public opinion<sup>5</sup> she cared not a straw, and could not bear to be looked on as a lion. Her faiths were rooted in the centre of her being.

Browning is now with his sister in Paris. The house at Florence is broken up, and I have lost my best<sup>10</sup> friend and daily companion in Italy. You cannot imagine how I shall miss him. For three years now we have been always together; never a day has passed (with the exception of two months' separation in the spring and autumn when he went to Florence) that we<sup>15</sup> have not met; all the long summer evenings of these last summers at Siena he was with us, and we sat on our terrace night after night till midnight talking together, or we played and sang together above stairs. All the last winters he worked with me daily for three hours in<sup>20</sup> my studio, and we met either at my house or at his or at that of some friend nearly every evening. There is no one to supply his place. Returning to Rome, I have not one single intimate; acquaintances by hundreds, but no friends, no one with whom I can sym-<sup>25</sup> pathise on all points as with him, no one with whom I can walk any of the higher ranges of art and philosophy. This for me is a terrible want. . . .



. . . The last thing before leaving Rome was to make a bust of him which his wife was good enough to call 'perfect.' It was made for her as a present, but, alas! you see the end of that. . . .

(84) *Thackeray to Tennyson*

5

Folkstone, September.

36 Onslow Square, October.

MY DEAR OLD ALFRED, — I owe you a letter of happiness and thanks. Sir, about three weeks ago, when I was ill in bed, I read the "Idylls of the King,"  
10 and I thought, "Oh I must write to him now, for this pleasure, this delight, this splendour of happiness which I have been enjoying." But I should have blotted the sheets, 'tis ill writing on one's back. The letter full of gratitude never went as far as the postoffice and how  
15 comes it now?

D'abord, a bottle of claret. (The landlord of the hotel asked me down to the cellar and treated me.) Then afterwards sitting here, an old magazine, Fraser's Magazine, 1850, and I come on a poem out of "The  
20 Princess" which says "I hear the horns of Elfland blowing blowing," no, it's "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing" (I have been into my bedroom to fetch my pen and it has made that blot), and, reading the lines, which only one man in the world could write, I thought  
25 about the other horns of Elfland blowing in full strength,



and Arthur in gold armour, and Guinevere in gold hair and all those knights and heroes and beauties and purple landscapes and misty gray lakes in which you have made me live. They seem like facts to me, since about three weeks ago (three weeks or a month was it?) <sup>5</sup> when I read the book. It is on the table yonder, and I don't like, somehow, to disturb it, but the delight and gratitude! You have made me as happy as I was as a child with the Arabian Nights, every step I have walked in Elfland has been a sort of Paradise to me. (The <sup>10</sup> landlord gave *two* bottles of his claret and I think I drank the most) and here I have been lying back in the chair and thinking of those delightful "Idylls," my thoughts being turned to you: what could I do but be grateful to that surprising genius which has made me <sup>15</sup> so happy? Do you understand that what I mean is all true and that I should break out were you sitting opposite with a pipe in your mouth? Gold and purple and diamonds, I say, gentlemen and glory and love and honour, and if you haven't given me all these why <sup>20</sup> should I be in such an ardour of gratitude? But I have had out of that dear book the greatest delight that has ever come to me since I was a young man; to write and think about it makes me almost young, and this I suppose is what I'm doing, like an after-dinner <sup>25</sup> speech.

P.S. I thought the "Grandmother" quite as fine. How can you at 50 be doing things as well as at 35?

October 16th. (I should think six weeks after the writing of the above.)

The rhapsody of gratitude was never sent, and for a peculiar reason; just about the time of writing I came  
5 to an arrangement with Smith and Elder to edit their new magazine, and to have a contribution from T. was the publisher's and editor's highest ambition. But to ask a man for a favour, and to praise and bow down before him in the same page seemed to be so like  
10 hypocrisy, that I held my hand, and left this note in my desk, where it has been lying during a little French-Italian-Swiss tour which my girls and their papa have been making.

Meanwhile S. E. and Co. have been making their  
15 own proposals to you, and you have replied not favourably I am sorry to hear: but now there is no reason why you should not have my homages, and I am just as thankful for the "Idylls," and love and admire them just as much, as I did two months ago when I began to  
20 write in the ardour of claret and gratitude. If you can't write for us you can't. If you can by chance some day, and help an old friend, how pleased and happy I shall be! This however must be left to fate and your convenience: I don't intend to give up hope,  
25 but accept the good fortune if it comes. I see one, two, three quarterlies advertised to-day, as all bringing laurels to laureatus.<sup>o</sup> He will not refuse the private gift of an old friend, will he? You know how pleased the girls

were at Kensington t'other day to hear you quote their father's little verses, and he too I daresay was not disgusted. He sends you and yours his very best regards in this most heartfelt and artless

(note of admiration)!

5

Always yours, my dear Alfred.

W. M. THACKERAY.

(85) *Tennyson to Thackeray*

Warrington.

MY DEAR THACKERAY, — Should I not have answered you ere this 6th of November? surely: what excuse? 10 none that I know of: except indeed, that perhaps your very generosity and boundlessness of approval made me in a measure shamefaced. I could scarcely accept it, being, I fancy, a modest man, and always more or less doubtful of my own efforts in any line. But I may tell 15 you that your little note gave me more pleasure than all the journals and monthlies and quarterlies which have come across me: not so much from your being the Great Novelist I hope as from your being my good old friend, or perhaps from your being both of these in 20 one. Well, let it be. I have been ransacking all sorts of old albums and scrap books but cannot find anything worthy sending you. Unfortunately before your letter arrived I had agreed to give Macmillan the only available poem<sup>o</sup> I had by me ("Sea Dreams"). I don't 25

think he would have got it (for I dislike publishing in magazines) except that he had come to visit me in my Island,<sup>o</sup> and was sitting and blowing his weed vis-a-vis. I am sorry that you have engaged for any quantity of  
5 money to let your brains be sucked periodically by Smith, Elder & Co.: not that I don't like Smith who seems from the very little I have seen of him liberal and kindly, but that so great an artist as you are should go to work after this fashion. Whenever you feel your  
10 brains as the "remainder biscuit,"<sup>o</sup> or indeed whenever you will, come over to me and take a blow on these downs where the air as Keats said is "worth sixpence a pint," and bring your girls too.

Yours always,

A. TENNYSON.

15

(86) *Thomas Henry Huxley to John Tyndall*

Eastbourne, Oct. 15, 1892.

MY DEAR TYNDALL, — I think you will like to hear that the funeral yesterday lacked nothing to make it worthy of the dead or the living.

20 Bright sunshine streamed through the windows of the nave, while the choir was in half gloom, and as each shaft of light illuminated the flower-covered bier as it slowly travelled on, one thought of the bright succession of his works between the darkness before and the  
25 darkness after. I am glad to say that the Royal Society



was represented by four of its chief officers, and nine of the commonalty, including myself. Tennyson has a right to that, as the first poet since Lucretius<sup>o</sup> who has understood the drift of science.

We have heard nothing of you and your wife for ages. 5  
Ask her to give us news, good news I hope, of both.

My wife is better than she was, and joins me in love.

Ever affectionately,

T. H. HUXLEY.

(87) *Sarah Orne Jewett to Mrs. Whitman*

22, Clarges Street, Mayfair, W. 10

London, 20 August, 1892.

I believe that I wrote you last from Yorkshire, and there seems to be so much to tell since, that my pen quite flies in the air, like a horse that won't go. We had a lovely scurry indeed, home from Ilkley<sup>o</sup> by the 15 way of "Lincoln, Peterborough, and Ely,"<sup>o</sup> not to speak of Boston<sup>o</sup> and Cambridge, where we gave ourselves just time enough to see Newnham,<sup>o</sup> and to have a walk and to go to the afternoon service at King's College Chapel,<sup>o</sup> and to stray afterward in the dusk into Trinity 20 Hall to see the portraits, and then to our inn to sleep as best we might, after a great day, and go on to London in the morning. We spent eight solid hours in the House of Commons, on Tuesday night, to hear the great debate, and were flying about a good deal all that week, 25 and at the end we went up into Warwickshire to stay



with Mrs. Dugdale, a most charming visit in a story-book country house, which we both enjoyed enormously ; and then by Oxford back to London again, and this last week we have been seeing much of the Arnolds. . . .

5 It is a very good time to take for being in London, on the whole, but we have been spending nights and making days' journeys to the neighborhood, and begin to feel that we are not likely to see half enough of London itself. But what can I tell you (with a common *Flying*

10 *Scotchman* pen) of going to see my Lord and Lady Tennyson, down among the Surrey hills ! It meant a great deal more to me than when I saw them before. I wish I could make you know their wonderful faces. One goes into their presence with the feeling of a former

15 age. I believe that I know exactly what I should have felt a thousand years ago if I were paying a friendly visit to my king ; but it is the high court of poetry at Aldworth,° whatever one may say. My Lord Tennyson was so funny and cross about newspapers and reporters

20 that I feel his shadow above me even in this letter, innocent-hearted as I be. He has suffered deep wrongs indeed ; perhaps it is well that I can't write long enough to tell you many delightful things that he said and did (saying some of his poetry once or twice in a wonderful

25 way), except one which belongs to you, — his complete delight in my Japanese crystal, which he looked at over and over, and wondered much about, and enjoyed, and thought to find things in it.° Wasn't that nice of you,

S. W. ? and you a-giving it to me, and indeed so many people beside a poet have liked me for it, and remember me now as the person to whom it belonged. If I could have given it to anybody in this world, I could have given it to Tennyson then and there ; but No ! and now <sup>5</sup> I like it more because he liked it, a-shining in its silver leaves.

Yesterday we spent the day with Mrs. Humphry Ward,<sup>o</sup> who has been ill for a while and is just getting better. Somehow, she seemed so much younger and <sup>10</sup> more girlish than I expected, even with Ethel, her next sister, clear and dear in my mind. Ethel was not there, but Mrs. Huxley, and her father and his wife, and Mr. Ward himself, for which I was very glad. I long to have you know Mrs. Ward. You would quite take <sup>15</sup> her to your heart. She is very clear and shining in her young mind, brilliant and full of charm, and with a lovely simplicity and sincerity of manner. I think of her with warmest affection and a sacred expectation of what she is sure to do if she keeps strong, and sorrow <sup>20</sup> does not break her eager young heart too soon. Her life burns with a very fierce flame, and she has not in the least done all that she can do, but just now it seems to me that her vigor is a good deal spent. She has most lovely children. The young son was busy with a <sup>25</sup> cricket-match, and we beheld a good part of it, and saw the charming old garden, and altogether it was a very pleasant day indeed, and held pleasure enough for two

or three. Now that I have begun to tell things, I wish to write you a complete autobiography of two weeks, but all the other people and things must wait until I see you, except perhaps that I must tell you how wonderfully well Mary Beaumont looks and seems. This week we are going to Cobham, to stay a few days with dear Mrs. Arnold, who would touch you with her changed looks.<sup>o</sup> She has grown so much older since that merry day when we went to the first feast at Old Place.  
10 She asks so affectionately for you, and is just as dear as ever. When you get this letter, I think we shall be staying up at Whitby,<sup>o</sup> on our way to Edinburgh, seeing the Du Mauriers<sup>o</sup> again, according to agreement, and other friends, and liking to go there because Mr. Lowell  
15 was always talking about it and was so fond of it. Then we go on to Edinburgh. See what a little place I have left to send A. F.'s love in, but here it goes. Good-bye, dear.

And then "Lady Rose's Daughter."<sup>o</sup> If you were  
20 here how much we should talk about it. *There* are splendid qualities of the highest sort. One says at certain moments with happy certainty that here is the one solitary master of fiction — I mean of *novel writing*. How is she going on at this great pace to the story's  
25 end? But one *cannot* let such a story flag and fail — there *must* be an end as good as this beginning.

(88) *Edward FitzGerald to Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Gorlestone, Great Yarmouth, July, 1857.

MY DEAR OLD ALFRED, — Please direct the enclosed to Frederick.<sup>o</sup> I wrote him some months ago getting Parker to direct; but have had no reply. *You* won't write to me, at which I can't wonder. I keep hoping <sup>5</sup> for King Arthur<sup>o</sup> — or part of him. I have got here to the seaside — a dirty, Dutch-looking sea, with a dusty Country in the rear; but the place is not amiss for one's Yellow Leaf. I keep on reading foolish Persian too: chiefly because of its connecting me with <sup>10</sup> the Cowells, now besieged in Calcutta. But also I have really got hold of an old Epicurean<sup>o</sup> so desperately impious in his recommendations to live only for *To-day* that the good Mahometans have scarce dared to multiply MSS. of him. He writes in little quatrains, and <sup>15</sup> has scarce any of the iteration and conceits to which his people are given. . . . But he is very tender about his roses and wine, and making the most of this poor little life.

All which is very poor stuff you will say. Please to <sup>20</sup> remember me to the Lady. I don't know when I shall ever see you again; and yet you can't think how often I wish to do so, and never forget you, and never shall, my dear old Alfred, in spite of Epicurus. But I don't grow merrier.

Yours ever,

E. F. G.



(89) *Edward FitzGerald to Mrs. Tennyson*

1873.

DEAR MRS. TENNYSON, — I remember Franklin Lushington ° perfectly — at Farringford ° in 1854; almost the last visit I paid anywhere: and as pleasant as  
5 any, after, or before. I have still some sketches I made of the place: “Maud, Maud, Maud,” etc., was then read to me, and has rung in my ears ever after. Mr. Lushington, I remember, sketched also. If he be with  
you still, please tell him that I hope his remembrance of  
10 me is as pleasant as mine of him.

I think I told you that Frederick came here in August, having (of course) missed you on his way. The Mistress of Trinity wrote to me some little while ago, telling me, among other things, that she, and others,  
15 were much pleased with your son Hallam, whom they thought to be like the “Paltry Poet” ° (poor fellow).

The Paltry one’s Portrait is put in a frame and hung up at my *chateau*, where I talk to it sometimes, and every one likes to see it. It is clumsy enough, to be  
20 sure; but it still recalls the old man to me better than the bearded portraits which are now the fashion.

But oughtn’t your Hallam to have it over his mantelpiece at Trinity?

The first volume of Forster’s Dickens has been read  
25 to me of a night, making me love him, up to 30 years of age at any rate; till then, quite unspoilt, even by his



American triumphs, and full of good humor, generosity, and energy. I wonder if Alfred remembers dining at his house with Thackeray and me, me taken there, quite unaffected, and seeming to wish any one to show off rather than himself. In the evening we had a<sub>5</sub> round game at cards and mulled claret. Does A. T. remember?

I have had my yearly letter from Carlyle, who writes of himself as better than last year. He sends me a Mormon Newspaper, with a very sensible sermon in it<sub>10</sub> from the life of Brigham Young, as also the account of a visit to a gentleman of Utah with eleven wives and near forty children, all of whom were very happy together. I am just going to send the paper to Archdeacon Allen to show him how they manage these things over the<sub>15</sub> Atlantic.

About Omar I must say that *all* the changes made in the last copy are not to be attributed to my own perverseness; the same thoughts being constantly repeated with directions, whether by Omar or others, in<sub>20</sub> 500 quatrains going under his name. I had not eyes, nor indeed any further appetite, to refer to the Original, or even to the French Translation. . . . I really didn't, and don't, think it matters what changes are made in that Immortal Work which is to last about five<sub>25</sub> years longer. I believe it is the strong-minded American ladies who have chiefly taken it up; but they will soon have something wickeder to digest, I dare say.

I am going to write out for Alfred a few lines from a *Finnish Poem* which I find quoted in Lowell's "Among my Books" — which I think a good Book. But I must let my eyes rest now.

(90) *Washington Irving to His Brother*

5

Abbotsford, September 1, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have barely time to scrawl a line before the *gossoon* goes off with the letters to the neighboring post-office.

I was disappointed in my expectation of meeting  
10 with Dugald Stewart ° at Mr. Jeffrey's °; some circumstance prevented his coming; though we had Mrs. and Miss Stewart. The party, however, was very agreeable and interesting. Lady Davy ° was in excellent spirits, and talked like an angel. In the evening, when we  
15 collected in the drawing-room, she held forth for upwards of an hour; the company drew round her and seemed to listen in mute pleasure; even Jeffrey seemed to keep his colloquial powers in check to give her full chance. She reminded me of the picture of the Minister  
20 Bird with all the birds of the forest perched on the surrounding branches in listening attitudes. I met there with Lord Webb Seymour, brother to the Duke of Somerset. He is almost a constant resident of Edinburgh. He was very attentive to me; wrote  
25 down a route for me in the Highlands, and called

on me next morning, when he detailed the route more particularly. I have promised to see him when I return to Edinburgh, which promise I shall keep, as I like him much.

On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach, and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford,<sup>o</sup> and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since. I had intended certainly being back in Edinburgh to-day (Monday), but Mr. Scott wishes me to stay until Wednesday, that we may make excursions to Dryburgh Abbey,<sup>o</sup> Yarrow,<sup>o</sup> etc., as the weather has held up and the sun begins to shine. I cannot tell you how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song: and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbots-

ford. I have rambled about the hills with Scott; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer,<sup>o</sup> and other spots rendered classic by border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

5 As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him  
10 in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart; but  
15 I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell.

Before I left Edinburgh I saw Blackwood<sup>o</sup> in his shop. It was accidental — my conversing with him. He found out who I was; is extremely anxious to make an  
20 American arrangement; wishes to get me to write for his Magazine; (the "Edinburgh Monthly.") Wishes to introduce me to Mackenzie,<sup>o</sup> Wilson,<sup>o</sup> etc. Constable<sup>o</sup> called on me just before I left town. He had been in the country and just returned. He was very  
25 friendly in his manner. Lord Webb Seymour's coming in interrupted us, and Constable took leave. I promised to see him on my return to Edinburgh. He is about regenerating the old "Edinburgh Magazine,"



and has got Blackwood's editors away from him in consequence of some feud they had with him.

Commend me to Hamilton. I hope to hear from him soon, and shall write to him again.

Your affectionate brother, 5  
W. I.

(91) *Washington Irving to His Brother*

Edinburgh, September 6, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — . . . I left Abbotsford on Wednesday morning, and never left any place with more regret. The few days that I passed there were 10 among the most delightful of my life, and worth as many years of ordinary existence. We made a charming excursion to Dryburgh Abbey, but were prevented making our visit to Yarrow by company. I was with 15 Scott from morning to night; rambling about the hills and streams, every one of which would bring to his mind some old tale or picturesque remark. I was charmed with his family. He has two sons and two daughters. Sophie Scott, the eldest, is between seven- 20 teen and eighteen, a fine little mountain lassie, with a great deal of her father's character; and the most engaging frankness and naïveté. Ann, the second daughter, is about sixteen; a pleasing girl, but her manner is not so formed as her sister. The oldest lad, 25 Walter, is about fifteen; but surprisingly tall of his



age, having the appearance of nineteen. He is quite a sportsman. Scott says he has taught him to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. The younger boy, Charles, however, is the inheritor of his father's genius ;  
5 he is about twelve, and an uncommonly sprightly amusing little fellow. It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening — the dogs stretched before the fire ; the cat perched on a chair ; Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either  
10 reading out of some old romance, or telling border stories. Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophia, who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father.

I am in too great a hurry, however, to make details.  
15 I took the most friendly farewell of them all on Wednesday morning, and had a cordial invitation from Scott to give him another visit on my return from the Highlands ; which, I think it probable, I shall do.

I found Preston here on my arrival ; he had been in  
20 Edinburgh for three days. We shall set off for the Highlands to-morrow. Scott has given me a letter to Hector Macdonald Buchanan of Ross Priory, Loch Lomond, with a request for him to give me a day on the lake. This Macdonald is a fine fellow, I understand,  
25 and a particular friend of Scott. He took Scott up the lake lately in his barge, when Scott visited Loch Lomond, so I shall be able to trace Scott in his Rob Roy scenery.

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(92) *Washington Irving to James K. Paulding*

London, May 27, 1820.

MY DEAR JAMES, — It is some time since I received your very interesting and gratifying letter of January 20th, and I have ever since been on the point of answering it, but been prevented by those thousand petty <sup>5</sup> obstacles that are always in the way of letter writing.

As I am launched upon the literary world here, I find my opportunities of observation extending. Murray's<sup>o</sup> drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters; whenever I have a leisure hour I go <sup>10</sup> there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford,<sup>o</sup> <sup>15</sup> Campbell,<sup>o</sup> Foscolo,<sup>o</sup> Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey,<sup>o</sup> Milman,<sup>o</sup> Scott, Belzoni,<sup>o</sup> etc., etc. Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, as he is now called, passed some few weeks in town lately, on coming up for his baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly, having formed <sup>20</sup> an acquaintance with him two or three years since at his country retreat on the Tweed. He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every pass- <sup>25</sup>

ing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt that I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend. Nor was I deceived; from the first moment that I mentioned my work to him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft; but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject.

Your picture of domestic enjoyment indeed raises my envy. With all my wandering habits, which are the result of circumstances rather than of disposition, I

think I was formed for an honest, domestic, uxorious man, and I cannot hear of my old cronies snugly nestled down with good wives and fine children round them, but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn. Heavens! what a haphazard life mine has been, that 5 here I should be, at this time of life, youth slipping away, and scribbling month after month and year after year, far from home, without any means or prospect of entering into matrimony, which I absolutely believe indispensable to the happiness and even comfort of 10 the after part of existence. When I fell into misfortunes and saw all the means of domestic establishment pass away like a dream, I used to comfort myself with the idea that if I was indeed doomed to remain single, you and Brevoort and Gouv. Kemble<sup>o</sup> would 15 also do the same, and that we should form a knot of queer, rum old bachelors, at some future day, to meet at the corner of Wall Street or walk the sunny side of Broadway and kill time together. But you and Brevoort have given me the slip, and now that Gouv. has 20 turned Vulcan and is forging thunderbolts so successfully in the Highlands, I expect nothing more than to hear of his conveying some blooming bride up to the smithy. But heaven prosper you all, and grant that I may find you all thriving and happy when I return. 25

I cannot close my letter without adverting to the sad story of our gallant friend Decatur; though my heart rises to my throat the moment his idea comes across



my mind. He was a friend "faithful and just" to me, and I have gone through such scenes of life as make a man feel the value of friendship. I can never forget how generously he stepped forth in my behalf when I  
5 felt beaten down and broken-spirited; I can never forget him as the companion of some of my happiest hours, and as mingled with some of the last scenes of home and its enjoyments; these recollections bring him closer to my feelings than all the brilliancy of his public  
10 career. But he has lived through a life of animation and enjoyment, and died in the fullness of fame and prosperity; his cup was always full to the brim, and he has not lingered to drain it to the dregs and taste of the bitterness. I feel most for her he has left behind,  
15 and from all that I recollect of her devoted affection, her disconsolateness even during his temporary absence and jeopardy, I shrink from picturing to myself what must now be her absolute wretchedness. If she is still near you give her my most affectionate remembrances;  
20 to speak of sympathy to her would be intrusion.

And now, my dear James, with a full heart I take my leave of you. Let me hear from you just when it is convenient; no matter how long or how short the letter, nor think any apologies necessary for delays, only let  
25 me hear from you. I may suffer time to elapse myself, being unsettled, and often perplexed and occupied; but believe me always the same in my feelings, however irregular in my conduct, and that no new acquaintances



that a traveller makes in his casual sojournings are apt to wear out the deep recollections of his early friends. Give my love to Gertrude, who I have no doubt is a perfect pattern for wives, and when your boy grows large enough to understand tough stories, tell him some of our early frolics, that he may have some kind of an acquaintance with me against we meet.

Affectionately your friend,

W. IRVING.

(93) *Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory*

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1788. 10

I am sorry, Madam, that *Mes. Villageoises*<sup>o</sup> have no better provender than my *sylogisms* to send to their correspondents, nor am I ambitious of rivalling the barber or innkeeper, and becoming the wit of five miles round. I remember how, long ago, I estimated local 15 renown at its just value by a sort of little adventure that I will tell you; and, since that, there is an admirable chapter somewhere in Voltaire which shows that more extended fame is but local on a little larger scale; it is the chapter of the Chinese who goes into a European 20 bookseller's shop, and is amazed at finding none of the works of his most celebrated countrymen; while the bookseller finds the stranger equally ignorant of western classics.

Well, Madam, here is my tiny story: I went once 25

with Mr. Rigby to see a window of painted glass at Messling, in Essex, and dined at a better sort of ale-house. The landlady waited on us and was notably loquacious and entertained us with the *bons-mots* and  
5 funny exploits of Mr. Charles; Mr. Charles said this, Mr. Charles played such a trick: oh! nothing was so pleasant as Mr. Charles. But how astonished the poor soul was when we asked who Mr. Charles was; and how much more astonished when she found we had  
10 never heard of Mr. Charles Luchyn, who, it seems, is a relation of Lord Grimston, had lived in their village, and been the George Selwyn<sup>o</sup> of half a dozen cottages. . . .

If I have picked up no recent anecdotes on our Com-  
15 mon, I have made a much more, to me, precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for this season. Their story is singular enough to  
20 entertain you. The grandfather, a Scot, had a large estate in his own country, £5000 a year it is said; and a circumstance I shall tell you makes it probable. The eldest son married for love a woman with no fortune. The old man was enraged and would not see  
25 him. The wife died and left these two young ladies. Their grandfather wished for an heir male, and pressed the widower to re-marry, but could not prevail; the son declaring he would consecrate himself to his daugh-

ters and their education. The old man did not break with him again, but much worse, totally disinherited him, and left all to his second son, who very handsomely gave up £800 a year to his elder brother. Mr. Berry has since carried his daughters for two or three years to France and Italy, and they are returned the best-informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation — not more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin and is a perfect French-woman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady Di's gipsies, which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colours. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons.

In short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterise the Berrys; and this is not particularly mine, who am apt to be prejudiced, but the universal voice of all who know them. The first night I met them  
5 I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now I do not know which I like best,  
10 except Mary's face, which is formed for a sentimental novel, but is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing, genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day.  
15 I do not care a straw for cards, but I do disapprove of this partiality to the youngest child of the week; while the other poor six days are treated as if they had no souls to save. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man with a round face, and you would not  
20 suspect him of so much feeling and attachment. I make no excuse for such minute details; for, if your Ladyship insists on hearing the humours of my district, you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls that I found in my path.

(94) *Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys*

Strawberry Hill,

Thursday evening, Aug. 27, 1789.

I jumped for joy, — that is, my heart did, which is all the remain of me that is *in statu jumpante*,<sup>o</sup> — at the receipt of your letter this morning, which tells me you approve of the house at Teddington. How kind you was<sup>o</sup> to answer so incontinently! I believe you borrowed the best steed from the races. I have sent to the landlord to come to me to-morrow: but I could not resist beginning my letter to-night, as I am at home<sup>10</sup> alone, with a little pain in my left wrist; but the right one has no brotherly feeling for it, and would not be put off so. You ask how you have deserved such attentions? Why, by deserving them; by every kind of merit, and by that superlative one to me, your sub-<sup>15</sup>mitting to throw away so much time on a forlorn antique — you two, who, without specifying particulars, (and you must, at least, be conscious that you are not two frights,) might expect any fortune and distinctions, and do delight all companies. On which side lies the<sup>20</sup> wonder? Ask me no more such questions, or I will cram you with reasons. . . .

You must not expect any news from me, French or homebred. I am not in the way of hearing any: your morning gazetteer rarely calls on me, as I am not likely<sup>25</sup> to pay him in kind. About royal progresses, paternal



or filial, I never inquire; nor do you, I believe, care more than I do. The small wares in which the societies at Richmond and Hampton Court deal, are still less to our taste. My poor niece<sup>o</sup> and her sisters take up  
5 most of my time and thoughts: but I will not attrist you to indulge myself, but will break off here, and finish my letter when I have seen your new landlord. Good night!

Friday.

10 Well! I have seen him, and nobody was ever so accommodating! He is as courteous as a candidate for a county. You may stay in his house till Christmas if you please, and shall pay but twenty pounds; and if more furniture is wanting, it shall be supplied.

(95) *Charles Lamb to Miss Wordsworth*

15 June 14, 1805.

MY DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH, — Your long kind letter has not been thrown away (for it has given me great pleasure to find you are all resuming your old occupations, and are better); but poor Mary, to whom  
20 it is addressed, cannot yet relish it. She has been attacked by one of her severe illnesses, and is at present *from home*.<sup>o</sup> Last Monday week was the day she left me, and I hope I may calculate upon having her again in a month or little more. I am rather afraid late  
25 hours have in this case contributed to her indisposition.

But when she discovers symptoms of approaching illness, it is not easy to say what is best to do. Being by ourselves is bad, and going out is bad. I get so irritable and wretched with fear, that I constantly hasten on the disorder. You cannot conceive the 5 misery of such a foresight. I am sure that, for the week before she left me, I was little better than light-headed. I now am calm, but sadly taken down and flat. I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all her former ones, will be but temporary; but I 10 cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say 15 all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe, or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older 20 and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years 25 past incessantly with my cursed drinking and ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved

to me for better, for worse ; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade. I am stupid, and lose myself in what I write. I write rather what answers to my feelings (which are sometimes sharp  
5 enough) than express my present ones, for I am only flat and stupid. I am sure you will excuse my writing any more. I am so very poorly. . . .

This is a little unfair, to tell so much about ourselves, and to advert so little to your letter, so full of comfort-  
10 able tidings of you all. But my own cares press pretty close upon me, and you can make allowance. That you may go on gathering strength and peace is my next wish to Mary's recovery.

I had almost forgot your repeated invitation. Sup-  
15 posing that Mary will be well and able, there is another *ability* which you may guess at, which I cannot promise myself. In prudence we ought not to come. This illness will make it still more prudential to wait. It is not a balance of this way of spending our money against  
20 another way, but an absolute question of whether we shall stop now, or go on wasting away the little we have got beforehand, which my wise conduct has already encroached upon one half. My best love, however, to you all ; and to that most friendly creature, Mrs.  
25 Clarkson, and better health to her, when you see or write to her.

CHARLES LAMB.

(96) *James Russell Lowell to E. L. Godkin*

Elmwood, 8th Jany., 1869.

Don't think I have gone mad that I so pepper you with letters. I have a reason, as you will see presently. But in the first place let me thank you for the article on Miss Dickinson,<sup>o</sup> which was just what I wanted and <sup>5</sup> expected, for (excuse me) you preach the best lay sermons I know of. I know it is a weakness and all that, but I was born with an impulse to tell people when I like them and what they do, and I look upon you as a great public benefactor. I sit under your preaching <sup>10</sup> every week<sup>o</sup> with indescribable satisfaction, and know just how young women feel toward their parson, but, let Mrs. Godkin take courage, I can't marry you!

My interest in the *Nation* is one of gratitude, and has nothing to do with my friendship for you. I am <sup>15</sup> sure from what I hear said against you that you are doing great good and that you are respected. I may be wrong, but I sincerely believe you have raised the tone of the American press.

I don't want to pay for the *Nation* myself. I take a <sup>20</sup> certain satisfaction in the large *F.* on the address of my copy. It is the only thing for which I was ever deadheaded. But I wish to do something in return. So I enclose my check for \$25 and wish you to send the paper to five places where it will do most good to others <sup>25</sup> and to itself. Find out five college reading-rooms

and send it to them for a year. Those who read it will want to keep on reading it. I can think of no wiser plan. Send one to the University of Virginia and one to the College in South Carolina. One perhaps would  
 5 do good if sent to Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Georgia. He was a rebel colonel, I believe, but is in a good frame of mind, if I may judge from what he has written to me.

(97) *James Russell Lowell to Mrs. Godkin*

Elmwood, 6th July, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. GODKIN, — I promised *him* (you  
 10 will know whom I mean, for women never recognize more than one He on this planet — at one time) that I would send him a copy of some extrumpery<sup>o</sup> verses which I declaimed at the Commencement dinner. I need not say they are purely oratorical — *ça va sans*  
 15 *dire*<sup>o</sup> — and need I explain why there are so many of 'em? “Heavens!” I hear him exclaiming as you toss them upon his desk unread and return to your needle — “does he know that the *News* allows me at most a column and a half?” *Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*,<sup>o</sup>  
 20 these verse-makers stuff their pages full as a Broadway omnibus. And they are so ready to pick a quarrel if you don't print the whole of 'em. “The *whole* of 'em to be sure! Why didn't he send me a translation of the *Ramayana*,<sup>o</sup> or whatever the confounded thing's  
 25 name is?” Now therefore these presents are to author-



ize him to take or leave as he pleases. Gurney told me what had got into the papers, and I wanted to give him more as putting him on the foot of the most friendly powers. But let him at all events stick to *my* copy, which is the sole authentic. Let him observe that I <sup>5</sup> call the Adamses *sturdy* and not *stalwart*, with other second thoughts for the better. 'Tis an improvisation at best, and I did not wish a line of it printed — but see these verse-makers! They don't know how to stop in copying any more than in reading their verses. <sup>10</sup> However, he won't offend *me* if he don't use a word of it. So far you may read aloud — the rest to yourself. He is modest, as all manly fellows are, and won't give you any notion how warm his reception was at the dinner. It was warmer than anybody's (yes, *anybody's*, <sup>15</sup> and that includes, well, a good many respectable persons and one in special, but I forbear). There was a rolling fire of clappings and cheers that died away and began again louder than ever for several minutes. I rapped on the table till my knuckles were sore, and that or <sup>20</sup> something positively made my eyes water. It was *really splendid*, as Mabel says. It was the first instalment of his good-service pension. "Well, well," you say a little impatiently and tap with your little foot, "but how did he *look*?" Precisely as he used when <sup>25</sup> somebody was Miss Foote.° He looked as much like that old-fashioned thing we used to call a Man (you remember 'em, perhaps? No? Well, you *are* hardly

old enough) as anybody I ever saw — erect, head well thrown back like a boxer's, and lots of fight in it — and all the while I was envying him that splendid white waistcoat that set off his chest to such advantage. Do  
5 you see him? The only fault was that you couldn't be there. You'd have cried, though, I'll lay a five-cent piece, the largest coin we have. Now, if, after reading this you should go and just do something nice to him in a womanly way, it would serve him perfectly right.  
10 P. S. He made a very nice speech, too.

He will be puzzled to think how I recollected the number of your P. O. box. I have observed that people are valued nowadays mainly for the variety of their useless historical knowledge, and I know I shall rise  
15 in his opinion by telling him that 1548 was the date of the Smalcaldic league or the Confession of Augsburg or the Conquest of Mexico or something of the sort. At any rate, one of Henry VIIIth's wives *must* have been beheaded in that year — a year ever precious to  
20 the believers in proper household discipline. *That's* the way I remembered it.

## X. DE GUSTIBUS

(98) *Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth*

Jan. 30, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland.° With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. 5 Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The 10 lighted shops of the Strand° and Fleet Street:° the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers: coaches, wagons, playhouses: all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden:° the very women of the Town: the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles° — life 15 awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night: the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street: the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements: the printshops, the old-book stalls, parsons cheapening° books: coffee-houses, steams of 20

soups from kitchens: the pantomimes — London itself a pantomime and a masquerade: all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels  
5 me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have  
10 lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local — I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books)  
15 for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a bookcase which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I  
20 have sunned myself, my old school<sup>o</sup> — these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes,  
25 affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof

beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind : and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confidently called ; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men, in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.<sup>o</sup>

Give my kindest love and my sister's to D.<sup>o</sup> and yourself. And a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite.<sup>10</sup> Thank you for liking my play !

C. L.

(99) *Charles Lamb to Coleridge*

September 8, 1802.

DEAR COLERIDGE, — I thought of not writing till we had performed some of our commissions ; but we<sup>15</sup> have been hindered from setting about them, which yet shall be done to a tittle. We got home very pleasantly on Sunday. Mary is a good deal fatigued, and finds the difference of going *to* a place and coming *from* it. I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the<sup>20</sup> last day I live. They haunt me perpetually. I am like a man who has been falling in love unknown to himself, which he finds out when he leaves the lady. I do not remember any very strong impression while they were present, but, being gone, their mementos are<sup>25</sup> shelved in my brain. . . .



(100) *Celia Thaxter to J. G. Whittier*

You cannot know what a joy your dear letter is to me. I have read it again and again. Ah, my dear friend, you speak so kindly! But who in our time has given so much strength and refreshment as you have done, 5 not only to your friends and your country, but to all the world, which has been bettered by your living in it?

Yes, I had a quiet, lovely winter in Portsmouth. I did more writing than for years, and was well and content until about three weeks ago, when I was suddenly 10 very ill, as I have been twice before, for no reason that anybody appears able to find out, except "overwork" the doctors say, in years past. I say as little about it as possible.

I do not mind the thought of death, it means only 15 fuller life, but there is a pang in the thought of leaving Karl. But I know the heavenly Father provides for all. It may be I shall get quite well and strong again in this beautiful air. I hope so, but whatever befalls, I am ready and know that all is for best.

20 Never did the island<sup>o</sup> look so lovely in the early spring since I was a little child playing on the rocks at White Island. Oh the delicious dawns and crimson sunsets, the calm blue sea, the tender sky, the chorus of the birds! It all makes me so happy! Sometimes 25 I wonder if it is wise or well to love any spot on this old earth as intensely as I do this! I am wrapped up in

measureless content<sup>o</sup> as I sit on the steps in the sun in my little garden, where the freshly turned earth is odorous of the spring. How I hope you can come to us this summer! Every year I plant the garden, for your dear eyes, with yellow flowers. I never forget<sup>5</sup> those lovely summers long ago when you came and loved my flowers.

I am going to send you with this a little copy of an old picture of Karl and myself when we were babes together, he one year old, I eighteen. 10

Thank you for the beautiful poem you enclosed. It is most lovely. You ask what I have been writing? A great deal, for me. I wish I had sent you the April "St. Nicholas,"<sup>o</sup> for in it is a version I made of Tolstoi's "Where love is there is God also." I had such rever-  
ence for the great author's work I hardly dared touch<sup>15</sup> it, but I did it with the greatest love. I called it "The Heavenly Guest." Dear Sarah Jewett has a sweet story begun in the April number, and my poem follows.

Ever with deep, gentle, grateful love,

Your C. T. 20

(101) *John Ruskin to a College Friend*

53 Russell Terrace, Leamington.

(My future address till further notice.)

September 27 (Postmark, 1841)<sup>o</sup>

MY DEAR C, — Your kind letter of the 18th with its<sup>25</sup> dissertation on the duties of correspondence puts me

into a very particular quandary. For after a great many generalities about sensible and useful letter-writers — and very proper resolutions to drop all who are not sensible and useful in all they say or write —  
5 you ask me pointedly whether I think this a correct line to draw. To which query, if I give a definite answer, you may turn round upon me with an “Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee,” and vow you will have nothing more to do with anybody writing such a  
10 cramped hand and so much nonsense. Wherefore all I can say is, that if you keep me you may cut as many other people as you like; and if you cut me your principles are radically wrong. You say chit-chat on both sides is wrong. Would it be wrong to rest yourself in  
15 conversational chit-chat? and is the stroke of the pen so very laborious as to render that which from the tongue is recreation, labor from the fingers — to make what would be innocent in sound, criminal in sight? Are there not many five minutes in the course of the week  
20 when an instant’s odd feeling might be noted down, a perishing thought arrested, a passing “castle in the air” expressed — with much pleasure to your friend, and perhaps some even to yourself? I rather think that the choice of our correspondents should be referred  
25 rather to our feelings of pleasure than of duty. If I think a person can sympathise with me in a stray feeling I have pleasure in communicating it; and more in doing so on paper than by words, because I can do it

more completely. Therefore I do not look to my correspondence as a duty to be performed, but as the very best mode of entering into society, because one talks on paper without ever uttering absolute truisms to fill up a pause, without ever losing one's temper, <sup>5</sup> without forgetting what one has got to say, without being subjected to any of the thousand and one ills and accidents of real conversation. Therefore if I like a friend at all, I like him on paper. And to say I will not correspond with a person is just the same as <sup>10</sup> saying I will not know him more than I am compelled to do. This is going very far — but I hate society in general. I have no pleasure, but much penance, in even the *presence* of nine out of ten human beings. Those only I like to be with, whom I like to write to — <sup>15</sup> and *vice versâ*. I think, therefore, when you say that you cannot conscientiously correspond with people, it is much the same as saying you cannot associate with them. For surely time is generally ten thousand times more wasted in the commonplaces of the tongue, than <sup>20</sup> in selecting such pieces of our mind as would be glad of sympathy, and folding them in the sheet of paper for our friend. I don't think it ought to be labor. You should learn to write with your eyes shut, and then it is mere exercise of the right hand.

25

You ask me if I am thinking about my degree. If my health continues to improve I shall go up for a pass<sup>o</sup> next Easter. Jephson says he will make me perfectly



well; he has made me much fatter already — or, to speak more correctly, less lean. Chest I think a little better; altogether I am under no anxiety.

I am sorry to say I know absolutely nothing of entomology. I have a great respect for the science; but I always thought it a disagreeable one in practice, partly for the constant life-taking, partly from the concatenation of camphoric smells which one's collection constantly exhales, and partly because — to make any progress — a constant dissection and anatomising must be gone into, really as laborious and half as disgusting as any transaction at Surgeons' Hall. I was much tempted to begin botany among the ruins of Rome, but I found it did not suit my eyes at all, and gave it up. I find quite enough to do with the sciences necessary to geology. Chemistry and fossil ichthyology are enough for a lifetime in themselves. Do you know, I don't remember recommending any political life of Burke. Nor do I think such a thing has been produced by any friend of mine. You had better think over your acquaintances, lest you pass the real recommender thankless by.

You ask me if I would not prefer notes often to letters seldom. I don't know. Notes are always half filled up with dates and signatures and formulas. But if, without wasting time on any such rubbish, you will write on pleasantly and easily to yourself, and as the bits are done send each off — a thought now and a



thought then, with E. C. at the bottom and no "my dear J.," nor hopes of anything, nor remembrance to anybody — then I should most certainly prefer hearing often of you to getting a double sheet once a twelve-month. Remember, however, that the notes are the actual losers of time in folding, sealing and posting. Still I am not sure that I should not be the gainer by it, for unless you keep your long letters by you, and write a bit now and a bit then, there will certainly be less in it than in the aggregate of notes. 10

I am a sad fellow for new books — I see very few. Allison's "History of Europe" has an over-reputation at present. I am reading it, and find it verbose and inconsistent with itself in opinions and arguments. But as a statement of facts I should think it excellent. 15 There were several things I had to say I haven't said, but I will write again soon. Sincere regards to all your family.

Ever most truly your friend,

J. RUSKIN. 20

(102) *John Richard Green to Mrs. Humphry Ward*

Hotel Quisisana, Isola di Capri,  
January 15, 1873.

I have just been reading over Humphry's last letter again, dear Mary, and fell so terribly a-longing for the villa which I have never seen, the new semi-grand "by 25 Kaps," the cat and the china, the long winter evenings

and chats among the knick-knackereries, that I had to rush out on to the hillside and bask myself into content in the sunshine. It is worrying, I know, to be always harping on the sunshine; but really it is one's life here, the one great daily marvel and daily joy, this uninterrupted succession of *hot* summer days which drive one in sometimes for shade, and which makes one sit down — as I did this afternoon — every half hour to wipe one's brow and mutter "very hot," as one might in the hottest August of England. I keep a sun-diary, and I find that since the 15th of December, *i.e.* during a whole month, we have had only two cloudy days, and of those one was quite warm, nor has there been a drop of rain. The days have been blue, cloudless, summer days; much of the fine blue owing no doubt to a slight north wind, but that matters nothing here as we are wholly sheltered on one side of the island from *every* wind but the South. It is this which makes the Island so greatly preferable as a winter station to the Riviera,<sup>o</sup> where the sunshine is chequered with biting east and southeast winds of truly English quality, especially in March. I shall certainly spend March here — it is something to have found a place where one can live unscourged by Kingsley's "wind of God."

I wonder whether Capri will equal the Riviera in its spring-burst of flowers? As yet we have only plenty of anemones, and a beautiful blue flower on the hills whose name I don't know, and certain crocuses in a

precipitous spot I haven't ventured to. I shall be almost sorry, I think, if I do find anything anywhere to equal that sight of beautiful wonder, the sudden flushing of terrace after terrace into bright banks of color which will always be associated in my mind with San Remo.<sup>o</sup>

Of course I am wonderfully well — in other words it is sunshine — but one thing is becoming clearer and clearer to me, and that is that I have got to the end of my improvement tether. I am a different fellow to what I was even a year ago; but I am afraid I shall never be much better than I am, and that I must lay aside all hope of what people call a "cure." Increased strength seems to bring little ability to face the least cold, the least anxiety or over-exertion. It is easier than it was of old to pick myself up, but I run down just as fast as I ever did. I should have thought little of this even a year ago; but like a fool I had begun to nurse silly hopes of "being well again," and doing as other folk do, and now I find it a little hard to face the truth — the truth that I must resign myself if I live to the life of an invalid — the (illegible) that is so out of harmony with my natural temper. I don't grumble — for after all such a life is no obstacle to quiet writing, and may perhaps lead one to a truer end of life than one had planned. But sometimes there comes on me a rebellion against the quiet of the student life, a rush of energy and longing to "battle," and then it is hard to

beat one's wings against the cage the Fates have made for one.

I wonder whether it will end in my settling down in some sunny Italian nook, in this Capri for example? If I can never hope to "spend a winter in England," which seems likely enough, if I can never return till the end of May, and must flit again at the close of September — would it not be better to give up the notion of an "English home" altogether, and look on England only as a summer holiday run? This is what my thoughts run on, and the more so because with my books in England I am so terribly hampered in writing. I want to bring home my "Little Book" finished, and then after "Little France," which will take a couple of months I suppose, to plunge fairly into the Angevins. But the "Angevins" want a library at one's elbow, and in a month or so after beginning them would come the order to depart. I am very, very puzzled; how I wish I had married long ago, before it was cowardly to think of marrying, as it is now I take it. One has no right to ask a woman to tie herself to a fellow who must live in sunshine. The artists here have a way of marrying Caprese donkey-girls and the like, and perhaps I might aspire to a donkey-girl. As to beauty she would be perfect. I know half a dozen donkey-girls here who are more beautiful than any Englishwoman I ever saw. I wish you and other people hadn't spoilt me for marrying with donkey-girls, and filled me with dreams of



“cosy chats” and pretty knick-knackeries and a grand piano “by Kaps.”

The young parroco comes to me to-night to begin my Italian lessons. I am curious to know him, for he is evidently an active fellow — a reformer who has so roused the wrath of the easy going old Canons that on St. Stephen's Day they set on him with the big candles in the Sacristy vowing they “would make a St. Stephen° of him,” has roused the wrath of the artists by refusing to give absolution to any girl who sits as a model, and the wrath of the island at large by making war on the Tarantella,° but with all this has taught himself English, has a good library of English Tauchnitzes,° and is the only man in the island who doesn't rest on *far niente*° and the *dolcezza* thereof. 15

He *hasn't* put down the Tarantella, for the simple reason that it is born in the people, and that the moment you sing or dance off they go in the prettiest, most bewitching dance the sun ever shone on. It is amusing to see the little ones begin, and then the spell to spread to the bronzed fisherman looking on who suddenly flings up his arms, and bounds lightly as air over to the stalwart “Costanza,” who puts down her great basket from her head and sways from side to side in that indescribable way, and then the old women begin to clap their hands, and the old men to drum in tune on the ground, and every one to laugh, to sing, to dance, and so the world goes round. A *buon genti*° these Caprese — as they al-



ways call themselves, always ready for a joke, a chat, a halfpenny, liking best people who laugh with them, ask after their boys' schooling, and carry out the doctrine of equality in the practical Italian fashion.

5                    Good-bye. — Yours affectionately,  
J. G. R.

(103) *Horace Walpole to the Reverend William Mason*<sup>o</sup>

Nov. 27, 1775.

I thought it long since I heard from you. It is plain you did not forget me, for the first moment of an  
10 opportunity to show me kindness made you show it. Fortunately I had written to Lord Strafford the very day you wrote to me, and our letters passed each other, though without bowing. I think it still more fortunate that I had not written sooner, because I like to be  
15 obliged to you. I had delayed because in truth I had nothing to say but what I thought; and when my friends and I do not think alike, I prefer silence to contradiction or disputes, for I cannot say what I do not think, especially to my friends; to other people one can  
20 talk a good deal of nonsense, which serves instead of thinking.

Your delay of coming displeases me, because what I wish, I wish for immediately. When spring comes, I shall be glad my joy was postponed, and I like better  
25 to see you at Strawberry<sup>o</sup> than in town, especially

when Strawberry is in its beauty: and as you and it are two chiefs of the few pleasures I have left, or to come, I am luxurious and love a complete banquet.

What shall I say more? talk politics? no; we think too much alike. England was, Scotland is — indeed <sup>5</sup> by the blunders the latter has made one sees its Irish origin, — but I had rather talk of anything else. I see nothing but ruin, whatever shall happen; and what idle solicitude is that of childless old people, who are anxious about the first fifty years after their death, and do not <sup>10</sup> reflect that in the eternity to follow, fifty or five hundred years are a moment, and that all countries fall sooner or later.

Naturally I fly to books: there is a finis too, for I cannot read Dean Tucker,<sup>o</sup> nor Newspapers. We <sup>15</sup> have had nothing at all this winter but ‘Sterne’s<sup>o</sup> Letters,’ and what are almost as nothingly — Lady Luxborough’s.<sup>o</sup> She does not write ill, or, as I expected, affectedly, like a woman, but talks of *scrawls*, and of her letters being *stupid*. She had no spirit, no wit, knew no <sup>20</sup> events; she idolises poor Shenstone, who was scarce above her, and flatters him, to be flattered. A stronger proof of her having no taste is, that she says coldly, she likes Gray’s ‘Churchyard’<sup>o</sup> *well*. In good truth the productions of this country and age are suited to <sup>25</sup> its natives. Mr. Cumberland, the maker of plays, told me lately, it *was pity Gray’s Letters were printed; they had disappointed him much*. No doubt he likes

Sterne's, and Shenstone's and Lady Luxborough's. Oh! Dodsley,<sup>o</sup> print away; you will never want authors or readers, unless a classic work like 'Gray's Life' should, as Richardson said of Milton, be "born two  
5 thousand years after its time!"

I approve your printing in manuscript, that is, not for the public, for who knows how long the public will be able, or be permitted to read? Bury a few copies against this Island is rediscovered. Some American  
10 versed in the old English language will translate it, and revive the true taste in gardening; though he will smile at the diminutive scenes on the little Thames when he is planting a forest on the banks of the Oronoko. I love to skip into futurity and imagine what will be  
15 done on the giant scale of a new hemisphere; but I am in little London, and must go and dress for a dinner with some of the inhabitants of that ancient metropolis, now in ruins, which was really for a moment the capital of a large empire, but the poor man who made it so,  
20 outlived himself and the duration of the empire.

(104) *Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory*<sup>o</sup>

Strawberry Hill, Christmas night, 1773.

You must not expect, Madam, not to be scolded, when you excuse yourself so well. You and the King of Prussia,<sup>o</sup> and Major-General Xenophon,<sup>o</sup> shine more  
25 by retreats after a defeat occasioned by your own faults,

than others by victories. I am now doubly obliged to rate you, for you have made me your ghostly<sup>o</sup> father, and confessed your sins of omission; indeed, we old directors are more tickled with details of those committed, and are so afraid the penitent should forget the 5 minutest circumstance! This part of my office, you tell me, is to be a sinecure for the future; it is well I have so good an opinion of you, Madam, or don't you think my imagination would help me a little, as well as you suppose it does in filling up your sentences? 10

Your reflection on Madame de Grignan's<sup>o</sup> letter after her mother's death is just, tender, and admirable, and like the painter's<sup>o</sup> hiding Agamemnon's face, when he despaired of expressing the agony of a parent. No, Madame de Sevigné could not have written a letter of 15 grief, if her daughter had died first. Such delicacy in sentiment women only can feel. *We* can never attain that sensibility, which is at once refined and yet natural and easy, and which makes your sex write letters so much better than men ever did or can; and which if 20 you will allow me to pun in Latin, though it seems your ladyship does not understand that language, I could lay down an infallible truth in the words of my godfather,<sup>o</sup>

“*Pennis non homini datis,*”

the English of which is, “it was not given to *man* to 25 write letters.” . . .

I have not a word more to say; and this being but a



parcel of answers to questions, no matter when it sets out. As your confessor, I dispense with, nay, enjoin your breaking your last rash vow, of writing no more long letters; nay, you have not written a long one yet.

5 The god of letter-writing does not, like the god of Chancery Lane, count by sheets of paper or parchment. If your Ladyship's pen straddles, like the giant's boots, over seven leagues or pages at once, the packet is the heavier, but the letter has not a word the more in it.

10 I am grateful for every syllable you do write, nay, am reasonable, and do not expect volumes from the country; but I cannot allow that a sheet and a half are longer than one sheet, when they hold no more. I speak from self-interest; I write so close that these two

15 pages and a bit would make three sheets in your Ladyship's hand; and then what apologies and promises I should have to make for the enormity of my letters. Well, this is not a reproof, but a mark of my attention to all you say and do; and how determined I am to

20 bate nothing of the intrinsic. This has been a very barren half year. The next, I hope, will reinstate my letters in their proper character of newspapers.

(105) *Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory*

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1777.

Write to Sir George about my own writings! — sure,

25 Madam, you do not think I would for the world!



What in the name of fortune could I write but affectation and false modesty? — and then he writes again, and is more civil; and I then protest I cannot spell my own name; and then and then, I am in for a new correspondence. I beg to be excused. 5

I have time to write to nobody but on business, or to a few that are used to my ways, and with whom I don't mind whether I stand on my head or my heels. I beg your honor's pardon, for you are one to whom I can write comfortably, though I know you keep my letters; 10 and it is, I must say, no small merit or courage that I still continue to write to you, without having the fear of sense before my eyes; but since neither Aristotle° nor Bossu° have laid down rules for letters, and consequently have left them to their native wildness, I shall 15 persist in saying whatever comes uppermost, and the less I am understood by anybody but the person I write to, so much the better. St. Paul is my model for letter-writing, who being a man of fashion, and very unaffected, never studies for what he shall say, but in one 20 paragraph takes care of Timothy's soul, and in the next of his own cloak.°

However, though I will not engage with him in person, I must beg your good Ladyship to assure Sir George, I mean Lord Macartney, how very sensible I 25 am of his partiality to me; which at least I will never forfeit, for you may safely take your Bible oath to him that I have entirely forsworn being an author. “*Quod*

*scripsi, scripsi*°;” and the things must shift for themselves; but the clock has struck thréescore; and if I have not written very foolishly, I will take care that I will not. My outward man is so weak and shattered, 5 that in all probability the inward has its share in the *délabrement*°; but as of that I can be no judge myself, and as I am sure nobody will tell me, it is rather wiser not to risk exposing myself. The Catalogue of my collection° will be no more worth reading than one of 10 Christie’s° auction-books, and the prints are not yet half finished. Lord Macartney shall have one as soon as any man; he has always been kind to me; I have a very sincere regard for him; and particularly for his infinite goodnature, which I value in him, and in any- 15 body, more than their parts. I rejoice in his good fortune, especially as it is due to his amiable qualities, for what is so glorious as to have the governed reward their governor! The gratitude of a whole people is the noblest of all epitaphs. . . .

20 You ask when will American news come? A cargo is come, and if you are a sound courtier, Madam, you will believe every tittle, though it comes from Margate, which is not exactly the side of our island nearest to America. What is more strange, is, that though every 25 one of our generals has gained a separate victory, every one of them is too modest to have sent any account of it. However, one captain of a sloop happened to be at the very point and moment of intelligence when all the

accounts arrived at New York. In London, I hear, there are very contradictory letters. I am assured too that an officer is arrived, but the Gazette was so afflicted for the Margravine Dowager of Bareith, that it forgot to let us know what he says. In fine, it is believed that 5 General Howe was on his march to Philadelphia; all the rest is thought to be hartshorn for the stocks and the lottery tickets. Don't you begin to think, Madam, that it is pleasanter to read history than to live it? Battles are fought, and towns taken in every page, but 10 a campaign takes six or seven months to hear, and achieves no great matter at last. I dare to say Alexander seemed to the coffee-houses of Pella a monstrous while about conquering the world. As to this American war, I am persuaded it will last to the end of the cen- 15 tury; and then it is so inconvenient to have all letters come by the post of the ocean! People should never go to war above ten miles off, as the Grecian States used to do. Then one might have a Gazette every morning at breakfast. I hope Bengal will not rebel in my time, for 20 then one shall be eighteen months between hearing that the army has taken the field and is gone into winter-quarters.

My nephew, George Cholmondeley (for I am uncle to all the world), dined here to-day, and repeated part 25 of a very good copy of verses from Sheridan<sup>o</sup> to Mrs. Crewe.<sup>o</sup> Has your Ladyship seen them? I trust they will not long retain their MS.-hood.

(106) *James Russell Lowell to E. L. Godkin*

Elmwood, 20th Dec., 1871.

I haven't looked into Taine's book since it first appeared seven years ago, and as I had no thought of reviewing it, I find that I did not mark it as I read. To  
5 write a competent review, I should have to read it all through again, for which I have neither time nor the head just now. I have just been writing about Masson's "Life of Milton" for the *N. A.*<sup>o</sup> and the result has convinced me that my brain is softening. You are the  
10 only man I know who carries his head perfectly steady, and I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always that I am half persuaded I edit it myself! Or rather you always say what I would have said — if I had only thought of it.

15 I am thinking of coming to New York for a day or two next week to see you and a few other friends. Somehow my youth is revived in me, and I have a great longing for an hour or two in Page's<sup>o</sup> studio to convince me that I am really only twenty-four as I seem to myself.  
20 So get ready to be jolly, for I mean to bring a spare trunk full of good spirits with me and to forget that I have ever been professor or author or any other kind of nuisance. Just as I was in fancy kicking off my ball and chain, a glance at the clock tells me I must run  
25 down to college! But when I come to N. Y. (since I can't get rid of them) I shall wear 'em as a breastpin.



I have seen some nearly as large. Dickens had one when I first saw him in '42.

Give Schenck another shot. Also say something on the queer notion of the Republican party that they can get along without their brains. "Time was that when the brains were out the man would *die*," ° but *nous avons changé tout cela*.

(107) *James Russell Lowell to E. L. Godkin*

Elmwood, 16th July, 1874.

Thanks for your greeting. Give my love to Mrs. Godkin and tell her I don't change my opinion of people so lightly. I made up my mind about the *Nation* ° and its editor (and his wife) a good while ago and am not very likely to shift while I keep my wits. As to what the *Nation* may have said of me, that is *its* affair and not mine. When I have done my best, I am so made that I do not bother myself about what other people think. If one have done a good thing, no conspiracy can keep it secret long, and if one have trusted himself to a balloon with a leak in it, no puffing of the aeronaut, still less of his friends below, will save it from coming back to earth again with a bump. So far as I know, the *Nation* has always treated me quite as well as I deserve, and if not, why, God be praised, I do not base my judgment of men on their opinions of me. I stayed at Geneva several weeks longer than I intended, mainly because it was the only town on the Continent where



I could buy the *Nation* — more shame to you! You might at least have an agency in Paris. All the time I was without it, my mind was chaos, and I didn't feel that I had a safe opinion to swear by. If this do not  
5 set Mrs. Godkin's heart at ease (for I am sure her wits had nothing to do with her solicitude), I shall have to invent some graceful lie as I learned to do in Gaul.

Thus far I have nothing to complain of at home but the heat, which takes hold like a bull-dog after that  
10 toothless summer of England, where they have on the whole the best climate this side of Dante's terrestrial paradise. The air there always seems native to my lungs. As for my grandson, he is a noble fellow and does me great credit. . . . I am going to Southborough to-day  
15 on a visit to him, for I miss him woundily.° If you wish to taste the real *bouquet* of life, I advise you to procure yourself a grandson, whether by adoption or theft. The cases of child-stealing one reads of in the newspapers now and then may all, I am satisfied, be  
20 traced to this natural and healthy instinct. A grandson is one of the necessities of middle life and may be innocently purloined (or taken by right of eminent domain°) on the *tabula in naufragio*° principle. Get one, and the *Nation* will no longer offend anybody.

25 I rejoice to hear of the *Nation's* prosperity as a piece of general good fortune. May your pen be as sharp as ever — except in the case of elderly poets, if such are possible.

## XI. COUNSEL AND ADVICE

### (108) *Lord Chesterfield to His Son*<sup>o</sup>

Bath, October 4, 1738.

MY DEAR CHILD:—By my writing so often, and by the manner in which I write, you will easily see that I do not treat you as a little child, but as a boy who loves to learn, and is ambitious of receiving instructions. I am even persuaded, that, in reading my letters, you are attentive, not only to the subject of which they treat, but likewise to the orthography and to the style. It is of the greatest importance to write letters well; as this is a talent which unavoid-<sup>10</sup> ably occurs every day of one's life, as well in business as in pleasure; and inaccuracies in orthography or in style are never pardoned but in ladies. When you are older, you will read the "Epistles" (that is to say Letters) of Cicero; which are the most perfect models<sup>15</sup> of good writing. *A propos* of Cicero, I must give you some account of him. He was an old Roman, who lived eighteen hundred years ago; a man of great genius, and the most celebrated orator that ever was. Will it not be necessary to explain to you what an<sup>20</sup> orator is? I believe I must. An orator is a man

who harangues in a public assembly, and who speaks with eloquence; that is to say, who reasons well, has a fine style, and chooses his words properly. Now never man succeeded better than Cicero in all those  
5 different points; he used sometimes to speak to the whole people of Rome assembled; and, by the force of his eloquence, persuaded them to whatever he pleased. At other times, he used to undertake causes, and plead for his clients in courts of judicature; and  
10 in those causes he generally had all the suffrages, that is to say, all the opinions, all the decisions, in his favor. While the Roman republic enjoyed its freedom, he did very signal services to his country; but after it was enslaved by Julius Cæsar, the first Emperor of  
15 the Romans, Cicero became suspected by the tyrants; and was at last put to death by order of Mark Antony, who hated him for the severity of his orations against him, at the time that he endeavored to obtain the sovereignty of Rome.

20 In case there should be any words in my letters which you do not perfectly understand, remember always to inquire the explanation from your mamma, or else to seek for them in the dictionary. Adieu.

(109) *The Earl of Chesterfield to His Son*

Isleworth, September 19, 1739.

25 MY DEAR CHILD: I am very well pleased with your last letter. The writing was very good, and the prom-

ise you make exceedingly fine. You must keep it, for an honest man never breaks his word. You engage to retain the instructions which I give you. That is sufficient, for though you do not properly comprehend them at present, age and reflection will, in 5 time, make you understand them.

With respect to the contents of your letter, I believe you have had proper assistance; indeed, I do not as yet expect that you can write a letter without help. You ought, however, to try, for nothing is more requi- 10 site than to write a good letter. Nothing in fact is more easy. Most persons who write ill, do so because they aim at writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style. Whereas, to write well, we must write easily and natu- 15 rally. For instance, if you want to write a letter to me, you should only consider what you would say if you were with me, and then write it in plain terms, just as if you were conversing. I will suppose, then, that you sit down to write to me unassisted, and I 20 imagine your letter would probably be much in these words: —

My dear Papa: I have been at Mr. Maittaire's this morning, where I have translated English into Latin and Latin into English, and so well, that at the 25 end of my exercise he has writ *optime*. I have likewise repeated a Greek verb, and pretty well. After this I ran home, like a little *wild boy*, and played till dinner-

time. This became a serious task, for I ate like a wolf: and by that you may judge that I am in very good health. Adieu.

Well, sir, the above is a good letter, and yet very easily written, because it is exceedingly natural. Endeavor then sometimes to write to me of yourself, without minding either the beauty of the writing or the straightness of the lines. Take as little trouble as possible. By that means you will by degrees use yourself to write perfectly well, and with ease. Adieu. Come to me to-morrow at twelve, or Friday morning at eight o'clock.

(110) *The Earl of Chesterfield to His Son*

Saturday.

SIR: The fame of your erudition, and other shining qualifications, having reached to Lord Orrery, he desired me, that you might dine with him and his son, Lord Boyle, next Sunday; which I told him you should. By this time, I suppose, you have heard from him; if you have not, you must however, go there between two and three to-morrow, and say that you came to wait upon Lord Boyle, according to his Lordship's orders, of which I informed you. As this will deprive me of the honor and pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow, I will hope for it at breakfast, and shall take care to have your chocolate ready.



Though I need not tell one of your age, experience, and knowledge of the world, how necessary good-breeding is, to recommend one to mankind; yet as your various occupations of Greek and cricket, Latin and pitch-farthing, may possibly divert your attention 5 from this subject, I take the liberty of reminding you of it, and desiring you to be very well-bred, at Lord Orrery's. It is good-breeding alone that can prepossess people in your favor at first sight, more time being necessary to discover greater talents. This 10 good-breeding, you know, does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony; but in an easy, civil and respectful behavior. You will take care, therefore, to answer with complaisance, when you are spoken to; to place yourself at the lower end of the table, unless 15 bid to go higher; to drink first to the lady of the house, and next to the master; not to eat awkwardly or dirtily; not to sit when others stand, and to do all this with an air of complaisance, and not with a grave, sour look, as if you did it all unwillingly. I do not 20 mean a silly, insipid smile, that fools have when they would be civil; but an air of sensible good-humor. I hardly know anything so difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good-breeding; which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality and imper- 25 tinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is often necessary, a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so; and an outward modesty

is extremely becoming; the knowledge of the world, and your own observations, must, and alone can tell you the proper quantities of each.

Mr. Fitzgerald was with me yesterday, and commended you much; go on to deserve commendations, and you will certainly meet with them. Adieu.

(111) *The Earl of Chesterfield to His Son*

London, May 6, O. S., 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The best authors are always the severest critics of their own works; they revise, correct, file, and polish them, till they think they have brought them to perfection. Considering you as my work, I do not look upon myself as a bad author, and am therefore a severe critic. I examine narrowly into the least inaccuracy or inelegance, in order to correct, not to expose them, and that the work may be perfect at last. You are, I know, exceedingly improved in your air, address, and manners, since you have been at Paris; but still there is, I believe, room for further improvement before you come to that perfection which I have set my heart upon seeing you arrive at; and till that moment I must continue filing and polishing. In a letter that I received by last post, from a friend of yours at Paris, there was this paragraph: "I have the honour to assure you, without flattery, that Mr. Stanhope succeeds beyond what

might be expected from a person of his age. He goes into very good company; and that kind of manner, which was at first thought to be too decisive and peremptory, is now judged otherwise; because it is acknowledged to be the effect of an ingenuous frankness, 5 accompanied by politeness, and by a proper deference. He studies to please, and succeeds. Madame du Puisieux was the other day speaking of him with complacency and friendship. You will be satisfied with him in all respects." This is extremely well, and I 10 rejoice at it: one little circumstance only may, and I hope will, be altered for the better. Take pains to undeceive those who thought that *petit ton un peu décidé et un peu brusque*°; as it is not meant so, let it not appear so. Compose your countenance to an air 15 of gentleness and *douceur*,° use some expressions of diffidence of your own opinion, and deference to other people's; such as, "If I might be permitted to say — I should think — Is it not rather so? At least I have the greatest reason to be diffident of myself." Such 20 mitigating, engaging words do by no means weaken your argument; but, on the contrary, make it more powerful by making it more pleasing. . . . Use palliatives when you contradict; such as "I may be mistaken," "I am not sure, but I believe," "I should 25 rather think," etc. Finish any argument or dispute with some little good-humored pleasantry, to show that you are neither hurt yourself, nor meant to hurt

your antagonist; for an argument, kept up a good while, often occasions a temporary alienation on each side. Pray observe particularly, in those French people who are distinguished by that character, *cette*  
5 *douceur de mœurs et de manières*,<sup>o</sup> which they talk of so much, and value so justly; see in what it consists; in mere trifles, and most easy to be acquired, where the heart is really good. Imitate, copy it, till it becomes habitual and easy to you. . . . If you  
10 were to say to Lady Hervey, Madame Monconseil, or such others as you look upon to be your friends, It is said that I have a kind of manner which is rather too decisive and too peremptory; it is not, however, my intention that it should be so; I entreat you to  
15 correct, and even publicly to punish me whenever I am guilty. Do not treat me with the least indulgence, but criticise to the utmost. So clear-sighted a judge as you has a right to be severe; and I promise you that the criminal will endeavor to correct himself. . . .  
20 Dress is also an article not to be neglected; and I hope you do not neglect it; it helps in the *premier* *abord*,<sup>o</sup> which is often decisive. By dress, I mean your clothes being well made, fitting you, in the fashion and not above it; your hair well done, and a general  
25 cleanliness and spruceness in your person. I hope you take infinite care of your teeth; the consequences of neglecting the mouth are serious, not only to one's self, but to others. In short, my dear child, neglect



nothing ; a little more will complete the whole. Adieu. I have not heard from you these three weeks, which I think a great while.

(112) *George Hughes to His Son*

The reason you give for having lost a few places is no doubt the right one — that you have not got yet 5 into the swing — it will be all right in a week or two. I have no doubt you will get your remove<sup>o</sup> at the end of term easily enough. The exam. (if I understand rightly) consists of subjects which you prepare during term, and there is not much “unseen.” This 10 will be an advantage to you over the idle ones who don’t prepare their work. I shall be delighted to help you in any way, if you will only let me know, and give me due notice. Perhaps you won’t believe me when I assure you again, that Latin prose will come to you 15 as well as cricket and football in good time ; but it is the truth nevertheless. At your age I often felt the same discouragement which you feel. I had rather overgrown myself like you, and was longer “ripening” (to use an expressive phrase) than many fellows who 20 did not grow so fast ; but it all came right in my case, as it will in yours. Therefore *en avant*<sup>o</sup> and don’t be discouraged. . . .

We are very glad to hear that you are in upper-middle one, and it will make us very happy if you can 25



get another remove at Christmas. It is to be done if you like, and as you cannot play football just now (worse luck) you will have more time. Don't you want some help in your tutor work? If so, send me  
5 the book; or is there anything else in which I can help you? You are now rapidly becoming a young man, and have probably some influence in the school, and will have more. Be kind to the new boys and juniors; even if they are "scrubby," your business is  
10 to polish them, and you will do this much better by a little kind advice than by making their lives a burden (I don't say, mind, that you are unkind to them). Don't "bosh"° your masters. Remember that they are gentlemen like yourself, and that it is insulting  
15 them to "bosh" them when they are taking trouble with you. As to the sixth form, I don't quite approve of all the customs thereof, but it is an institution of the school, and, on the whole, beneficial, and it is no use kicking against it. Now I have done with my  
20 preaching. I don't know that it is necessary, but it can do you no harm, and I know you respect my opinion. Your mother is horrified at your signing yourself "Hughes," *tout court*° (as the French say), so to please her don't forget to put in "your affection-  
25 ate son" (as I know you are). God bless you.

Yours most affectionately,

G. E. HUGHES.

(113) *Thomas Henry Huxley to His Son*

4 Marlborough Place, N. W.,  
Dec. 10, 1878.

Your mother reminds me that to-morrow is your eighteenth birthday, and though I know that my "happy returns" will reach you a few hours too late, I cannot but send them. 5

You are touching manhood now, my dear laddie, and I trust that as a man your mother and I may always find reason to regard you as we have done throughout your boyhood. 10

The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to earn peace and self-respect. I have not troubled you much with paternal didactics — but that bit is "ower true" and worth thinking over. 15

(114) *Theodore Parker to J. B. Patterson*

Boston, Feb. 28, 1855.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,<sup>o</sup> — I am the person whom you met in the cars, and parted from at Albany. I sought you in the cars; but, in the dim light, I failed to find you. I took a good deal of interest in the 20 bright young face, looking so pure and hopeful, and thinking, that, some five and twenty years ago, I was on the same road that you are now. I am sorry

that you have met with the "misfortune" you refer to. It certainly casts a shade over a young man's prospect for the moment, not for the day. You have a good start thus far, and seem to have laid the foundation well. It will be no misfortune, in the end, that you must get your own education. It will bring out the deep, manly elements at an earlier period; will make you more thoughtful when you would else have been more gamesome and playful. If you are a teacher, you can find much time to study by yourself. I began to teach when seventeen years old, and continued it for four winters, working at home on my father's farm in the other parts of the year. I always found from eight to ten hours a day for study, besides the work-hours in school. Then I taught a high school for three years more, and kept far ahead of the class in college of which I was a (nominal) member. You can do all that, and perhaps more.

Perhaps it will be well to pursue the same studies you would have taken at college, with the addition of such as belong to your calling as teacher; or you may, perhaps, teach till you accumulate money enough to go through the college at a later date. *No good thing is impossible to a serious and earnest young man with good abilities and good moral principles.*

But, above all things, be careful of *your health*. Your success depends on a *sound body*. Do not violate the laws which God writes in these tables of flesh.

Let me know where you go and what you find to do,  
and I will write you again when more at leisure.

Truly your friend,

THEO. PARKER.

(115) *Mrs. Tennyson to Her Son*

Rose Manor, Well Walk, 5  
Monday, Jan. 10th, 1860.

DEAREST ALLY,<sup>o</sup> — I received a nice note from Alan Ker a short time since, which I now enclose, thinking it will give thee pleasure to know what he says about thy last beautiful and interesting poems. 10 It does indeed (as he supposes it would) give me the purest satisfaction to notice that a spirit of Christianity is perceptible through the whole volume. It gladdens my heart also to perceive that Alan seems to estimate it greatly on that account. O dearest Ally, 15 how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father, to grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talents He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His 20 Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so. Dearest Ally, there is nothing for a moment to be compared to the favour of God: I need not ask thee 25

if thou art of the same opinion. Thy writings are a convincing proof that thou art. My beloved child, when our Heavenly Father summons us hence, may we meet, and all that is dear to us, in that blessed  
5 state where sorrow is unknown, never more to be separated. I hope Emmy and thyself continue well, also the dear little boys. All here join in kindest love to both.

Ever, dearest Ally,

10 Thy attached and loving mother,

E. TENNYSON.

(116) *Matthew Arnold to His Sister, Mrs. Forster*

Fox How,<sup>o</sup> Ambleside,

Sunday (January, 1886).

MY DEAREST K. — If it is *perception* you want to  
15 cultivate in Florence, you had much better take some science (botany is perhaps the best for a girl, and I know Tyndall<sup>o</sup> thinks it the best of all for educational purposes), and choosing a good handbook, go regularly through it with her. Handbooks have long been the  
20 great want for teaching the natural sciences, but this want is at last beginning to be supplied, and for botany a text-book based on Henslow's *Lectures*, which were excellent, has recently been published by Macmillan. I cannot see that there is much got out of learning the  
25 Latin Grammar except the mainly normal discipline



of learning something much more exactly than one is made to learn anything else; and the verification of the laws of grammar, in the examples furnished by one's reading, is certainly a far less fruitful stimulus of one's powers of observation and comparison than the verification of the laws of a science like botany in the examples furnished by the world of nature before one's eyes. The sciences have been abominably taught, and by untrained people, but the moment properly trained people begin to teach them properly they fill such a want in education as that which you feel in Florence's better than either grammar or mathematics, which have been forced into the service because they have been hitherto so far better studied and known. Grammar and pure mathematics will fill a much less important part in the education of the young than formerly, though the knowledge of the ancient world will continue to form a most important part in the education of mankind generally. But the way grammar is studied at present is an obstacle to this knowledge rather than a help to it, and I should be glad to see it limited to learning thoroughly the example-forms of words, and very little more — for beginners, I mean. Those who have a taste for philosophical studies may push them further, and with far more intelligible aids than our elementary grammars afterwards. So I should inflict on Florence neither Latin nor English grammar as an elaborate discipline; make her learn

her French verbs very thoroughly, and do her French exercises very correctly ; but do not go to grammar to cultivate in her the power you miss, but rather to science.

5 Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

(117) *John Ruskin to a College Friend*

(The outside sheet of a letter bearing *postmark*, August 19, 1842)

I have also spent, as I suppose almost everybody  
10 has, much time in endeavoring to *color* before I could draw, and to produce *beauty* before I could produce *truth*. Luckily, there was always sufficient *work* in my drawings to do my hand a little good ; and I got on — though very slowly — far enough to see I was  
15 on the wrong road. The time was wasted, but did not do me *harm*. Now I hardly ever touch color — never work from imagination — and aim so laboriously at truth as to copy, if I have nothing else to copy, the forms of the stones in the heaps broken at the side of  
20 the road. Now therefore I am getting on, and look forward to ultimate power and success.

But all this does not apply completely to your case. If your other engagements put it out of your power to make consistent effort, if you are hopeless of going so  
25 far as to have your reward, do not waste the few mo-

ments you *have* upon the grammatical work, of which *quantity* is required before it will pay. Ten minutes a day, or say a quarter of an hour, regularly and severely employed when you get up, or before dinner, or at any time when you *must* be at home, would ensure progress and power; but if you cannot do this, better give your hour a month to amusement. Make it as pleasing as you can to yourself; for it would do you no real good, however directed. I cannot understand even a Prime Minister's being so busy as not to be able to have a little table and closet or corner, with all his things lying constantly ready in their places. No putting away and taking out again, mind; and sitting down at quarter to eight every morning, and getting up and going down to breakfast at eight — always locking yourself in, and never talking to anybody, nor thinking of anything else at the time. And where so little time is given it ought, if possible, to be early in the day; otherwise the hand may be shaky and the mind distracted — especially with clergymen, or any persons obliged to pass through serious scenes of duty. I do think that, if you are punctual with your meals, you would never feel the quarter of an hour, either just before or just after breakfast, as any loss to your day.

I fully agree with you, that the success of your present desultory efforts should encourage you, and induce you to consistent ones, as proving a certainty of their being rewarded; but it should not make you think

you can do without them. Even supposing you to succeed to the utmost of your expectations, yet you never would gain any certain knowledge of Art. You would be perpetually in doubt and indecision respecting what was really right or wrong — liking one thing one day, another another — a state very different from the gradual dawn and determination of fixed principles, which day by day rise out of your practice, and prop you for further effort. The delicious  
10 sensation of a new truth *settled*, a new source of beauty discovered; for the consequence of real progress in art is never that we dislike what we once admired, but that we admire what we once despised, and that progress may always be tested by the power of admira-  
15 tion increased, the capacity for pleasure expanded.

Time was (when I began drawing) that I used to think a picturesque or beautiful tree was hardly to be met with once a month; I cared for nothing but oaks a thousand years old, split by lightning or shattered  
20 by wind, or made up for my worship's edification in some particular and distinguished way. *Now*, there is not a twig in the closest-clipt hedge that grows, that I cannot admire, and wonder at, and take pleasure in, and learn from. I think one tree very nearly  
25 as good as another, and all a thousand times more beautiful than I once did my picked ones; but I admire *those* more than I could then, tenfold.

Now this power of enjoyment is worth working for,



not merely for enjoyment, but because it renders you less imperfect as one of God's creatures — more what he would have you, and capable of forming — I do not say truer or closer, because you cannot *approach* infinity — but far *higher* ideas of His intelligence. <sup>5</sup> Whether, to attain such an end, you cannot, by a little determination, spare a quarter of an hour a day, I leave to your conscience.

I had a great deal more to say, but it would be merciless to cross such a hand as mine. 10

We arrived here this morning, having come back by the Rhine from Chamonix, where we stopped a full month, with infinite benefit both to body and mind. Lost a little in ill-temper at the muddy, humbuggy, vinegar-banked Rhine, but very well on the whole. <sup>15</sup> I will write as soon again as I can, but shall be rather busy at home for a month or two. Remember me respectfully to Mrs. C—— and all your circle. With best wishes for the renewal of your sister's health, believe me ever most truly yours, 20

J. RUSKIN.

(118) *Abraham Lincoln to John D. Johnston*

January 2, 1851.

DEAR JOHNSTON,<sup>o</sup> Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you <sup>25</sup>



have said to me, "We can get along very well now"; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think  
5 I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you  
10 could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of  
15 an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let  
20 father and your boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you, that  
25 for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a

month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles 5 County. Now, if you will do this, you will be soon out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But, if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost 10 give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you 15 will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, 20 if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

## XII. FROM A FULL HEART

(119) *Louisa May Alcott to Mrs. Bond*

Sunday, Oct. 16, (1887).

DEAR AUNTIE, — As you and I belong to the “Shut-in Society,” we may now and then cheer each other by a line. Your note and verse are very good to me 5 to-day, as I sit trying to feel all right in spite of the stiffness that won’t walk, the rebel stomach that won’t work, and the tired head that won’t rest.

My verse lately has been from the little poem found under a good soldier’s pillow in the hospital.

10           I am no longer eager, bold, and strong, —  
              All that is past;  
              I am ready not to do  
              At last — at last.  
              My half-day’s work is done;  
15           And this is all my part.  
              I give a patient God  
              My patient heart

The learning not to do is so hard after being the hub of the family wheel so long. But it is good for the 20 energetic ones to find that the world can get on with-

out them, and so learn to be still, to give up, and wait cheerfully.

As we have "fell into poetry," as Silas Wegg says, I add a bit of my own; for since you are Marmee<sup>o</sup> now, I feel that you won't laugh at my poor attempts <sup>5</sup> any more than she did, even when I burst forth at the ripe age of eight.

Love to all the dear people, and light to the kind eyes that have made sunshine for others so many years.

Always your

10

LU.

(120) *Charles Lamb to Samuel Taylor Coleridge*<sup>o</sup>

September 27, 1796.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, — White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have <sup>15</sup> informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: — My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. <sup>20</sup> She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses: I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of <sup>25</sup> him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Bluecoat

School,<sup>o</sup> has been very very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no  
 5 mention of what is gone and done with. With me “the former things are passed away,” and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us all in His keeping!

C. LAMB.

10 Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish,<sup>o</sup> publish mine (I give you free leave) without name or initial, and never send  
 1 me a book, I charge you.

15 Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family; I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God  
 20 Almighty love you and all of us!

C. LAMB.

(121) *Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Mrs. Martin<sup>o</sup>*

Collegio Ferdinando, Pisa:

October 20 (?), 1846.

MY DEAREST MRS. MARTIN, — Will you believe  
 25 that I began a letter to you before I took this step, to give you the whole story of the impulses towards it,



feeling strongly that I owed what I considered my justification to such dear friends as yourself and Mr. Martin, that you might not hastily conclude that you had thrown away upon one who was quite unworthy the regard of years? . . . Generous people are inclined to acquit generously; but it has been very painful to me to observe that with all my mere friends I have found more sympathy and *trust*, than in those who are of my own household and who have been daily witnesses of my life. . . . But the personal feeling is nearer with most of us than the tenderest feeling for another; and my family had been so accustomed to the idea of my living on and on in that room,<sup>o</sup> that while my heart was eating itself, their love for me was consoled, and at last the evil grew scarcely perceptible. It was no want of love in them, and quite natural in itself: we all get used to the thought of a tomb; and I was buried, that was the whole. It was a little thing even for myself a short time ago, and really it would be a pneumatological<sup>o</sup> curiosity if I could describe and let you see how perfectly for years together, after what broke my heart at Torquay,<sup>o</sup> I lived on the outside of my own life, blindly and darkly from day to day, as completely dead to hope of any kind as if I had my face against a grave, never feeling a personal instinct, taking trains of thought to carry out as an occupation absolutely indifferent to the *me* which is in every human being. . . .

And now I will tell you. It is nearly two years ago since I have known Mr. Browning. Mr. Kenyon° wished to bring him to see me five years ago, as one of the lions of London who roared the gentlest and was  
5 best worth my knowing; but I refused then, in my blind dislike to seeing strangers. Immediately, however, after the publication of my last volumes, he wrote to me, and we had a correspondence which ended in my agreeing to receive him as I never had received  
10 any other man. I did not know why, but it was utterly impossible for me to refuse to receive him, though I consented against my will. He writes the most exquisite letters possible, and has a way of putting things which I have not, a way of putting aside — so  
15 he came. He came, and with our personal acquaintance began his attachment for me, a sort of *infatuation* call it, which resisted the various denials which were my plain duty at the beginning, and has persisted past them all. I began with a grave assurance that I was  
20 in an exceptional position and saw him just in consequence of it, and that if ever he recurred to that subject again I never could see him again while I lived; and he believed me and was silent. To my mind, indeed, it was a bare impulse — a generous man of  
25 quick sympathies taking up a sudden interest with both hands! So I thought; but in the meantime the letters and the visits rained down more and more, and in every one there was something which was too slight

to analyse and notice, but too decided not to be understood; so that at last, when the 'proposed respect' of the silence gave way, it was rather less dangerous. So then I showed him how he was throwing into the ashes his best affections — how the common gifts of youth and cheerfulness were behind me — how I had not strength, even of *heart*, for the ordinary duties of life — everything I told him and showed him. 'Look at this — and this — and this,' throwing down all my disadvantages. To which he did not answer by a single compliment, but simply that he had not then to choose, and that I might be right or he might be right, he was not there to decide; but that he loved me and should to his last hour. He said that the freshness of youth had passed with him also, and that he had studied the world out of books and seen many women, yet had never loved one until he had seen me. That he knew himself, and knew that, if ever so repulsed, he should love me to his last hour — it should be first and last. At the same time, he would not tease me, he would wait twenty years if I pleased, and then, if life lasted so long for both of us, then when it was ending perhaps, I might understand him and feel that I might have trusted him. For my health, he had believed when he first spoke that I was suffering from an incurable injury of the spine, and that he never could hope to see me stand up before his face, and he appealed to my womanly sense of what a pure attach-

ment should be — whether such a circumstance, if it had been true, was inconsistent with it. He preferred, he said, of free and deliberate choice, to be allowed to sit only an hour a day by my side, to the fulfilment of  
5 the brightest dream which should exclude me, in any possible world. . . .

Then at last I said, ‘If you like to let this winter decide it, you may. I will allow of no promises nor engagement. I cannot go to Italy,<sup>o</sup> and I know, as  
10 nearly as a human creature can know any fact, that I shall be ill again through the influence of this English winter. If I am, you will see plainer the foolishness of this persistence; if I am not, I will do what you please.’ And his answer was, ‘If you are ill and keep your reso-  
15 lution of not marrying me under those circumstances, I will keep mine and love you till God shall take us both.’ This was in last autumn, and the winter came with its miraculous mildness, as you know, and I was saved as I dared not hope; my word therefore was  
20 claimed in the spring. Now do you understand, and will you feel for me? An application to my father was certainly the obvious course, if it had not been for his peculiar nature and my peculiar position. But there is no speculation in the case; it is a matter of  
25 *knowledge* that if Robert had applied to him in the first instance he would have been forbidden the house without a moment’s scruple; and if in the last (as my sisters thought a respectable *form*), I should have been



incapacitated from any after-exertion by the horrible scenes to which, as a thing of course, I should have been exposed. Papa will not bear some subjects, it is a thing *known*; his peculiarity takes that ground to the largest. Not one of his children will ever marry 5 without a breach, which we all know, though he probably does not — deceiving himself in a setting up of *obstacles*, whereas the real obstacle is in his own mind. . . . In my actual state of nerves and physical weakness, it would have been the sacrifice of my 10 whole life — of my convictions, of my affections, and, above all, of what the person dearest to me persisted in calling *his* life, and the good of it — if I had observed that ‘form.’ Therefore, wrong or right, I determined not to observe it, and, wrong or right, I did and do 15 consider that in not doing so I sinned against no duty. That I was *constrained* to act clandestinely, and did not *choose* to do so, God is witness, and will set it down as my heavy misfortune and not my fault. Also, up to the very last act we stood in the light of day for the 20 whole world, if it pleased, to judge us. I never saw him out of the Wimpole Street<sup>o</sup> house; he came twice a week to see me — or rather, three times in the fortnight, openly in the sight of all, and this for nearly two years, and neither more nor less. Some jests used 25 to be passed upon us by my brothers, and I allowed them without a word, but it would have been infamous in me to have taken any into my confidence who



would have suffered, as a direct consequence, a blighting of his own prospects. My secrecy towards them all was my simple duty towards them all, and what they call want of affection was an affectionate consideration for them. . . .

The only time I met R. B. clandestinely was in the parish church, where we were married before two witnesses — it was the first and only time. I looked, he says, more dead than alive, and can well believe it, for I all but fainted on the way, and had to stop for sal volatile at a chemist's shop. The support through it all was *my trust in him*, for no woman who ever committed a like act of trust has had stronger motives to hold by. Now may I not tell you that his genius, and all but miraculous attainments, are the least things in him, the moral nature being of the very noblest, as all who ever knew him admit? Then he has had that wide experience of men which ends by throwing the mind back on itself and God; there is nothing incomplete in him, except as all humanity is incompleteness. The only wonder is how such a man, whom any woman could have loved, should have loved *me*; but men of genius, you know, are apt to love with their imagination. Then there is something in the sympathy, the strange straight sympathy which unites us on all subjects. If it were not that I look up to him, we should be too alike to be together perhaps, but I know my place better than he does, who is too humble.

Oh, you cannot think how well we get on after six weeks of marriage. If I suffer again it will not be through him. . . .

The agitation and fatigue were evils, to be sure, and Mrs. Jameson,<sup>o</sup> who met us in Paris by a happy <sup>5</sup> accident, thought me 'looking horribly ill' at first, and persuaded us to rest there for a week on the promise of accompanying us herself to Pisa to help Robert to take care of me. He, who was in a fit of terror about me, agreed at once, and so she came with us, <sup>10</sup> she and her young niece, and her kindness leaves us both very grateful. So kind she was, and is — for still she is in Pisa — opening her arms to us and calling us 'children of light' instead of ugly names, and declaring that she should have been 'proud' to have <sup>15</sup> had anything to do with our marriage. . . . The change of air has done me wonderful good notwithstanding the fatigue, and I am renewed to the point of being able to throw off most of my invalid habits, and of walking quite like a woman. Mrs. Jameson said <sup>20</sup> the other day, 'You are not *improved*, you are *transformed*.' . . .

With best love to dearest Mr. Martin, ever both my dear kind friends,

Your affectionate and grateful,

25

BA.

(122) *Rossetti to His Mother*

Kelmscott,° 23 February, 1874.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I have often and often thought of you since we last met, — always whenever my path in the garden lies by the window of that summer room at which I used to see your dear beautiful old face last summer, reading or enjoying the garden prospect. That room is out of use now, as one cannot make anything of it in the winter; but I do warmly hope that we may renew this coming summer the very  
10 happy days we had here last year, and find that room a cheerful and pleasant resort again. It would make us all happy to see Christina° pluck up once more as she did the last time.

To-day the little Morris girls° collected all the  
15 flowers we could find in the garden — no very choice gleanings — and they were sent on to you, so perhaps you will have them ere this reaches you. I know they will be better than nothing to your flower-loving heart. This extremely mild winter causes many things to be  
20 very forward already. The children were quite sorry afterward that they had omitted to send you some branches of the palm-willow, with its furry buds not yet as yellow as they will be. The gum-cistus you planted thrives, but of course is very gradual in  
25 growth.

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Goodbye, dearest darling. I'll enclose a Winter Sonnet written lately.

Your loving

GABRIEL.

Love to dear good Maggie when you see her.

5

(123) *Matthew Arnold to His Sister, Mrs. Forster*

January 4, 1868.

MY DEAREST K., — Poor little Basil<sup>o</sup> died this afternoon, a few minutes before one o'clock. I sat up with him till four this morning, looking over my papers, that Flu<sup>o</sup> and Mrs. Tuffin might get some 10 sleep, and at the end of every second paper I went to him, stroked his poor twitching hand and kissed his soft warm cheek, and though he never slept he seemed easy, and hardly moaned at all. This morning, about six, after I had gone to bed, he became more restless; 15 about eleven he had another convulsion; from that time he sank. Flu, Mrs. Tuffin, and I were all round him as his breathing gradually ceased, then the spasm of death passed over his face; after that the eyes closed, all the features relaxed, and now as he lies 20 with his hands folded, and a white camellia Georgina Wightman brought him lying on his breast, he is the sweetest and most beautiful sight possible.

And so this loss comes to me just after my forty-fifth birthday, with so much other "suffering in the flesh," 25

— the departure of youth, cares of many kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters, — to remind me that *the time past of our life may suffice us!* — words which have haunted me for the last year or  
5 two, and that we “should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.” However different the interpretation we put on much of the facts and history of Christianity, we may unite in the bond of this call, which is true for all  
10 of us, and for me, above all, how full of meaning and warning.

Ever, my dearest K., your most affectionate

M. A.

(124) *Matthew Arnold to His Mother*

Harrow, December 24,<sup>o</sup> 1868.

15 MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I have been doing papers till the last moment, but I must put them aside to write to you and thank you and Edward, Susy and Fan for your letters and good wishes. Now I am within one year of papa's<sup>o</sup> age when he ended his life; and  
20 how much he seems to have put into it, and to what ripeness of character he had attained! Everything has seemed to come together to make this year the beginning of a new time to me: the gradual settlement of my own thought, little Basil's death, and then my  
25 dear, dear Tommy's.<sup>o</sup> And Tommy's death in par-



ticular was associated with several awakening and epoch-marking things. The chapter for the day of his death was that great chapter, the 1st of Isaiah; the first Sunday after his death was Advent Sunday, with its glorious collect, and in the Epistle the passage<sup>o</sup> 5 which converted St. Augustine. All these things point to a new beginning, yet it may well be that I am near my end, as papa was at my age, but without papa's ripeness, and that there will be little time to carry far the new beginning. But that is all the more reason for 10 carrying it as far as one can, and as earnestly as one can, while one lives. . . . My love all round. — I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate

M. A.

(125) *Rev. Brooke Lambert to Alexander Macmillan*

The Vicarage, Greenwich, 15  
14th March, 1883.

There seems to me a kind of impertinence in doing what I am going to do, but I throw myself on your good nature. I want to thank you for staying with J. R. Green to the end.<sup>o</sup> I know from letters thence 20 from day to day how much it was appreciated. And I know too how appropriate it was that one to whom he felt he owed so much in life should have been permitted to be a comfort to him at the end. He must have told you, and yet sometimes these things come home to one 25

more when one hears them through a third person, what he felt about your patience and generosity in the matter of the Short History. To me he was always dwelling on it when the mention of your name came up.

5 I know that people who do these things don't like to be thanked, and yet it seems to me that sometimes it is good that people should know what they have been able to do. You enabled him to bear up in those years when, as he once said to me, he used to lie awake

10 and think there was only the workhouse before him. The way in which you bore with the delays, permitted the alterations and (do not laugh) gave him "the maps," not to mention the grand act<sup>o</sup> after the book became a success — all these things he spoke of to me,

15 at the time when they brightened his life, and afterwards when he spoke of the world as having been kind to him.

It may cheer you in some despondent moments, for I suppose we all have such, to be reminded that there

20 is recognition and gratitude in the world, and sometimes one feels as if the expression of that gratitude was wanted to make men feel more and more that if, God willing, they would always do the thing they felt right, the world would be the richer. And so I have

25 ventured to write, and I know you'll excuse me if I have done what you disliked. — Believe me to be yours truly,

BROOKE LAMBERT.

(126) *Mrs. Piozzi to Dr. Johnson*

July 4th, 1784.

SIR, — I have this morning received from you so rough a letter<sup>o</sup> in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear <sup>5</sup> to continue no longer. The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first; his sentiments are not meaner; his profession is not meaner; and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune, then, that is <sup>10</sup> ignominious; the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at <sup>15</sup> once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it. 20

I write by the coach, the more speedily and effectually to prevent your coming hither. Perhaps by my fame (and I hope it is so) you mean only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind. I care for that only as it may give pleasure to <sup>25</sup> my husband and his friends.

Farewell, dear Sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression on my part during twenty years  
5 of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will, or control your wish; nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard; but till you have changed your opinion of Mr. Piozzi, let us converse no more. God bless you!

(127) *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi*

10

London, 8th July, 1784.

DEAR MADAM, — What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me: I therefore breathe out one sigh more for tenderness, perhaps useless, but at  
15 least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very  
20 ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England: you may live here with more dignity  
25 than in Italy, and with more security: your rank will

be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

5

I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England,<sup>o</sup> the Archbishop of St. Andrew's attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; <sup>10</sup> and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection, pressed her to return. The Queen <sup>15</sup> went forward. — If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther! — The tears stand in my eyes.

I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,

Yours, etc.

20

Any letters that come for me hither will be sent me.

(128) *Dr. Johnson to Lord Chesterfield*

February 7, 1775.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.<sup>o</sup>

MY LORD, — I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World,<sup>o</sup> that two papers, in which <sup>25</sup>



my Dictionary is recommended to the Publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to the favours of the great, I know not well how to receive,  
5 or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;<sup>o</sup> — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed  
10 your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I have done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I  
15 waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of  
20 encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice that you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; <sup>5</sup> but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary,<sup>o</sup> and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling <sup>10</sup> that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be <sup>15</sup> disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.<sup>o</sup>

20

(129) *Thomas Carlyle to His Mother, Scotsbrig<sup>o</sup>*

London, 24th January, 1832.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I was downstairs this <sup>25</sup> morning when I heard the Postman's knock, and

thought it might be a Letter from Scotsbrig: hastening up I found Jane with the Letter open, and in tears. The next moment gave me the stern tidings. I had written to you yesterday, a light hopeful letter, 5 which I could now wish you might not read, in these days of darkness: probably you will receive it just along with this; the first red seal so soon to be again exchanged for a black one. I had a certain misgiving, not seeing Jane's customary "all well"°; and I thought, 10 but did not write (for I strive usually to banish vague fears) "the pitcher goes often to the well, but it is broken at last." I did not know that this very evil had already overtaken us.

As yet I am in no condition to write much: the 15 stroke, all unexpected though not undreaded, as yet painfully crushes my heart together; I have yet hardly had a little relief from tears. And yet it will be a solace to me to speak out with you, to repeat along with you that great saying, which, could we lay 20 it rightly to heart, includes all that man can say: "It is God that has done it; God support us all!"° Yes, my dear Mother, it is God that has done it; and our part is reverent submission to His Will, and trustful prayer to Him for strength to bear us through 25 every trial.

I could have wished, as I had too confidently hoped, that God had ordered it otherwise: but what are our wishes and wills? I trusted that I might have had

other glad meetings and pleasant communings with my honored and honor-worthy Father in this world: but it was not so appointed; we shall meet no more, till we meet in that *other* Sphere, where God's Presence more immediately is; the nature of which we know not, 5 only we know that it is of God's appointing, and therefore altogether *good*. Nay already, had we but faith, our Father is not parted from *us*, but only withdrawn from our bodily eyes: the Dead and the Living, as I often repeat to myself, are alike with God: He, fear- 10 ful and wonderful, yet good and infinitely gracious, encircles alike both them that we see, and them that we cannot see. Whoso trusteth in Him has obtained the victory over Death: the King of Terrors is no longer terrible. 15

Yes, my dear Mother and Brothers and Sisters, let us see also how mercy has been mingled with our calamity. Death was for a long time ever present to our Father's thought; daily and hourly he seemed meditating on his latter end: the end too appears to have been mild 20 as it was speedy; he parted, as gently as the most do, from this vale of tears; and Oh! in his final agony, he was enabled to call, with his strong voice and strong heart, on the God that had made him to have mercy on him. Which prayer, doubt not one of you, the 25 All-merciful *heard*, and in such wise as infinite mercy might, gave answer to. And what is the Death of one dear to us, as I have often thought, but the setting



out on a journey an hour before us, which journey we have all to travel: what is the longest earthly life to the Eternity, the Endless, the Beginningless, which encircles it? The oldest man and the newborn babe are 5 but divided from each other by a single hair's-breadth. For my self I have long continually meditated on Death, till, by God's grace, it has grown transparent for me, and holy and great rather than terrific; till I see that "Death, what mortals call Death, is properly 10 the beginning of Life." — One other comfort we have, to take the bitterness out of our tears: this greatest of all comforts, and properly the only one: that our Father was not called away till he had done his work, and done it faithfully. Yes, my beloved friends, we 15 can with a holy pride look at our Father, there where he lies low, and say that his Task was well and manfully performed; the strength that God had given him he put forth in the ways of honesty and welldoing; no eye will ever see a hollow deceitful work that *he* 20 did: the world wants one true man, since he was taken away. When we consider his life, through what hardships and obstructions he struggled, and what he became and what he did, there is room for gratitude that God so bore him on. Oh, what were it now to us 25 that he had been a king; now when the question is not: What *wages* hadst thou for thy work? But: *How* was thy work done? My dear Brothers and Sisters, sorrow not, I entreat you; sorrow is profitless



and sinful; but meditate deeply every one of you on this. None of us but started in life with *far* greater advantages than our dear Father had: we will not weep for him; but we will go and do as he has done. Could I write my Books, as he built his Houses, and walk <sup>5</sup> my way so manfully through this shadow-world, and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes. Neither are you, my beloved Mother, to let your heart be heavy. Faithfully you toiled by his side, bearing and forbearing as you both could: all <sup>10</sup> that was sinful and of the Earth has passed away; all that was true and holy remains forever, and the Parted shall meet together again with God. *Amen! So be it!* We your children, whom you have faithfully cared for, soul and body, and brought up in the <sup>15</sup> nurture and admonition of the Lord, we gather round you in this solemn hour, and say, be of comfort! Well done, hitherto; persevere and it shall be well! We promise here before God, and the awful yet merciful work of God's Hand, that we will continue to love <sup>20</sup> and honor you, as sinful children can; now do you pray for us all, and let us all pray in such language as we have for one another; so shall this sore division and parting be the means of a closer union. O let us all and every one know that though this world is <sup>25</sup> full of briars and we are wounded at every step as we go, and one by one must take farewell, and weep bitterly, yet "there remaineth a *rest* for the people of

God." Yes, for the people of God there remaineth a Rest, that Rest which in this world they could nowhere find.

And now again I say do not grieve any one of you beyond what nature forces and you cannot help. Pray to God, if any of you have a voice and utterance; all of you pray always in secret and silence, if faithful, ye shall be heard *openly*. I cannot be with you to speak; but read in the Scripture, as I would have  
10 done. Read, I especially ask, in Matthew's Gospel that Passion and Death and Farewell blessing and command of "Jesus of Nazareth"; and see if you can understand and feel what is the "divine depth of Sorrow"; and how even by suffering and sin man is  
15 lifted up to God, and in great darkness there shines a light. If you cannot read it aloud in common, then do each of you take his Bible in private and read it for himself. Our business is not to lament, but to *improve* the lamentable, and make it also peaceably  
20 work together for greater good.

I could have wished much to lay my honored Father's head in the grave: yet it could have done no one good save myself only, and I shall not ask for it. Indeed, when I remember, that right would have belonged to  
25 John of Cockermouth,<sup>o</sup> — to whom offer in all heartiness my brotherly love. I will be with you in spirit, if not in person: I have given orders that *no one* is to be admitted here till after the funeral on Friday: I

mean to spend these hours in solemn meditation and self-examination, and thoughts of the Eternal; such seasons of grief are sent us even for that end: God knocks at our heart, the question (is) Will we open or not? — I shall think every night of the Candle burning in that sheeted room, where our dear Sister also lately lay. O God, be gracious to us; and bring us all one day together in Himself! After Friday, I return, as you too must, to my worldly work; for that also is work appointed us by the heavenly Taskmaster. — I will write to John to-night or to-morrow. Let me hear from you again so soon as you have composure. I shall hasten all the more homewards for this. For the present I bid God ever bless you all! Pray for me, my dear Mother; and let us all seek consolation there.

I am ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Most probably you are not in want of money: if you are, I have some ten pounds or more which I can spare here, and you have only to send for it.

(130) *Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby of Boston*<sup>o</sup>

November 21, 1864.

DEAR MADAM, — I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of

five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain  
5 from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn  
10 pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

### XIII. OTHER TIMES: OTHER MANNERS

#### (131) *Aspasia to Cleone*

I was determined to close my letter<sup>o</sup> when your curiosity was at the highest, that you might flutter and fall from the clouds like Icarus.<sup>o</sup> I wanted two things; first, that you should bite your lip, an attitude in which you alone look pretty; and secondly, that 5 you should say half-angrily, "This now is exactly like Aspasia." I will be remembered; and I will make you look just as I would have you.

How fortunate! to have arrived at Athens at dawn on the twelfth of Elaphebolion.<sup>o</sup> On this day begin the 10 festivals of Bacchus,<sup>o</sup> and the theatre is thrown open at sunrise.

What a theatre! what an elevation! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demi-gods and gods! 15

It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!



I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost: so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not  
5 being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted; and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me; so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun)  
10 every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked toward the stage; and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination  
15 had conceived! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the Gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed. Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion  
20 of the human race,<sup>o</sup> with his antagonist Zeus, and his creator Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often hath his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms around each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers! Even your image, inseparable  
25 at other times, came not across me then; Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruellest tortures that Almightyness could in-

flict; and now arose the Nymphs of ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity, and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled.

5

I sobbed; I dropt.

(132) *Pliny to Hispulla*°

As you are a model of all virtue, and loved your late excellent brother, who had such a fondness for you, with an affection equal to his own; regarding too his daughter as your child, not only showing her an aunt's 10 tenderness but supplying the place of the parent she had lost; I know it will give you the greatest pleasure and joy to hear that she proves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding together with a consummate 15 prudence, and gives the strongest evidence of the purity of her heart by her fondness of her husband. Her affection for me, moreover, has given her a taste for books, and my productions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even in getting by heart, are 20 continually in her hands. How full of tender anxiety is she when I am going to speak in any case, how rejoiced she feels when it is got through. While I am pleading, she stations persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and 25

what success attends the case. When I recite my works at any time, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and drinks in my praises with greedy ears. She sings my verses too, adapting them to her lyre, with no other master but love, that best of instructors, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I derive my surest hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or person, which time gradually impairs; it is my honor and glory that she cares for. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is pure and virtuous, and who learned to love me first through your praises? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my tender years, presaging from that early period all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore our mutual thanks, mine, for your giving me her, hers for your giving her me; for you have chosen us out, as it were, for each other. Farewell.

(133) *Pliny to Cornelius Tacitus*<sup>o</sup>

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle<sup>o</sup> has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and

dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum<sup>o</sup>; for there, I think, my account broke off :

‘ Though my shock’d soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.’<sup>o</sup>

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed, that I had 5 stopped behind), till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Cam-<sup>10</sup>pania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the <sup>15</sup> house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning <sup>20</sup> over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure. Just then, a friend of my uncle’s, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her <sup>25</sup> calmness, and me at the same time for my careless security: nevertheless I went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly

faint and doubtful ; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger : we therefore resolved to quit  
5 the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood  
10 still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with  
15 large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth ; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful  
20 cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame : these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy  
25 and urgency : ‘ If your brother,’ he said, ‘ if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too ; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him : why therefore do you delay your



escape a moment?’ We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend, and cover the sea. It had 5 already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ° and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency 10 rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She 15 complied with great reluctance, and not without reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. ‘Let 20 us turn out of the high-road,’ I said, ‘while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowds that are following us.’ We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is 25 cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of chil-

dren, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognise each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that  
5 of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night<sup>o</sup> of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were  
10 some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them. It now grew rather lighter, which we  
15 imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were  
20 obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh, or expression of fear, escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable, though mighty, consolation, that all mankind were  
25 involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the

real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned 5 to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter: for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down heightening their 10 own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we could receive some news of my uncle. 15

And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is not in the least worthy; and indeed you must put it down to your own request if it should appear not worth even the trouble of a letter. Farewell. 20

(134) *Pliny to Fuscus*

You want to know how I portion out my day, in my summer villa at Tuscum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. 25

Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they  
5 are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word, even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I com-  
10 pose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape, after which I dismiss him, then call him in again, and again dismiss  
15 him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get  
20 into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking, or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home, I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that, repeat out loud and distinctly some  
25 Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do



my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not <sup>5</sup> without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above-mentioned. For instance, if I have studied <sup>10</sup> longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep, and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some <sup>15</sup> part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting, but always take my tablets into the field, that, if I should meet with no game, I may at <sup>20</sup> least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me. Farewell.



(135) *Cicero to Caius Cassius*<sup>o</sup>

Believe me, my Cassius, the republic is the perpetual subject of my meditations ; or to express the same thing in other words, you and Marcus Brutus are never out of my thoughts. It is upon you two, indeed, together  
5 with Decimus Brutus, that all our hopes depend. Mine are somewhat raised by the glorious conduct of Dolabella, in suppressing the late insurrection : which spread so wide, and gathered every day such additional strength, that it seemed to threaten destruction to the  
10 whole city. But this mob is now so totally quelled, that I think we have nothing farther to fear from any future attempt of the same kind. Many other fears, however, and very considerable ones too, still remain with us : and it entirely rests upon you, in conjunction with your  
15 illustrious associates, to remove them. Yet where to advise you to begin for that purpose, I must acknowledge myself at a loss. To say truth, it is the tyrant alone, and not the tyranny, from which we seem to be delivered : for although the man indeed is destroyed, we  
20 still servilely maintain all his despotic ordinances. We do more : and under the pretence of carrying his designs into execution, we approve of measures which even he himself would never have pursued.<sup>o</sup> And the misfortune is, that I know not where this extravagance  
25 will end. When I reflect on the laws that are enacted, on the immunities that are granted, on the immense

largesses that are distributed, on the exiles that are recalled, and on the fictitious decrees that are published, the only effect that seems to have been produced by Cæsar's death is, that it has extinguished the sense of our servitude, and the abhorrence of that detestable 5 usurper: as all the disorders into which he threw the republic still continue. These are the evils, therefore, which it is incumbent upon you and your patriot coadjutors to redress: for let not my friends imagine, that they have yet completed their work. The obligations, 10 it is true, which the republic has already received from you, are far greater than I could have ventured to hope: still however her demands are not entirely satisfied; and she promises herself yet higher services from such brave and generous benefactors. You have 15 revenged her injuries, by the death of her oppressor: but you have done nothing more. For tell me, what has she yet recovered of her former dignity and lustre? Does she not obey the will of that tyrant now he is dead, whom she could not endure when living? And do we 20 not, instead of repealing his public laws, authenticate even his private memorandums? You will tell me, perhaps, (and you may tell me with truth), that I concurred in passing a decree for that purpose. It was in compliance, however, with public circumstances: a 25 regard to which is of much consequence in political deliberations of every kind. But there are some, however, who have most immoderately and ungrate-

fully abused the concessions we found it thus necessary to make.

I hope very speedily to discuss this and many other points with you in person. In the meantime be  
5 persuaded, that the affection I have ever borne to my country, as well as my particular friendship to yourself, renders the advancement of your credit and esteem with the public extremely my concern. Farewell.

(136) *Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres,<sup>o</sup> to His Wife, Adele. Before Antioch, March 29, 1098*

Count Stephen to Adele, his sweetest and most  
10 amiable wife, to his dear children, and to all his vassals of all ranks — his greeting and blessing.

You may be very sure, dearest, that the messenger whom I sent to give you pleasure, left me before Antioch safe and unharmed, and through God's grace  
15 in the greatest prosperity. And already at that time, together with all the chosen army of Christ, endowed with great valor by Him, we had been continuously advancing for twenty-three weeks toward the home of our Lord Jesus. You may know for certain, my be-  
20 loved, that of gold, silver and many other kind of riches I now have twice as much as your love had assigned to me when I left you. For all our princes with the common consent of the whole army, against my own wishes, have made me up to the present time the leader, chief  
25 and director of their whole expedition.

You have certainly heard that after the capture of the city of Nicæa° we fought a great battle with the perfidious Turks and by God's aid conquered them. Next we conquered for the Lord all Romania° and afterwards Cappadocia. And we learned that there was 5 a certain Turkish prince, Assam, dwelling in Cappadocia; thither we directed our course. All his castles we conquered by force and compelled him to flee to a certain very strong castle situated on a high rock. We also gave the land of that Assam to one of our chiefs, 10 and in order that he might conquer the above-mentioned Assam, we left there with him many soldiers of Christ. Thence, continually following the wicked Turks, we drove them through the midst of Armenia, as far as the great river Euphrates. Having left all their 15 baggage and beasts of burden on the bank, they fled across the river into Arabia.

The bolder of the Turkish soldiers, indeed, entering Syria, hastened by forced marches night and day, in order to be able to enter the royal city of Antioch before 20 our approach. The whole army of God, learning this, gave due praise and thanks to the omnipotent Lord. Hastening with great joy to the aforesaid chief city of Antioch, we besieged it and very often had many con- 25 flicts there with the Turks; and seven times with the citizens of Antioch and with the innumerable troops coming to its aid, whom we rushed to meet, we fought with the fiercest courage, under the leadership of



Christ. And in all these seven battles, by the aid of the Lord God, we conquered and most assuredly killed an innumerable host of them. In those battles, indeed, and in very many attacks made upon the city, 5 many of our brethren and followers were killed and their souls were borne to the joys of paradise. . . .

These which I write to you, are only a few things, dearest, of the many which we have done, and because I am not able to tell you, dearest, what is in my mind, I 10 charge you to do right, to carefully watch over your land, to do your duty as you ought to your children and your vassals. You will certainly see me just as soon as I can possibly return to you.

Farewell.

(137) *Margaret Paston to Her Husband, John Paston*

15 Ryth worchipful hosbon, I recomande me to yow, desyryng hertely to her of yowr wilfar, thankyng God of yowr a mendyng of the grete dysese that ye have hade; and I thancke yow for the letter that ye sent me, for be my trowthe my moder and I wer nowth in 20 hertys es fro the tyme that we woste of yowr sekenesse, tyl we woste verly of your a mendyng. My moder be hestyd a nodyr ymmage of wax of the weyette of yow to oyer Lady of Walsyngham, and sche sent iiij. nobelys to the iiij. Orderys of Frerys at Norweche to pray for 25 yow, and I have be hestyd to gon on pylgreymmys



to Walsingham, and to Sent Levenardys for yow; be my trowth I had never so hevy a sesyn as I had from the tyme that I woste of yowr sekenesse tyl I woste of yowr a mendyng, and zyth myn hert is in no grete esse, ne nowth xal be, tyl I wott that ze ben very hal. Your <sup>5</sup> fader and myn was dysday sevenyth (this day se'nnight) at Bekelys for a matyr of the Pryor of Bormholme, and he lay at Gerlyston that nyth, and was ther tyl it was ix. of the cloke, and the toder day.

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My fader Garneyss senttee me a worde that he xulde <sup>10</sup> ben her the nexch weke, and my emme (uncle) also, and pleyne hem her with herr hawkys, and thei xulde have me home with hem; and so God help me, I xal excusse my of myn goyng dedyr yf I may, for I sopose that I xal redelyer have tydyngys from you herr dan I xulde have <sup>15</sup> ther. . . . I pray yow hertely that (ye) wol wochesaf to sende me a letter as hastely as ze may, yf wryhyn be non dysesse to yow, and that ye wollen wochesaf to sende me worde quowe your sor dott. Yf I mythe have had my wylle, I xulde a seyne yow er dystyme; <sup>20</sup> I wolde ye wern at hom, yf it wer your ese, and your sor myth ben as wyl lokyth to her as it tys ther ze ben, now lever dan a goune zow (though) it wer of scarlette. I pray yow yf your sor be hol, and so that ze may indur to ryde, wan my fader com to London, that <sup>25</sup> ze wol askyn leve, and com home wan the hors xul

be sentte hom a zeyn, for I hope ze xulde be kepte as tenderly herr as ze ben at London. I may non leyser have to do wrytyn half a quarter so meche as I xulde sey (say) to yow yf I myth speke with yow. I xall  
 5 sende yow a nothyr letter as hastely as I may. I thanke yow that ze wolde wocheſaffe to remember my gyrdyl, and that ze wolde wryte to me at the tyme, for I sopose that wrytyng was non esse to yow. All myth God have yow in his kepyn, and sende yow helth.  
 10 Wretyn at Oxenede, in ryth grete hast, on Sent Mikyllys Evyn.

Yorys,

M. PASTON.

My modyr grette yow wel, and sendyth yow Goddys  
 15 blyssyng and hers; and sche prayeth yow, and I pray yow also, that ye be wel dyetyd of mete and drynke, for that is the gretteſt helpe that ye may have now to your helthe ward. Your sone faryth wel, blyssyd be God.

(138) *Margaret Winthrop to Her Husband*

DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS, — I blush to think how  
 20 much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my spirits, and I cannot repulse them; which makes me unfit for any thing, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am, that all shall work to  
 25 the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of

him. I know he will bring light out of obscurity, and make his righteousness shine forth as clear as the the noon day. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a trembling heart, not so willing to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a 5 time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and his will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, (and) the rest of our friends 10 at Newton, I commit thee to God.

Your loving wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

*Sad Boston,° 1637.*

(139) *Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*

SIR, — That you may be sure it was a dream that I 15 writ that part of my letter in, I do not now remember what it was I writ, but seems it was very kind, and possibly you owe the discovery on't to my being asleep. But I do not repent it, for I should not love you if I did not think you discreet enough to be trusted with the 20 knowledge of all my kindness. Therefore 'tis not that I desire to hide it from you, but that I do not love to tell it; and perhaps if you could read my heart, I should make less scruple of your seeing on't there than in my letters.

I can easily guess who the pretty young lady is, for there are but two in England of that fortune, and they are sisters, but I am to seek who the gallant should be. If it be no secret, you may tell me. However, I shall  
5 wish him all good success if he be your friend, as I suppose he is by his confidence in you. If it be neither of the Spencers, I wish it were; I have not seen two young men that looked as if they deserved better fortunes so much as those brothers.

10 But, bless me, what will become of us all now? Is not this a strange turn? ° What does my Lord Lisle? ° Sure this will at least defer your journey? Tell me what I must think on't; whether it be better or worse, or whether you are at all concern'd in't? For if you  
15 are not I am not, only if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made me by Henry Cromwell, ° I might have been in a fair way of preferment, for, sure, they will be greater now than ever. Is it true that Algernon Sydney was so unwilling to leave  
20 the House, that the General was fain to take the pains to turn him out himself? Well, 'tis a pleasant world this. If Mr. Pim ° were alive again, I wonder what he would think of these proceedings, and whether this would appear so great a breach of the Privilege of  
25 Parliament as the demanding of the 5 members °? But I shall talk treason by and by if I do not look to myself. 'Tis safer talking of the orange-flower water you sent me. The carrier has given me a great charge



to tell you that it came safe, and that I must do him right. As you say, 'tis not the best I have seen, nor the worst.

I shall expect your Diary next week, though this will be but a short letter: you may allow me to make excuses too sometimes; but, seriously, my father is now so continuously ill, that I have hardly time for anything. 'Tis but an ague that he has, but yet I am much afraid that is more than his age and weakness will be able to bear; he keeps his bed, and never rises but to have it made, and most times faints with that. You ought in charity to write as much as you can, for, in earnest, my life here since my father's sickness is so sad that, to another humour than mine, it would be unsupportable; but I have been so used to misfortunes, that I cannot be much surprised with them, though perhaps I am as sensible of them as another. I'll leave you, for I find these thoughts begin to put me in ill humour; farewell, may you be ever happy. If I am so at all, it is in being

Your

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(140) *Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*

SIR, — I have been reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I find I am severe, unjust, unmerciful, and unkind. Oh me, how should one do to mend all these! 'Tis work for an age, and 'tis to be feared I shall be so old before I am



good, that 'twill not be considerable to anybody but myself whether I am so or not. . . .

You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account not only of what I do for the present, but of what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready<sup>o</sup> I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. About ten o'clock I think of making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, from whence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room, and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. B. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly, when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at

their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind ; and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to return too. When I have supped, I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish you were with 5 me (you had best say this is not kind neither). In earnest, 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking ; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of 10 our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed.

Since I writ this my company is increased by two, my brother Harry and a fair niece, the eldest of my brother 15 Peyton's children. She is so much a woman that I am almost ashamed to say I am her aunt ; and so pretty, that, if I had any design to gain of servants, I should not like her company ; but I have none, and therefore shall endeavour to keep her here as long as I can per- 20 suade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it, having so much of my humour (though it be the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place and little company.

You are enough in my heart to know all my thoughts, 25 and if so, you know better than I can tell you how much I am

Yours.

(141) *Richard Steele to Prue*°

DEAR PRUE, — I desire of you to gett the Coach  
and yrself ready as soon as you can conveniently and  
call for me here from whence we will go and spend some  
time together in the fresh Air in free Conference. Let  
5 my best Periwigg be put in the Coach-Box, and my new  
Shoes, for 'tis a Comfort to (be) well dress'd in agreeable  
Company. You Are Vitall Life to Y<sup>r</sup> Oblig'd

Affectionate Husband & Humble ser<sup>nt</sup>

RICH<sup>d</sup> STEELE.

(142) *Richard Steele to "Madam"*

10

Aug<sup>st</sup> 12th, 1708.

MADAM, — I have your letter wherein you let me  
know that the little dispute° we have had is far from  
being a Trouble to you, neverthelesse I assure you,  
any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to  
15 me imaginable. You talk of the Judgment of the World.  
I shall never Govern my Actions by y<sup>t</sup>, but by the rules  
of morality and Right reason. I Love you better than  
the light of my Eyes, or the life blood in my Heart  
but when I have lett you know that you are also to  
20 understand that neither my sight shall be so far in-  
chanted, or my affection so much master of me as to  
make me forgett our common Interest. To attend my  
businesse as I ought and improve my fortune it is

necessary that my time and my Will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most Humble Service to M<sup>rs</sup> Binns.<sup>o</sup> I Write all this rather to explain my own thoughts to you than answer your letter distinctly. I enclose it to you that upon second thoughts you may see the disrespectfull manner in which you treat

Y<sup>r</sup> Affectionate Faithfull Husband :

R : STEELE.

(143) *Richard Steele to Prue*

Aug<sup>st</sup> 28, 1708. 10

DEAR PRUE, — The Afternoon Coach shall bring you ten pounds. Your letter shows you are passionately in Love with me. But We must take our portion of life as it runs without repining and I consider that Good nature added to that Beautifull form God <sup>15</sup> has giv'n you would make an happinesse too great for Humane life.

Y<sup>r</sup> Most Oblig'd Husband & Most Humble Ser<sup>v</sup>

RICH<sup>d</sup> STEELE.

(144) *Richard Steele to Prue*

Sept<sup>r</sup> 13th 1708. 20

DEAR PRUE, — I write to you in Obedience to what you Ordered me, but there are not words to Expresse

the Tenderness I have for you. Love is too harsh a Word for it, but if you knew how my Heart akes when you Speake an Unkind word to me, and springs with Joy when you smile upon me, I am sure you would  
5 place your Glory rather in preserving my happinesse like a good Wife, than tormenting me like a Peevish Beauty. Good Prue, write me word you shall be overjoyed at my return to you, and Pity the Awkward figure I make when I pretend to resist you by Complying  
10 always with the reasonable demands of y<sup>r</sup> Enamour'd Husband.

RICH<sup>d</sup> STEELE.

I am Mrs. Binn's servant.



## NOTES

**1:1. Brook Farm.** This letter is an interesting record of life at the socialistic colony of Brook Farm. It is amusing to think of the author of "The Tanglewood Tales" and "The Marble Faun" engaged in the occupations herein listed.

**1:9. Mr. Ripley.** Leader of the Brook Farm experiment. Mr. Ripley was a Unitarian minister of Boston, who gave up preaching for the study of philosophy. Later he was literary critic on the *Tribune*.

**2:13. Transcendental.** The group of New England philosophers of whom Bronson Alcott, the father of Louisa Alcott, was one, pursued a line of thought often called "transcendental philosophy."

**4:7. Micawber and Skimpole.** Two gentlemen of Dickens's invention, neither of them noted for prudence in finance nor for an abundance of ready money. See "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House."

**6:2. The Arno.** Florence is on the Arno River.

**6:12. Present crisis.** The Italian struggle for independence against Austria.

**6:21. Scagliola.** A kind of stucco.

**7:13. The Pitti.** The Pitti palace, with its galleries of wonderful pictures and its beautiful gardens running up the slope of a hill overlooking Florence.

**7:15. Flush.** Mrs. Browning's favorite dog. See note to 114:27.

7:22. **San Felice.** Holy Happiness.

7:28. **Forty Thieves.** See "The Arabian Nights."

8:11. **Ba.** The little name by which her friends knew Mrs. Browning.

8: **Heading.** Mrs. Aitken. Mr. Carlyle's sister, Jean.

8:22. **Pass over my head.** In prayer-meeting this man had thanked the Lord "for the blessings made to pass over my head." Notice in this letter the many little family quotations that passed current among the Carlyles, quotations that meant much to them from association.

10:3. **Craigenputtock.** The barren little Scotch farm on which the Carlyles lived before they came to London.

10:5. **Burning of . . . manuscript.** See Carlyle's letter to his brother, page 91.

12:28. **Mrs. Hunt.** The family of the poet, Leigh Hunt, lived near the Carlyles at Chelsea.

13:8. **Cheyne Row.** The Carlyles established themselves at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea — a section of London — in 1834.

13:13. **Puttock.** Craigenputtock.

14:21. **Mill.** His friend, John Stuart Mill, philosopher and political economist. See note to 91:1.

14:24. **Former Book.** "Sartor Resartus."

15:6. **American Friend.** Ralph Waldo Emerson, who visited Carlyle at Craigenputtock.

16:11. **Hunt.** Leigh Hunt. Poet and friend of Keats, etc. He could never make an adequate living.

16:14. **Kitchen.** Condiment.

17:7. **Jenny.** His sister.

17:24. **Lucy.** His daughter.

17:25. **Flu.** Mrs. Arnold. Her name was Frances Lucy. *Flu* seems to be a combination.

18:14. **Dicky.** Matthew Arnold's son.

18:21. Fan. His sister, living with his mother at Fox How. Miss Pratt's book. "Wild-flowers," by Annie Pratt.

20:4. Skiddaw and Helvellyn. Mountains in the "Lake Country." Borrowdale. A beautiful valley, opening at the foot of Derwent Lake, in the "Lake Country."

20:5. Sesquipedalia. Often humorously applied to long words, from Horace's *Sesquipedalia verba* (words a foot and a half long).

20:6. Old Molly. Some humble friend at Grasmere.

20:7. "That last infirmity of noble minds." Lamb knew his Milton. See "Lycidas," for this facetiously applied quotation, line 71.

20:10. Mrs. Clarkson. A "Lake Country" friend.

21:11. "Friendly Traitor." See Lamb's poem, "A Farewell to Tobacco." Evidently a copy of the poem was sent with this letter.

21:28. Wither. George, English poet, 1588-1667.

21:28. Southey. The poet, friend of Wordsworth and of Coleridge.

22:3. Malta. Island in the Mediterranean. Coleridge was secretary to the governor of Malta, 1804-1805.

22:7. Dear Robert. The Lloyds, friends of Lamb and of Coleridge, lived at Birmingham. Poems of Charles Lloyd were published with those of Lamb and Coleridge in the volume printed in 1797.

22:19. Lapsus styli. Slip of the pen.

22:25. Ulswater and Windermere. Lakes of the north England "Lake Country," famous as the home of Wordsworth.

23:19. Churlish Orpheus. After the death of Eurydice, Orpheus would not heed the nymphs who strove to beguile him. In anger, they tore him to pieces. See myth of *Orpheus*.

24:17. Old age. Carlyle's father at this time was sixty-five.

25:3. Ecclefechan. The nearest town.

26:9. A forest all my own. Gray was a lover of nature at a time when fashionable poets scorned her unless she was "to advantage dressed."

27:4. Horace. Walpole liked to connect his name with that of the Roman poet.

27:11. Mrs. Kennedy. Irving had been for two months with the Kennedys in Washington, whither he had gone for the inauguration of his friend, President Pierce.

27:21. The gentle Horseshoe. A name given by Irving to Mr. Kennedy, from the title of one of Mr. Kennedy's novels, "Horseshoe Robinson."

30:19. Kelmscott. The home of William Morris, poet, novelist, artist, and reformer, where Rossetti also lived for several years. At Kelmscott, Morris established his workrooms and printing-presses, and here he taught the artistic designing and making of furniture, carpets, tapestries, and other articles of household decoration, by his efforts notably changing and elevating public taste. The books issued at the Kelmscott Press are fine examples of printing, illustrating, and binding.

30:23. Maria. Rossetti's sister.

31:7. Poor Lizzy. His wife, who died in 1862.

31:15. George. George Hake. The son of Rossetti's physician.

33:16. Maurice. Frederick Maurice (1805-1872). A noted English clergyman and reformer. He became a leader of the "Christian Socialists" and later principal of St. Martin's Hall, a workingmen's college.

34:6. Hare. Julius Charles, 1795-1855. An English clergyman and writer. Most of his works are upon religious subjects.



**34:6.** Matt. Arnold. See biographical note. Goldwin Smith. 1823. He was an historian of note, born in England and educated at Oxford; for three years he was professor of constitutional history in Cornell University (Ithaca, N. Y.) and later lived in Canada.

**34:12.** Hole. Dean of Rochester.

**34:16.** Bedford Street. The Macmillan publishing-house.

**35:1.** Boston. Louisa Alcott was, at this time, boarding with a Mrs. Reed in Boston. The letter shows how she was working her way. **November 29.** The birthday of both father and daughter. Louisa Alcott was twenty-four.

**36:2.** Modern Plato. Thus she names her father.

**37:1.** Parker's parlor. Theodore Parker, a Unitarian preacher and reformer. See his letter on page 271.

**37:2.** Phillips, Wendell (1811-1884). Reformer, abolitionist. Garrison, William Lloyd (1804-1878). Leader of the abolitionists. Sanborn, Franklin (1831- ). Lecturer and reformer, connected with the Concord School of Philosophy.

**37:10.** Abby. Her sister, Abba May.

**38:2.** Leave college. Longfellow graduated from Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1825, at the age of eighteen.

**38:13.** Periodical publication. The young man's ambition for a literary career was gratified, but not in exactly the way that he had planned.

**40:1.** Browns. Brown eyes.

**41:9.** Little Lord Fauntleroy. Helen Keller in her "Story of My Life" says that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was the first book that she read by herself with understanding.

**42:19.** The poem which I enclose. Probably "My Sister's Sleep."



43:9. Mr. Brown. Ford Madox Brown, a painter of unquestioned power.

43:19. Edinburgh. Carlyle, at this time, was studying law at Edinburgh, supporting himself by giving lessons in mathematics and by writing articles for encyclopedias.

44:2. Hussy. "Huzzy" or "hussy," a contraction of "housewife," a receptacle for scissors, needles, etc.

44:18. Alick. His brother, Alexander.

45:7. Mrs. Welsh. This was the beginning of his acquaintance with the Welsh family. He married Jane Welsh in 1826.

45:9. Ha'bank. Evidently some old Scotchman whose name is thus contracted.

45:11. Mag and Mary. Sisters of eighteen and thirteen.

45:14. Jean and Jenny. Sisters of eleven and eight.

45:24. Like your head. Let us hope that it fitted!

46:27. The box. Necessities, from time to time, were sent to young Carlyle, while he was studying and working in Edinburgh. When he was going through the University of Edinburgh, food was sent him regularly from the little home farm, so that he had to pay only for a room.

53:5. Jeypore or Jaipur. A city in the north central part of India, not far from Delhi.

57:18. Tintagel. Tennyson was making an "Arthurian journey." He had written four "Idylls of the King" and was intending to write further idylls.

57:19. Hallam. Hallam Tennyson, named for Arthur Hallam, was eight years old.

59: Heading. Gertrude. Little Miss Gertrude Chataway. Mr. Dodgson and little Miss Gertrude met first at Sandown, a seaside resort in the Isle of Wight.

62: Heading. To Ada. One of Mr. Dodgson's child friends, Miss Adelaide Paine.

**64: Heading.** Mrs. Follen. Eliza Lee Cabot Follen was an earnest abolitionist. She edited *The Child's Friend*, and wrote stories and poems for children. Mrs. Stowe's letter was written in 1853. At that time Mrs. Stowe was engaged upon her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." The friends of emancipation in England had sent her an invitation urging her to come to England. This visit Mrs. Stowe was looking forward to. In the meantime, she had received a letter from Mrs. Follen, then in London, asking for information about the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

**69:5. Underground railroad.** A system of passing run-away slaves from one friendly abolitionist to another, until they were out of the reach of their masters.

**72:22. Ignoramuses.** The writer had apologized for his conceit in writing to Huxley about his observations with the microscope, and had called himself an "ignoramus."

**73: Heading.** W. Lattimer. A note says, "A 'working-man,' by trade a cork-cutter."

**75:16. Phalaris' brazen bull.** Phalaris, a tyrant of Sicily (570 B.C.-549? B.C.), sacrificed human beings by placing them in a heated brazen bull.

**79:7. The infernal noise within doors.** Mrs. Carlyle's house cleanings and house reparings were truly "earth-quaking" experiences. She always sent her husband away, and then went into the fray with epic ardor.

**81:2. Jeannie.** Uncle John Welsh's married daughter.

**85:23. Thanks God.** The Italian English of Mrs. Carlyle's friend, Mazzini.

**86:1. Moffat House.** The home, at that time, of Carlyle's brother, John. Moffat House was near to Scotsbrig, the home of Carlyle's parents.

**86:3. Very absurd.** A phrase of John Carlyle's.

86:4. Beattock. Railway station, mile from Moffat.

86:6. A John's letter. "Too brief generally."  
(Carlyle's note.)

87:6. Grey-Mare's Tail. Lofty cataract.

87:7. The Doctor. John Carlyle.

87:7. Phœbe. Mrs. John Carlyle.

87:25. Nero. Jane Carlyle's pet dog.

90:22. Annandale. The home of Carlyle's parents.

90:24. Two strokes. Two strokes on the wrapper  
meant "all well."

91:1. Mill. John Stuart Mill, a writer upon philosophy and political economy. A close friend of the Carlyles.

91:2. French Revolution. Carlyle's "French Revolution," published in 1837, established his reputation.

91:14. Mrs. Taylor. A friend of Mill's, his critic and adviser.

96:Heading. Sir Horace Mann. British envoy to Florence, then the seat of the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The administration of the government was in the hands of the Prince of Craon, formerly the tutor of the Duke. Mann resided in Florence from 1737 to 1787, the year of his death. A vast correspondence passed between him and Walpole, on a scale, Walpole says, "not to be paralleled in the history of the postoffice."

96:23. Conciliatory Plan. See John Fiske's "The American Revolution," Vol. II, pages 3-8. Lord North's bill passed the Commons and the Lords, and, on March 11, received the King's signature. The Americans would have none of it.

97:19. Nemine contradicente. No one opposing.

98:8. Our trident. Ocean power.

98:13. Y sommes nous? Are we there?

98:16. Speaker's mace. Symbol of authority.

**98:24.** French news earlier than I can. Said in anticipation of a rupture between France and England.

**98:27.** My father's happy reign. Robert Walpole was prime minister from 1715 to 1742, with an interval of four years, from 1717 to 1721.

**98:28.** The Rebellion. The Scotch rebellion in favor of the Pretender, Charles Edward, 1745-1746, ending at Culloden, is probably what Walpole refers to.

**99:1.** Another war ensued. Perhaps Walpole means the early part of the Seven Years' War, before Pitt took the helm, 1756-1757.

**100:10.** Moralise. Much of this "moralising" might have been made in our own time.

**100:11.** En pure perte. Uselessly.

**100:18.** Bavaria. The Emperor and the King of Prussia were quarreling over Bavaria.

**100:20.** Jus gentium. Law of peoples.

**104:19.** Juch-he, juch-he, juch-heise, heise, he,  
So ging der fiedelbogen.

This may be translated:

Huzza-ho, Huzza-ho, huzza-huzza, huzza-ho,  
So went the fiddlebow.

**108:10.** Miserere. The musical setting of the 51st Psalm. The most celebrated is the Miserere of Allegri, written about 1625, which forms a part of the Tenebræ service sung in Holy Week at the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

**108:11.** Sistine Chapel. The famous chapel of the Vatican, named for Pope Sixtus, on the ceiling of which are Michael Angelo's wonderful frescoes.

**109:22.** Cimabue (1240-1302). The first great Italian painter. He is sometimes called "The Father of Modern Painting." Giotto (1276-1337). The second great name in the history of Italian painting.

**110:8.** Michael Angelo's Night and Morning. At the



Athenæum, a museum, in copy, and so within his brother's reach.

110:11. Fiesole. Situated on a hill overlooking Florence.

110:13. Campanile. The beautiful bell-tower, designed by Giotto, standing by the Duomo, or cathedral, in the center of Florence.

111:3. Miss Foley. A sculptor.

111:10. Sumner. Charles Sumner was a noted American statesman, a leading opponent of slavery.

112:2. Mental shock of last March. The death of Robert Browning's mother. Mrs. Browning writes to her sister-in-law, "Believe that, though I never saw her face, I loved that pure and tender spirit (tender to me even at this distance), and that she will be dear and sacred to me to the end of my own life."

112:5. New Cross. The home of Robert Browning's parents.

112:12. Baby. Now four or five months old.

112:14. *Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut.* "What a woman wills, God wills" is the whole saying.

113:5. Shelley's house at Lerici. Shelley was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia. The thought of this was, no doubt, doubly melancholy to Mrs. Browning as it must have recalled to her the death of her brother Edward by drowning off the seaside town of Torquay, England.

114:27. Flush. Mrs. Browning's much-loved dog. See her poem, "To Flush, My Dog." Flush was given to Mrs. Browning by Miss Mitford. The affectionate little creature was the companion of Elizabeth Barrett's darkened sick-room.

116:17. Dearest Alick. Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, her husband.

116:25. Sitti Ingleezee. English lady.



**117:7. Omar.** The head servant.

**117:15. Frank.** General name given in Egypt to Europeans.

**117:19. Hekekian Bey.** An Armenian friend of Lady Duff Gordon's. Bey is a Turkish title of respect, given to the wealthy gentry.

**118:9. Backsheesh.** Gift of money.

**118:24. Mutter.** Mother.

**119:2. My crew.** Lady Duff Gordon writes, "I am to be mistress of a captain, a mate, eight men and a cabin boy for £25 a month."

**119:4. First Cataract.** About five hundred miles up the Nile from Cairo.

**120:8. Sally.** Lady Duff Gordon's maid.

**120:18. Efreets.** Evil spirits.

**120:23. Omar.** Lady Duff Gordon's servant, who stayed with her to the last.

**121:3. Muslims.** Mohammedans. The greater number of the inhabitants of Egypt are Muslims.

**121:7. Coptic.** The Copts, descendants of the ancient Egyptians, are Christian.

**121:12. Mithraic.** Pertaining to the ancient Persian and late Roman god, Mithras. His worship was full of magic and occult science, represented by symbols.

**121:13. Girgis.** Name of the headsman.

**121:17. Hareem.** Portion of the house in which the women are secluded. The word is used also for "lady."

**121:20. Talk came to an end.** Omar was Lady Duff Gordon's interpreter.

**122:20. Co-religionnaire.** Woman holding the same religious beliefs as another person.

**122:24. "Sat in the gate."** In Biblical times business was transacted by the master of the house as he "sat in the gate."

123: 1. Sheykh. A chief; also a religious leader, a learned or devout man.

123: 28. Fellaheen. Egyptian peasants, very poor and defenseless, often oppressed.

124: 2. Sitt. Lady.

124: 12. Dragoman. An interpreter or guide and agent for travelers. Philæ, or Assouan, near the first cataract of the Nile.

126: 6. Darweesh, or dervish. A Mohammedan monk.

126: 7. Feingemacht. Well-made. Bedaween. An Arab of the desert.

126: 19. Ramadan. During the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, every Moslem is enjoined to keep a strict fast from dawn to sunset every day.

127: 3. Rifæe. There are many different classes of darweeshes (dervishes). The Rifæe darweesh is a "howling dervish."

127: 7. Wakeel. Secretary.

127: 13. Like Roman augurs. It is said that when two Roman augurs met they smiled at each other to think how they were fooling the people.

127: 23. Klug. Cunning.

127: 25. Manierlich. Politely.

128: 4. Isis and Hathor. Goddesses of Egyptian mythology.

128: 17. Rainie. Lady Duff Gordon's daughter.

128: 20. Je voudrais être levé pour l'aller dire. I want to have a chance to tell it.

128: 25. Maurice. Her son.

129: 2. Célà a du bon et du mauvais. These people here have their right ways and their wrong ways.

129: 6. Hekeian Bey. Lady Duff Gordon's Armenian friend at Cairo.

129: 8. Faux pas. Mistake.

129:10. Abou Maurice. Father of Maurice.

129:11. Girgeh. Lady Duff Gordon is now on her way down the Nile again to Cairo. Philæ is near the First Cataract. Thebes is about a quarter of the way down from Philæ to Cairo. Girgeh is nearly halfway from Philæ to Cairo. Siout is about a quarter of the way from Girgeh to Cairo.

129:15. From Siout. On her way up from Cairo to the First Cataract.

129:19. J'en ai pour mon argent. I have my money's worth.

129:24. Assouan. Below the island of Philæ.

130:5. Pasha. A Turkish title of rank — lord or prince.

130:13. Inshallaha. May God grant it!

130:18. "The blameless Ethiopians." A Homeric phrase.

130:19. The temples. The great Egyptian temples along the Nile — Abou Simbel, Dendera, Edfou, Abydos, etc., are among the most wonderful relics of the past.

130:27. Claude. Claude Lorrain (1600–1682). A famous French landscape painter. His pictures are steeped in golden light.

131:1. Ganz anders. Wholly different.

131:6. Osiris. The chief divinity of the ancient Egyptian mythology.

131:23. Jereed. A wooden javelin, about five feet long; also, the game in which the javelin is thrown and caught by men on horseback.

131:27. Sheykh. Head of a tribe.

132:13. Du reste. Otherwise.

132:20. Nasranee. Nazarene or Christian.

133:1. Koran. Sacred book of the Mohammedans.

133:5. Sheyk. Lady Duff Gordon spells this word variously. Here it means a saint.

133: 10. **St. Simon Stylites.** A Christian saint, who lived for thirty years on the top of a column, eating only such food as people conveyed up to him.

133: 27. **Fathah.** The beginning of the Koran, used as a prayer.

134: 20. **Mecca.** The holy city of the Mohammedans, in Arabia. Pious pilgrims flock to Mecca. Every Moslem is bound to undertake, once in his life, a pilgrimage to Mecca.

135: 22. **Down the river.** Lady Duff Gordon had made what she calls "a long, dawdling voyage" up the river, spending the mid-winter in Nubia. She speaks of "the glorious air of Nubia and the high up-country." On her return, she caught cold, leaving Siout. She says, "The worst of going up the Nile is that one must come down again and find horrid fogs, and cold nights with sultry days."

136: 1. **Holy Mahmaal.** A sort of canopy carried by the pilgrims to Mecca.

136: 12. **Alexandria.** Her daughter Janet, Mrs. Ross, was living at Alexandria.

136: 13. **Boulak.** The port of Cairo.

136: 16. **The black slave girl.** She wrote to her mother: "I have a black slave — a real one. I looked at her little ears wondering they had not been bored for rings. She fancied I wished them bored (she was sitting on the floor close at my side), and in a minute she stood up and showed me her ear with a great pin through it. 'Is it well, lady?' — The creature is eight years old. The shock nearly made me faint. What extremities of terror had reduced that little mind to such a state."

136: 19. **Kordofan.** A country in Sudan, Africa.

136: 23. **Sitt.** Lady.

137: 1. **Khartoum.** A city at the junction of the



White Nile and the Blue Nile, formerly the capital of Egyptian Sudan.

137:14. "Thousand and One Nights." "The Arabian Nights."

137:23. **Khamseen.** A steady wind.

137:24. **The Cape.** Lady Duff Gordon had tried the climate of the Cape of Good Hope before going to Egypt.

138:5. **Alhamdulillah!** The Lord be praised!—A formula of thanks.

138:8. **Sittina Mariam.** Lady Mary.

138:9. **Seyidna Issa.** Lord Jesus.

138:16. **Abbassieh.** A place near Cairo.

138:20. **Luxor.** In December, Lady Duff Gordon started up the Nile a second time, this time in a river steam-boat, a more economical mode of travel than by a dahabieh, or private boat. She established herself at Luxor, the ancient Thebes, which became her principal abiding place for the rest of her life.

139:1. **Karnac.** The great temple of Karnac is at Thebes.

139:2. **Moudir.** Governor; administrative chief.

139:5. **Fellah.** Peasant.

139:7. **Fellaheen.** Plural of *fellah*.

139:11. **Narghile.** Eastern tobacco-pipe, in which the smoke passes through water.

139:18. **Maurice.** Her son.

140:3. **Bedawee.** Arab of the desert.

140:5. **Efreet.** A spirit.

142:1. **Sheykh-el-Ababdeh.** Chief of the Ababdeh tribe.

142: Heading. **Huxley, Tyndall.** These are two of the greatest English names in the history of science.

142:21. **Johnny Gilpin.** See Cowper's ballad of "John Gilpin's Ride."



142:24. Dahabieh. Nile boat.

143:15. "Always afternoon." See Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters."

144:2. Bence Jones. His doctor.

145:21. M. Mrs. Huxley.

146:21. "Molto basso nel bocca." "Down in the mouth," as we say.

149:17. Charles. The cat.

149:22. Capri. Lovely island, off the Bay of Naples.

150:5. Pæstum, etc. Places along the Italian coast, south of Naples.

150:16. Dear Mary. Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella," and other well-known novels. See Sarah Orne Jewett's letter to Mrs. Whitman, p. 211.

150:25. Florentine picture. Botticelli's "Spring."

151:15. Contadino. Countryman.

151:17. Inamorata. Loved one.

152:8. Il Santo Protettore dell' Isola. The holy protector of the island.

152:21. Freeman. A noted English historian.

153:14. Short Histories. Green's "Short History of the English People," his most popular work.

153:19. S. Zeno. Basilica of S. Zeno, outside the ancient city of Verona, "one of the most interesting churches in Italy."

153:20. Duomo. Cathedral.

154:8. Somerleaze. Home of Freeman.

154:10. Poseidon. At Pæstum, on the southwestern coast of Italy, is a Greek temple of Poseidon (Neptune), one of the noblest and most perfect of Greek temples.

154:14. Hellas. Southern Italy was a Greek colony.

154:16. Hadrian Sea. Adriatic Sea.

154:22. Mahaffy. A student of Greek life and man-

ners. His "Primer of Old Greek Life" presents briefly much that is interesting upon this subject.

154: 27. "Pericles." There is a beautiful bust of Pericles in the museum of the Capitol, at Rome.

155: 9. Old Parker. John Henry Parker, an English archæologist (1806-1884). His later years were devoted to explorations in Rome. He wrote an "Archæology of Rome."

155: 10. Palatine. The Palatine hill, overlooking the Forum.

155: 21. Naumachiæ. Sea-fights, in the Coliseum.

156: 12. Ridiculus mus. Absurd little mouse. The term is applied to a thing which, instead of being dignified and grand, appears ridiculously insignificant.

156: 14. Second wall of Rome. Mr. Parker was interested in tracing the line of the ancient "second wall" that once encircled Rome.

156: 15. Saw somewhat. Viewing archæological remains usually consists in "seeing somewhat" and "where somewhat else ought to have been."

158: 5. Trasteverino. Inhabitant of a section of the city of Rome.

158: 9. Campagna. The stretch of level country around Rome. It is well described in the lines that follow.

159: 3. Murray. Guidebook.

159: 12. John Bellini or Carpaccio. Venetian painters whose canvases are splendid with stately forms and rich coloring.

159: 13. Arena Chapel. Famous for a series of frescoes by Giotto.

159: 17. Val d'Arno. Valley of the Arno.

159: 17. Maremma. A swampy region extending along a part of the coast of Tuscany.

159:22. Garibaldi. The soldier hero of the Italian wars for freedom.

160:21. Little Book. Green's "Short Histories," abbreviations of his longer works, proved to be the most remunerative work that he accomplished.

161:2. Enfin donc me voici à Paris. At last I am here in Paris!

161:14. Mais n'importe, courage, allons! But no matter, courage, let us go on!

161:19. An easy conveyance. The two young men, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Gray, were traveling by post-chaise, going, "on occasion," Mr. Gray says, "fourscore miles a day," usually "about six miles an hour."

161:22. Paté de perdrix. Partridge pie.

162:24. "Pandore." Gray's comments upon the French opera and drama of the time are interesting.

163:10. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Poem by the Latin poet Ovid, telling classic stories of transformations, such as Daphne to a laurel tree, Syrinx to a reed, etc.

164:20, 22. Mrs. Clive; Wilks. English actors.

165:16. Vallies. Spelling!

165:18. Horrid. In what sense is the word here used?

166:10. Mr. Mann. Sir Horace Mann was the English envoy to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. At this time Italy was divided up into dukedoms, kingdoms, states of the church, etc.

168:1. Wrote. Should we to-day say *had wrote*?

168:5. A single mother. A biographer says, "He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh."

168:17. Sierra-Morena. (Sp. brown mountains), mountains of Spain. Gray gives this name to the mountainous part of Yorkshire.

168:27. Pudding sleeve. The sleeve of the black gown of a clergyman.

**169:9. Michaelmas.** September 29. Festival in honor of St. Michael.

**169:21. Keswick.** Town in the Lake Country, on Derwent Lake. Southey lived at Keswick.

**170:15. Skiddaw.** A mountain back of Keswick.

**170:27. Lodore.** Tumbling cascade, near Derwent-water. See Southey's poem, "How the Water Comes down at Lodore."

**173:11. Rydal Mount.** The home of the poet Wordsworth, near Grasmere, in the Lake Country of England. Here Wordsworth died.

**174:16. Aunt Charlotte.** Rossetti's Aunt Charlotte Polidore, his mother's sister, was the only person to whom he could look for financial help. Aunt Charlotte gave him willing assistance. To Rossetti's credit, it may be said that in his prosperity he did not forget those who had made it possible for him to study his art.

**174:22. Oil-picture.** Probably the picture which Rossetti named "Found."

**177:3. Your answer.** Aunt Charlotte promptly sent the money.

**177:11. Stowey.** Coleridge, at this time, was living at Nether-Stowey, a little town in the southwestern part of England, not far from Bristol. This letter and the next show the fervor of Lamb's early friendship for Coleridge, his pleasure in the society of the little group of friends that centered about Coleridge, his enthusiasm for the scenes that were connected with them.

**177:15. The young philosopher.** Hartley, Coleridge's baby son.

**177:15. Sara.** Coleridge married Sara Fricker, 1796.

**177:20. Richardson.** In some way this man must have been a hindrance to Lamb's longed-for visit to Stowey.

178:8. Tom Poole. Coleridge had settled in the little country town of Nether-Stowey to be near his friend, Thomas Poole.

178:9. Wordsworth and his good sister. William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, in 1797, settled at Allfoxden, in Somersetshire, to be near the Coleridges, who were living then at Nether-Stowey. Here the two poets prepared "The Lyrical Ballads."

180:2. Manning. Thomas Manning. Mathematical tutor at Cambridge, later a traveler and explorer. Some one suggests that the very diversity of interests — mathematics and foreign travel were abhorrent to Lamb — attracted the two men to each other.

182:25. Shylock. Tyndall had advanced a sum of money to his friend, for the building of a house. Tyndall, "with his usual generosity, not only received interest with the greatest reluctance, but would have liked to make a gift of the principal." Two years later the loan was paid off with the letter quoted.

183:16. Cock. No wonder that the poor man writes *cock* with a capital C! A note to this letter says, "The request was immediately and politely complied with by Mr. Remington."

185:Heading. Lady Hesketh. Cowper's favorite cousin.

185:4. Mrs. Unwin. Mary Unwin, for so many years Cowper's good angel. See his poem "My Mary."

185:11. Ouse. The river upon which Olney is situated.

186:3. Imprimis. First.

186:6. My hares. Cowper rescued certain hares that were being pursued by the hounds, and kept them tenderly.

186:7. Puss. One of the hares.

186:22. Told Homer. Cowper was translating the



“Iliad.” Lady Hesketh had evidently objected to his giving Jupiter a wine *cask* instead of an *urn*.

**187:7. Prester John** (Prester, *i.e.* Presbyter or Priest). A fabulous Christian monarch, believed, in the twelfth century, to have made conquests from the Mussulmans, and to have established an empire somewhere in China, or, according to some accounts, in Africa. Marvelous stories were told of the magnificence of his realm. See Alfred Noyes’s poem, “Forty Singing Seamen.”

**187:11. Sir John Mandeville.** The reputed writer of a fourteenth century book of travels, containing strange tales of strange lands.

**187:20. Cambuscan.** From the “Squire’s Tale” of the “Canterbury Tales.”

**188:22. Anthropophagi.** Man-eaters. Cannibals.

**189:16. Brawn.** The enthusiasm expressed in this letter for brawn — an enthusiasm moving to poetic quotation and poetic comparison — recalls the “Dissertation on Roast Pig.”

**190:23. David.** A coldly classical and somewhat pre-tentious French painter of the time of Louis XVI and of the Revolution.

**190:25. Titian or Correggio.** Painters of the great period of Italian art, both of them noted for abundant beauty, richness of color, and substantial value.

**191:25. Archimedes.** An ancient mathematician; so Lamb gives his name to his mathematical friend Manning.

**193:2. 4 M.P.** Evidently means the Huxley house.

**193:4. To get a Roman holiday.** The Byron lines are:

“There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 . . . he, their sire,  
 Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.”

— “Childe Harold,” Canto IV, Stanza cxli.

193: 12. *Durcheinander*. Thoroughly mixed.

194: 17. M. Mrs. Huxley.

197: *Heading*. Helen Welsh. Mrs. Carlyle's cousin.

197: 5. "If everyone had his deserts." "Hamlet," Act II, Sc. 2.

197: 13. *Pickwick*. Charles Dickens. Lytton Bulwer. Author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and many other novels, of "Richelieu" and many other dramas.

198: 1. *Babbie*. Helen Welsh's sister, both the daughters of Mrs. Carlyle's uncle, John Welsh.

198: *Heading*. C. E. Norton. Charles Eliot Norton (1827-1909) is widely known as a Dante scholar and an authority upon art. Mr. Norton had a wide circle of friends, — writers and artists. His correspondents were many and interesting.

198: 9. *Death of Mrs. Browning*. Mrs. Browning died June 30, 1861.

199: 4. *Vettura*. Carriage.

200: 27. *Cavour*. The great Italian statesman who did much to secure the establishment of the kingdom of united Italy. He died June, 1861. The Italian struggle extended from 1848 to 1861. February 26, 1861, Victor Emmanuel was crowned king of Italy.

201: 5. *Pen* (or *Pennini*). The pet name for Oscar Browning, the only child of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. *Ba*. The familiar name by which Mrs. Browning's intimate friends knew her.

201: 17. *Casa Guidi Windows*. The poem in which Mrs. Browning recounts the Italian struggle for liberty against Austrian oppression.

202: 11. *Theodore Parker*. Unitarian minister and ardent abolitionist. See the letter of Louisa Alcott to her father, p. 35, and the letter of Theodore Parker, p. 271. He died at Florence, 1860.

206:27. Laureatus. Poet *laureate*.

207:25. Only available poem. "Tithonus" was sent to Thackeray for the "Cornhill," February, 1860.

208:3. My Island. Farringford is on the Isle of Wight.

208:10. Remainder biscuit. "Dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." In the speech of Jaques about Touchstone, in "As You Like It," Act II, Sc. 7.

209:3. Lucretius. Latin poet (95 B.C.-50 B.C.). He left only one work, "De Rerum Natura."

209:15. Ilkley. A watering-place in Yorkshire, on the Warfe.

209:16. Lincoln, Peterborough, and Ely. Three beautiful cathedral towns.

209:17. Boston (St. Botolph's town). On the eastern coast of Lincolnshire, the English town for which Boston in Massachusetts is named.

209:18. Newnham. Newnham College, on the outskirts of Cambridge, and Girton College, also near Cambridge, are the chief English colleges for women. The graduates of these two colleges are admitted to examinations at Cambridge and receive certificates indicating their rank in the class lists.

209:20. King's College Chapel. Famed for its beauty. See Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning "Tax not the royal saint with vain expense."

210:18. Aldworth. Tennyson's home in Surrey, where he died, in October of the year in which this letter was written, 1892.

210:28. Find things in it. The "crystal gazers" looked intently into crystal spheres to see visions of the future, and thus made prophecies.

211:9. Mrs. Humphry Ward. The granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, thus the niece of Matthew Arnold. See J. R. Green's letters to Mrs. Ward.

**212: 8.** Mrs. Arnold . . . changed looks. Matthew Arnold died 1888.

**212: 12.** Whitby. The interesting town on the north-east coast of England, where St. Hilda, as abbess of the monastery of Whitby, encouraged Cædmon, the first English poet, to sing his poetic paraphrases of the Scriptures. Whitby is sometimes called the "cradle of English poetry."

**212: 13.** Du Maurier. Artist and novelist. In his charming drawings, he portrayed English life and manners with delicate humor. His novels show much sympathy with human nature, power of portraiture, and artistic skill.

**212: 19.** "Lady Rose's Daughter." The novel upon which Mrs. Ward was then engaged.

**213: 3.** Frederick. Tennyson's eldest brother, Fitzgerald's particular friend.

**213: 6.** King Arthur—or part of him. Tennyson was then finishing "The Idylls of the King."

**213: 12.** Old Epicurean. This was Fitzgerald's discovery of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám."

**214: 3.** Franklin Lushington married Tennyson's youngest and favorite sister, Cecilia. Farringford. The home of the Tennysons.

**214: 16.** "Paltry Poet." Fitzgerald's name for Alfred Tennyson.

**216: 10.** Dugald Stewart. Professor of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh. Jeffrey (Francis). Lord Jeffrey. Projector and, for twenty-six years, 1802–1828, editor of the "The Edinburgh Review." His literary criticisms were often severe and sometimes unjust. Jeffrey was also a distinguished lawyer.

**216: 13.** Lady Davy. The wife of Sir Humphry Davy, an eminent chemist. The lady was noted for her wit and accomplishments.



**217:10. Abbotsford.** The famous home of Sir Walter Scott, on the Tweed River, near Melrose.

**217:21. Dryburgh Abbey.** A beautiful ruined abbey, within which Scott was buried. **Yarrow.** A little Scotch river, made famous in ballad and story. See Wordsworth's poems, "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited."

**218:2. Thomas the Rhymer.** An old Scotch bard. He had the reputation of being a prophet.

**218:17. Blackwood.** Publisher of the famous Edinburgh magazine called by his name. "Blackwood's Magazine," "The Edinburgh Review" and the "Quarterly" were the most influential periodicals of their times. They wielded much power.

**218:22. Mackenzie.** Scotch writer.

**218:22. Wilson, John** ("Christopher North"). Writer, critic, and poet. "Blackwood's Magazine" derived much of its reputation from the brilliant articles that he contributed to it under the name of "Christopher North."

**218:23. Constable.** Edinburgh publisher. The failure of his publishing house, in 1825, involved Sir Walter Scott in the ruin.

**221:9. Murray, John.** London publisher and patron of letters. He projected "The Quarterly Review," which shared literary honors with the "Edinburgh Review" and "Blackwood's."

**221:15. Gifford, William.** English critic and author, for many years editor of the "Quarterly."

**221:16. Campbell, Thomas.** British poet. Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "Lochiel's Warning," etc. **Foscolo, Ugo.** An Italian poet, who emigrated to London in 1816, later lecturing on Italian literature in London.

**221:17. Southey, Robert.** English poet. Friend of Wordsworth. **Milman** (Rev. Henry Hart). English poet and historian. **Belzoni, Giovanni Battista.** Traveler



and explorer. He secured several remarkable Egyptian antiquities for the British Museum.

**223: 15. You and Brevoort and Gouv. Kemble.** Pierre Irving, in his Life of his uncle, says: "Among Mr. Irving's associates, at this time, . . . were Peter and Gouverneur Kemble, Henry Brevoort, Henry Ogden, and James K. Paulding, who, with him and his brother Peter, and a few others, made up a circle of intimates designated by Peter as 'the nine worthies,' though Washington in his correspondence more frequently alludes to them as 'the lads of Kilkenny.' The favorite meeting place of these 'lads' was the old Gouverneur Kemble house in Newark, N.J., situated at what is now the corner of Fourth Avenue and Mt. Pleasant Avenue. The place, in Irving's time, took in much land about it, running down to the Passaic River. Irving calls it, in 'Salmagundi,' Cockloft Hall."

**225: 11. Mes. Villageoises.** Village ladies.

**226: 12. George Selwyn.** A famous London wit and beau.

**227: 17. Mary.** It is said that Walpole wished to marry Miss Mary Berry. At his death, he left the two ladies a substantial legacy. It is pleasant to find the sophisticated Mr. Walpole so enthusiastic over these amiable ladies. Mary and Agnes Berry remained unmarried, living to a good old age, and receiving the homage of generation after generation of literary folk.

**229: 4. In statu jumpante (!).** In jumping condition.

**229: 7. You was.** "Educated men once frequently said *you was* instead of *you were*. . . . During the latter part of the seventeenth century the employment of *you was* prevailed to a considerable extent, but by no means to the extent it did in the century following. . . . It turns up constantly in the Walpole correspondence which reflects the fashionable speech of the day." — T. R. LOUNSBURY.

230: 4. My poor niece. The Countess of Dysart, who was very sick.

230: 22. From home. Thus Charles Lamb expresses the recurring tragedy of Mary Lamb's mental disorders.

233: 5. Dickinson. Probably Anna Dickinson, a lecturer, and advocate of woman suffrage, labor reform, etc.

233: 11. Every week. Mr. Godkin was the editor of "The Nation," a weekly paper.

234: 12. Extrumperry. A variation upon *extemporary* to express his slight regard for his verses.

234: 15. Ça va sans dire. That goes without saying.

234: 19. Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus. This is the defect of all poets.

234: 24. Ramayana. One of the two great epics of India. The poem is of great length.

235: 26. Miss Foote. Mrs. Godkin's maiden name.

237: 3. Invitation into Cumberland. Lamb visited Wordsworth's country the next year, 1802, with all the enthusiasm that he had visited Nether-Stowey (see letters 66 and 67) in 1797. His letter to Mr. Manning, page 169, describes his impressions. See also the next letter.

237: 11. The Strand and Fleet Street. Two of the busiest streets in London, crowded with motley life. How characteristic of Lamb is the list that follows of the aspects of London and London life that appealed to his imagination and his sympathies!

237: 14. Covent Garden. A space in London, between the Strand and Longacre, which was originally a *convent garden* of the monks of St. Peter; hence its name. The eighteenth-century wits and men of letters frequented the coffee-houses and taverns that were located about Covent Garden. The Covent Garden Theatre, in which famous actors, such as Garrick, played, and the Covent Garden

Market, a vegetable, fruit, and flower market, were further attractions to this place of resort.

**237:15. Rattles.** Pert wits of the time were called *rattles*. "They call me their agreeable *rattle*." Is this what Lamb's word means?

**237:20. Parsons cheapening books.** Parsons would not be likely to be oversupplied with money, and yet would be in need of books, so they would bargain with the book-sellers at the stalls, in hope of reducing prices.

**238:20. My old school.** See "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," in Lamb's "Essays of Elia."

**239:8. Laughed with dear Joanna.** See Wordsworth's poem "To Joanna."

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud."

**239:9. D.** Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy.

**240:20. The island.** Appledore, one of the *Isles of Shoals*, a group of five little rocky islands — Appledore, White, Star, etc. — opposite Rye, off the coast of New Hampshire.

**241:1. Wrapped up in measureless content.** These words — "Macbeth," Act II, Sc. 1, line 15 — illustrate the way that half unconscious quotations slip from the pens of people that are readers. Banquo's words are "Shut up," not "wrapped up."

**241:14. "St. Nicholas."** "St. Nicholas," April, 1889. Celia Thaxter's poem, "The Heavenly Guest," from the Russian of Count Tolstoi, is worth looking up. The story itself may be found among Tolstoi's "Moral Tales," Vol. 12, of the Colonial Press edition of his translated works.

**241:24. 1841.** Ruskin had not yet taken his degree at

Oxford, but ill health had compelled him to rest and travel, in order to check what seemed like a consumptive tendency.

243: 27. **Go up for a pass.** Ruskin took his B.A. degree in 1842, his M.A. in 1843. The "pass" is taking the ordinary course as distinguished from the honor course.

246: 19. **Riviera.** A strip of coast along the Mediterranean, from Nice, in France, to Spezia, in Italy.

247: 6. **San Remo.** A health resort on the Riviera.

249: 8. **St. Stephen.** The first Christian martyr.

249: 12. **Tarantella.** The characteristic dance of the southern Italians.

249: 13. **Tauchnitz.** Editions of good novels, well printed, in paper covers.

249: 15. **Dolce far niente.** Sweet idleness.

249: 28. **Buon genti.** Good folk.

250: **Heading.** The Rev. William Mason. The friend and biographer of the poet Gray.

250: 25. **Strawberry.** Walpole's country house, "Strawberry Hill."

251: 15. **Dean Tucker** was expressing his opinions upon the situation with America, then acute.

251: 16. **Sterne.** Laurence Sterne was one of the first English novelists.

251: 18. **Lady Luxborough.** Letters to William Shenstone, an English poet of small note (1714-1763), author of "The Schoolmistress."

251: 24. **Gray's "Churchyard,"** — "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

252: 2. **Dodsley.** James Dodsley, a London printer and publisher.

252: **Heading.** The Countess of Ossory. This lady, the divorced Duchess of Grafton, had married, in 1769, Walpole's Paris friend, John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of



Upper Ossory. She was one of "the ladies to whom Walpole addressed sprightly letters in a strain of oddly mingled ceremony and familiarity."

**252:24. King of Prussia.** Frederick, "The Great" (1712-1786), noted for his ability to save himself from demoralization in time of defeat. **Xenophon.** (430 B.C.-circa 357 B.C.) Historian, essayist, and general. He led the celebrated retreat of the "ten thousand Greeks," after the battle of Cunaxa, to the Black Sea, as he recounts in his "Anabasis."

**253:2. Ghostly father.** Spiritual father, father confessor.

**253:11. Madame de Grignan.** The rather cold and loveless, though beautiful, daughter of Madame de Sevigné. Many of Madame de Sevigné's best letters were written to this daughter, to whom she was devoted.

**253:13. The painter.** Timanthes.

**253:23. My godfather.** Horace, the Latin poet. Walpole seems to take considerable satisfaction in the connection of names. The quotation is from Liber I, Ode 3. Horace's line is "*Wings not given to man.*"

**255:13. Aristotle.** The great Greek authority upon matters of rhetoric.

**255:14. Bossu: René Le Bossu.** Born at Paris, 1631: died in 1680. He published a treatise upon epic poetry.

**255:22. Timothy's soul . . . his own cloak.** *II Timothy* iv. 13.

**256:1. Quod scripsi, scripsi.** What I have written, I have written.

**256:6. Délabrement.** A falling into decay.

**256:9. My collection.** Art collection at Strawberry Hill, Walpole's country-house.

**256:10. Christie's.** Well-known London art sales-rooms.



257:26. Sheridan. Author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

257:27. Mrs. Crewe. A celebrated London beauty: The copy of verses is "The Portrait," presenting "The School for Scandal" to Mrs. Crewe.

258:8. N. A. "North American Review."

258:18. Page. Does he mean William Page, a painter, best known for his portraits?

259:6. Time was that when the brains were out the man would die. "Macbeth," Act. III, Sc. 4. A delightfully applied quotation! Nous avons changé tout cela. We have changed all that.

259:11. "The Nation." Evidently there had appeared in "The Nation" some criticism of Lowell that Mrs. Godkin feared would offend the poet.

260:15. Woundily. Excessively. (Colloquial or humorous.)

260:23. Eminent domain. "The dominion of the sovereign power over all the property within the state, by which it is entitled to appropriate any part necessary to the public good."

260:23. Tabula in naufragio. A plank in a shipwreck.

261: Heading. His son, Philip Stanhope.

267:14. Petit ton un peu décidé et un peu brusque. Manner a bit too decided and peremptory.

267:16. Douceur. Mildness.

268:5. Cette douceur de mœurs et de manières. That gentleness of manners and of bearing.

269:7. Remove. Evidently promotion.

269:22. En avant. Go ahead!

270:13. Bosh. We can infer what this Rugby slang meant.

270:23. Tout court. Abrupt.

271:17. Dear Young Friend. The words of advice in

this letter, to a young man with whom Mr. Parker had fallen into conversation upon a railroad journey, are rendered more forcible by the circumstances of Theodore Parker's own education. See biographical note.

**273: 7. Dearest Ally.** This letter to Alfred Tennyson from his mother speaks volumes concerning the influences that surrounded the poet's early years.

**274: 12. Fox How.** The Arnold home, just out of Ambleside, in the "Lake Country" of Westmoreland.

**274: 17. Tyndall.** A great English scientist.

**279: 23. Johnston.** John D. Johnston. Lincoln's step-mother's son. This letter shows Lincoln's sturdy common sense and real kindness.

**283: 4. Marmee.** Louisa Alcott's old name for her mother. Mrs. Alcott died Nov. 25, 1877.

**283: Heading. Lamb to Coleridge.** This plain account, tragic in its plainness, of the great calamity of Lamb's life speaks eloquently of Lamb's true self.

**284: 1. The Bluecoat School.** The famous Christ's Hospital, long in London, now removed to the country, where Lamb and Coleridge were school-mates. See Lamb's "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty-Years Ago."

**284: 12. If you publish.** A volume of the poems of Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb was published in 1797.

**284: Heading. Mrs. Martin.** Mrs. Browning's life-long friend.

**285: 13. That room.** Her darkened invalid's room.

**285: 20. Pneumatological.** Pertaining to that branch of philosophy that treats of the nature of mind or spirit.

**285: 22. Broke my heart.** The death by drowning of her brother Edward, the "brother whom she loved best of all." Young Barrett had gone out with two friends in a small sailing boat, from the seaside town of Torquay. "They did not return when they were expected, and pres-

ently a rumor came that a boat, answering in appearance to theirs, had been seen to founder in Babbicome Bay; but it was not until three days later that final confirmation of the disaster was obtained by the discovery of the bodies."

**286:2. Mr. Kenyon.** An old friend and distant cousin of Mrs. Browning's.

**288:9. Go to Italy.** Her father stubbornly refused to let her spend the winter in Italy, although her doctor advised the change, and Miss Barrett had set her heart upon the experiment.

**289:22. Wimpole Street.** The Barrett home in London was at No. 50 Wimpole Street.

**291:5. Mrs. Jameson.** Author of "Characteristics of Women," — a close friend of Mrs. Browning's.

**292:1. Kelmscott.** Rossetti writes of Kelmscott, the manor-house which he shared with William Morris, "This house and its surroundings are the loveliest 'haunt of ancient peace' that can be imagined — the house purely Elizabethan in character, though it may probably not be so old as that. . . . It has a quantity of farm-buildings of the thatched squatty order, which look settled down into a purring state of content. . . . The garden is a perfect paradise, and the whole is built on the very banks of the Thames, along which there are beautiful walks for miles."

**292:12. Christina.** Rossetti's sister, a poet of no mean power:

**292:14. The little Morris girls.** Rossetti writes of them, "The children are dear little things — perfectly natural and intelligent. . . . The younger one — Mary, or May as she is called — is most lovely; the elder interesting also. I mean to make drawings of both while I remain here." See Rossetti's picture "Rosa Triplex."

**293:7. Basil.** Matthew Arnold's little son. Three of Matthew Arnold's boys died within a short time.

**293 : 10. Flu.** Mrs. Arnold.

**294 : 14. December 24.** His birthday.

**294 : 19. Papa.** Thomas Arnold, who, as head-master of Rugby, exercised so strong and fine an influence over the boys of his school, and a wider influence for good over English boys' schools. He is the head-master described in Thomas Hughes' "Tom Brown at Rugby."

**294 : 25. Tommy.** Matthew Arnold's eldest son, Thomas, died at Harrow, November 23, 1868, aged sixteen. He had been an invalid all his life.

**295 : 5. The passage which converted St. Augustine.** *Romans* xiii. 13.

**295 : 20. To the end.** J. R. Green died at Mentone, in the southern part of France, March 7, 1883. Alexander Macmillan, who had published his books, was with him during the last weeks of his life. Mr. Macmillan wrote to Archbishop French, "My wife and I spent the last five weeks of dear Green's life at Mentone and were seeing him, of course, every day."

**296 : 13. The grand act.** Mr. Macmillan must have been generous in his business dealings with Mr. Green. He wrote to the historian, "Believe me, my dear Green, that you are loved, and honoured, and trusted among us all in a very high degree, and we count all that you do with us and for us among our most precious work."

**297 : 3. Rough a letter.** Johnson wrote, "If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married; if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief!"

**299 : 9. Sheltering herself in England.** Mary Stuart fled from her incensed nobles to England, where she threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth. The result of



her rash act was eighteen years of imprisonment, ended by her execution at Fotheringay, on a charge of conspiring against the life of Elizabeth.

**299:23. The Earl of Chesterfield.** The story of Johnson's application to Chesterfield for encouragement at the beginning of his arduous task of preparing his great dictionary, of his disappointment, and of the tardy and somewhat officious recommendation from the pen of the great lord that the work received when the need of help was passed, is told by Macaulay in his "Life of Samuel Johnson," particularly in paragraphs 18 and 27.

**299:25. The World.** Macaulay explains: "A journal called *The World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed."

**300:10. Le vainqueur, etc.** The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

**301:7. Till I am solitary.** The wife that he idealized died three years before the completion of his dictionary. Macaulay writes: "She was gone; and in the vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone."

**301:23. Sam. Johnson.** The best qualities of Johnson's style appear in this letter, tense with feeling, but restrained and dignified.

**301:Heading. Scotsbrig.** The home of Carlyle's parents.

**302:9. "All well."** Carlyle explains, "Two strokes on the newspaper."

**302:21. "God support us all."** Words that his mother had written as a postscript to the letter from his sister, bringing the news of his father's death.

**306:25. John of Cockermouth.** His father's eldest son, Carlyle's half-brother.

**307:Heading. To Mrs. Bixby.** This letter of Lincoln's is almost as widely known as his Gettysburg Address.



**309: 1.** My letter. A reference to her previous letter to her friend Cleone, in Ionia.

**309: 3.** Icarus. Dædalus made for Icarus, his son, wings of wax, with which Icarus succeeded in flying. He flew, however, too near the sun, his wings melted, and he "fluttered and fell from the clouds."

**309: 10.** Elaphebolion. The month in which the great dramatic festivals of Athens were held, beginning about the middle of March.

**309: 11.** Bacchus. The Greek theater was connected with the worship of Bacchus, or Dionysus.

**310: 20.** Champion of the human race. Prometheus. The play was the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. See Mrs. Browning's translation of this great tragedy.

**311: Heading.** Hispulla. The aunt of the younger Pliny's wife, Calpurnia.

**312: Heading.** Cornelius Tacitus. A celebrated Roman historian (55-117).

**312: 24.** My uncle. Pliny, "The Elder" (23-79). A celebrated Roman naturalist. At the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius (79 A.D.) that buried Pompeii, Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, at the northwestern entrance of the Bay of Naples. His curiosity in regard to the showers of ashes that rained, apparently, from the sky led him to push the vessel on which he was nearer and nearer to Vesuvius. He advanced too near, and was strangled by the gas and vapors from the burning mountain.

**313: 1.** Misenum. The promontory of Misenum is at the northwestern entrance to the Bay of Naples. Near by, in classic times, was the city Misenum.

**313: 3.** "Though my shock'd soul," etc., from Vergil.

**315: 6.** Capreæ. The modern Capri.

**316: 8.** The final endless night. The Stoic and Epicu-

rean philosophers held that the world was to be destroyed by fire, all things, the god included, to pass back into chaos.

**320: Heading.** To Caius Cassius. This letter is interesting in connection with Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

**320: 23.** Never have pursued. After the assassination of Cæsar, it was agreed that his policies of government should be continued and that his measures, then pending, should be carried into effect. Cicero, from reasons of policy, advocated these measures. Antony took advantage of them to push through many plans of his own.

**322: Heading.** Count Stephen of Blois and Chartres was one of the richest and ablest princes who took part in the first crusade. This letter to his wife is considered "one of the most important documents for the history of the first crusade."

**323: 2.** Nicæa. A town 58 miles southeast of Constantinople, taken by the Crusaders in 1097.

**323: 4.** Romania. The Crusader gives this name to that part of Asia Minor lying between Nicæa and Cappadocia. The route of the Crusaders was southeast to the Euphrates River; then southwest to Antioch in Syria. Antioch is on the coast of the Mediterranean, about 275 miles north of Jerusalem. It is a question whether the Countess Adele was much enlightened by the geography of this letter.

### LETTER 137, MODERNIZED

Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, desiring heartily to hear of your welfare, thanking God for your amending of the great disease that you have had; and I thank you for the letters that you sent me, for, by my troth, my mother and I were not in heart's ease from the time that we wot [knew] of your sickness till we wot

verily of your mending. My mother vowed another image of wax of the weight of you to Our Lady of Walsingham, and she sent four nobles [26 shillings 8 pence] to the four orders of friars at Norwich, to pay for you, and I have vowed to go on a pilgrimage to Walsingham and to St. Leonard's [a priory at Norwich] for you; by my troth, I had never so heavy a season as I had from the time that I wot of your sickness till I wot of your amending, and yet my heart is in no great ease, nor shall be, till I wot that you be entirely well. Your father and mine was this day se'nnight at Bekelys on a matter concerning the Prior of Bromholms, and he stayed at Gelderstone that night and was there till it was nine of the clock on the following day. . . . My father Garney [perhaps her godfather] sent me word that he should be here the next week, and my uncle also, to have sport with their hawks, and they should have me home with them; and so God help me, I shall excuse me of my going thither, if I may, for I suppose that I shall readier have tidings from you here than I should have there. . . . I pray you heartily that you will vouchsafe to send me a letter as hastily as you may, if writing does not distress you, and that you will vouchsafe to send me word how your sore does. If I might have my will, I should have seen you before this time; I would you were at home, if it were to your comfort, and your sore might be as well looked to here as it is there, now rather than a gown though it were of scarlet. I pray you, if your sore be well, and if so that you may endure to ride, when my father comes to London, that you will ask leave and come home when the horse shall be sent home again, for I hope you would be cared for as tenderly here as you are in London. I have not leisure to write half a quarter so much as I should say to you if I might speak to you. I shall send you another letter as hastily as I may. I thank

you that you should vouchsafe to remember my girdle, and that you should write to me at the time, for I suppose that writing was not easy to you. May God have you in his keeping, and send you health. Written at Oxenende, in right great haste, on Saint Michael's Eve.

Yours,

M. PASTON.

My mother greets you well, and sends you God's blessing and hers ; and she prays you, and I pray you also, that you be well dieted of meat and drink, for that is the greatest help now that you may have to your healthward. Your son fares well, blessed to God.

**327: 14. Sad Boston.** On account of the religious and political dissensions that were stirring the colony. See biographical note, — *Winthrop*.

**328: 11. Strange turn.** Cromwell's violent measures in dissolving the "Long Parliament." See Gardiner's "Student's History of England," p. 566.

**328: 11. Lord Lisle.** A noble friend of Sir William Temple's. The two young men were planning a journey together.

**328: 17. Henry Cromwell.** The younger son of the Lord Protector, and a suitor of Dorothy Osborne's.

**328: 22. Mr. Pim.** One of the early leaders in the struggle of Parliament against King Charles.

**328: 25. Demanding of the 5 members.** King Charles's violation of the privileges of Parliament. See Gardiner's "Student's History of England," p. 536.

**330: 7. Before I am ready.** Arrayed, with due care, for the day, as convention demanded that a gentlewoman should be.

**332: Heading. Prue.** Richard Steele was married to Mary Scurlock, reputed to have been a beautiful young

lady, probably on September 9, 1707. After the fashion of the times, the lady, before her marriage, was called Mrs. Scurlock, only young girls being called "Miss." Later, Steele gave his wife the pet name of "Prue."

Note the curiosities of spelling and of capitalization in these letters.

**332:12.** Little dispute. The course of true love was evidently not running entirely smoothly.

**333:3.** Mrs. Binns. This friend of Mrs. Steele's appears to have been a lady whose good graces Mr. Steele was anxious to secure, perhaps because of her influence over his wife.



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